
מספריית
מוריס ג'ל
ואמה
שייבר
FROM
THE
LIBRA
RY
OF
MORRIS
AND
EMMA
SCHAVER

The Complete Diaries of Theodor Herzl



The Complete Diaries of THEODOR HERZL

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VOLUME II

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Book Four

Begun on July 21, 1896

On the way to Carlsbad

July 22, Carlsbad

Newlinski was waiting for me with the following information:

1) The Prince of Bulgaria will receive me here.

2) The Turkish ambassador in Vienna categorically denies the news about Jewish colonists being persecuted in Palestine.

3) Jewish circles are intriguing against me in Yildiz Kiosk.

I, for my part, told him about my trip. I said I seemed to myself like an officer who goes into battle with raw recruits and has to stand behind them with a gun to keep them from running away.

I called the attitude of Edmond Rothschild in particular disturbing, because the entire combination now depended on him. However, I said, it was by no means a foregone conclusion that in the end he would not go along with us after all.

Newlinski said that this news discouraged him for the first time in this matter. He had not known that my troops were that bad.

July 22, Carlsbad

I am telegraphing to Edmond Rothschild:*

The Turkish ambassador at Vienna writes:

"You can deny categorically the false news item, evidently fabricated with malicious intent, that the Turkish authorities have expelled existing Jewish colonists or refused to admit new ones." However, I have learned that someone has tried to intrigue against me at Yildiz Kiosk. If it was one of your overzealous underlings, he has made you seriously responsible. I hope this is not so; we must understand each other.

Theodor Herzl
Hotel Erzherzog Karl

* In French in the original.

July 22

This morning I had breakfast with Newlinski in the Posthof garden. Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and his party occupied a table not far from ours. I noticed that I was being pointed out to him. Then he sent over Fürth who had previously said that it was doubtful whether the Prince would receive me today at all. Fürth told me the Prince would talk to me in the arbor-walk later.

We now watched for his rising. When he left, Newlinski, Fürth, and I hurried after him.

He was waiting behind some shrubbery. Ten steps away from him I took off my hat, and he advanced two paces toward me. There actually was no introduction. He gave me his hand, and I immediately began to present the Jewish cause. We walked up and down as I talked. His retinue kept at a respectful distance. Occasionally, visitors to the spa would gape at us. At one point the Prince impatiently stamped his foot when two people had stopped nearby and were listening, and he made a motion with his umbrella as if to strike, saying, "It is scandalous the way one is bothered here. And the Christians are even worse than the Jews."

(Those two were obviously Jews.)

I expounded my project for him with laconic brevity. He was quickly gripped. "It is a magnificent idea," he said; "no one has ever talked to me about the Jewish Question this way. But I have often thought about what you say. Actually, I was raised by Jews. I spent my youth with Baron Hirsch. So I know the whole background; people often reproach me for being half a Jew. Your idea has my full sympathy—but what can I do for it?"

"I should like to ask Your Royal Highness to prepare the Czar for my plan and, if possible, to obtain an audience for me."

"That is very difficult," he said doubtfully; "it is a matter which involves religion. As it is, I don't stand in well with the orthodox. There are delicate matters in that area in which I

often have to subordinate my convictions to political necessity."

As he said this, he drew himself up and looked down at me in a truly grand manner with his head thrown back. But most of the time he stood in front of me, leaning on his umbrella and bending slightly forward. When I took one step back so as to stand more respectfully, he immediately moved forward, even stepped on my foot, and said: "Pardon me!"

This way I always saw his fine, slightly obese face with the pointed beard, the long nose, and the intelligent, bright eyes close before me.

He stated repeatedly that he was a friend of the Jews, and was pleased when I told him that the Sultan and the Grand Duke of Baden were, too.

"The Grand Duke," I exclaimed, "is the Good Old King out of a fairy-tale. He is only afraid that his participation in my plan could be considered anti-Semitic. It will therefore be my task to explain to the world, particularly to the Jews, that it is not a question of expulsion, but an act of kindness on the part of the potentates."

He nodded his satisfaction and promised me his full support, on condition that this be kept secret. In Russia, he said, at most, Grand Duke Wladimir might be interested in the matter. All others speak of the Jews as though they were not human. I should send him, the Prince, my book in German, Russian, and English.

He said he would disseminate it. He also gave me permission to report to him from time to time how the project was going.

He dismissed me very benevolently; and later Newlinski told me that he had expressly promised his participation in our project and that I could certainly count on him.

July 22

Went walking with Newlinski in the afternoon. We discussed our next move. Bismarck's cooperation could not be counted on for the time being. Bismarck had told Sidney Whitman he al-

ready knew my book; Chrysander, his secretary, had told him the contents. Bismarck regards my draft as melancholy fantasy. Later Whitman went to Herbert Bismarck and asked him to influence the old Prince. Herbert promised to do so.

(Newlinski also read me the letter which Bismarck addressed to the Sultan about the Cretan, Armenian, and Syrian incidents. Very interesting. Bismarck advises him not to be afraid of England, whose power is dissipated all over the world, and to work with Russia. All the latter wanted was the passage of warships through the Bosporus. Bismarck considers the Sultan's present situation as not dangerous, and speaks in a very scornful tone about the Cretans.)

Since we cannot count on Bismarck now, we must have the invitation to the Jews suggested to the Sultan from some other quarter.

To counter the Jewish intrigues—it is incredible—in Yildiz Kiosk, we decided on the following: Newlinski is going to write to Izzet that the Jews who have been agitating against me may have no personal interests—although this, too, would be conceivable—but do have two kinds of disinterested misgivings. In the first place, they are afraid that anti-Semitism would be intensified in their present places of residence if the call to migrate were issued to the Jews. In the second place, they are worried that we would have an unmanageable mass influx of penniless Jews on our hands in Palestine. For these reasons, the Jewish originators of these intrigues may want to thwart our project from the start. However, Izzet should not let them rob him of his confidence in me.

Newlinski feels that right now it would still be possible, even easily possible, to ruin the whole thing at Yildiz Kiosk. If my opponents knew how matters stand at present, they could do so with ease. This makes me reflect that it is evidence of Newlinski's decency and his confidence in me if he does not go over to my wealthy opponents.

July 24, Gmunden

In my rude telegram to Edmond Rothschild there was a grammatical error: "*si ce serait* [if it were]" instead of "*si c'était* [if it was.]"

* * *

From Rothschild's negative attitude I must salvage everything possible. In particular, his No must aid me to get a Yes from the German Kaiser.

Sent Newlinski 500 francs for Sidney Whitman's unsuccessful trip.

The thought keeps recurring how little gratitude the Jews will show me for the giant service I am performing them. If today I simply dropped the project, it would surely remain undone and would not materialize for decades—and even then only through the utilization of my ideas.

Letter to Zadoc Kahn, Aussee, July 26, 1896:

Reverend Sir:

I have regretted very, very much that you had left Paris before I arrived. It is our cause which may have suffered the greatest harm from this, for it was an important moment. Through serious, good counsel you might have been able to bring about a different turn.

I am writing you in German, which you do understand, because I write French too slowly and poorly. As it is, the Jewish cause is making great claim on my energies, what with the growing extent of the movement.

Here, in brief and in the strictest confidence, are the facts. I have been to Constantinople and there have obtained results which actually surprised even myself. The Sultan took cognizance of my plan "Palestine for the Jews!"; and even though he resists the idea of a simple sale, he did treat me with distinction in various ways and gave me to understand that the deal could be made

if a suitable formula is found. *Il s'agit de sauver les apparences* [it is a matter of saving face]. From the Sultan's circle the following proposition was advanced: The Sultan could ceremoniously invite the Jews to return to their historic homeland, to establish themselves there *autonomously* as vassals of the Turkish Empire, and in return pay him a tribute (on the basis of which he could then raise a loan).

With this result I went to London, where Sir S. Montagu and others promised me their adherence on three conditions: 1) the consent of the Great Powers, 2) the accession of the Hirsch Fund, 3) the accession of Edmond Rothschild.

The first condition I hope to be able to meet because two reigning princes have already held out the prospect of their aid to me. So I went to Paris and spoke with Edmond Rothschild. I told him as well as the other gentlemen clearly what it was all about. I requested that he join the cause conditionally, i.e., he should participate in it only when it was signed, sealed, and delivered. I told him that he need not appear, that I would arrange everything with the Sultan and the other governments. But as soon as the plan was to be put into effect, he as well as Montagu and the others should take over from me. So that not even the shadow of a doubt could rest upon me that I want to unite all our forces only in order to snatch the leadership for myself, I pledged myself to withdraw completely as soon as this committee for action has been formed. In return for these gentlemen's word of honor to make my goal their goal I wanted to give my word of honor henceforth not to interfere in anything. Then they could direct the movement to the best of their knowledge and conscience, since I had confidence in those who have been friends of Zion up to now. They could, above all, work in secret, and at any given time make public only as much as would be necessary—in short, they could organize and channel the great movement sensibly.

I believe that this was an honest proposal which attested to my good intentions and my absolute selflessness, and that I did not thereby make any immoderate demand.

Unfortunately, Edmond R. would not or could not understand me. He replied that even if all diplomatic premises were correct and if we obtained Palestine, he considered the matter impracticable, because the masses of the poor Jews would swarm into Palestine in an unmanageable fashion, and it would be impossible to give them employment or sustenance there.

You have read my pamphlet about the Jewish State. You know in what great—even superfluous—detail I described the organization of the masses which is to precede the migration. It is possible to reject my detailed proposals; but in any case, the principle that the emigrants must be organized when they depart and not just when they arrive is a workable one. No one will be enrolled without the proper papers—passport, etc. These are simple problems of administration and pose no greater problem than other tasks of a state.

If, then, this is a disinterested reservation on Edmond Rothschild's part, it ought to be possible to get at it with rational arguments, and I beg you—I may fairly say—in the name of our unhappy brethren to place all your talents and your recognized authority at the service of this cause.

At the same time I am undertaking to demonstrate practically that our masses can be organized by recommending to my friends in all countries to form the cadres for a possible migration. I believe that in just a few months, possibly by spring, the nationalist Jews in all countries will be tightly organized.

The movement will be continued, and it will grow dramatically—let no one deceive himself on that score. Despite the bitter pills I am given to swallow and the obstacles that are placed in my path, I am conducting this movement as a prudent man who is at all times conscious of his tremendous responsibility. I am certainly not inciting the masses; but can I prevent tumultuous misunderstandings if it can happen that whole chapters of my exposition are overlooked?

By this refusal Edmond Rothschild is bringing on the very calamity that he seeks to avert. Added to this is the incalculable factor of how the nations among whom we are dispersed will re-

act to this movement if we are obliged to conduct it through public agitation instead of directing it from the top with all quiet and order.

I have demonstrated my good intentions; I have spared no pains or personal sacrifice. My conscience is at ease. People should understand what storms of indignation will be aroused among the penniless Jews and among all non-Jews if it becomes known some day that in my campaign of rescue I was left in the lurch by those who had the power and the duty to help me. I am an opponent of the House of Rothschild, because I regard it as a national misfortune of the Jews. As for the only one who has aroused sympathy through his past behavior, Edmond Rothschild —a man whom I regarded, and still regard, as a decent, good Jew—should he refuse to contribute to our national salvation? And it is not any sort of material sacrifice that is being asked of him. He is not called upon to part with a penny, lift a hand, or appear at all. All he has to do is accept the completed project; until diplomatic arrangements are made he can remain entirely under cover. If he does not agree to this—he, upon whom depends the joining of the Londoners and of the Hirsch Fund, which means: everything—then a cry of anger will sweep the world. It may seem unfair to him that his philanthropic experiments in Palestine should now have confronted him with such an eventuality. Well, it simply was no game, no pastime, but a terribly serious matter upon which he embarked with his Palestine colonization.

Explain this to him, I beg of you. I may have been too clumsy or too impatient. But the cause must not suffer for my blunders.

Your office and your love for the cause make it your duty to participate to the best of your ability. Make it your special concern to prevent Edmond Rothschild from forming a wrong conception of my intentions. Convince him that I desire what is good and right.

We now have an official statement that the Turkish authorities neither expelled the resident Jewish colonists nor turned back the new arrivals. The Turkish ambassador at Vienna writes:

"Vous pouvez démentir catégoriquement cette nouvelle inventée dans un but évident de malveillance [You can categorically deny this item which was invented with an obviously malevolent intent]."

I wired Edmond Rothschild this. At the same time I learned something absolutely monstrous from the palace at Constantinople where I have devoted friends—namely, that there are intrigues against me on the part of Jews. It sounds so wild that I can scarcely believe it. Perhaps the people in Yildiz Kiosk took too seriously the malicious remark dropped by some Jew who does not have as much respect for me as is my due in the opinion of the Turks. But by such actions—whether they be committed out of thoughtlessness or with malice aforethought—a man can incur an extremely serious responsibility. And it is getting time for us to sort out and fix responsibilities clearly.

The Jewish national movement is as serious as—nay, much more serious than—anti-Semitism. People should understand this in good time.

Up to now the destitute Jews have been the anvil, and the anti-Semites the hammer. Woe to those who get caught between the hammer and the anvil!

If you reply to me immediately, your letter will still reach me here. Beginning August 3 I shall be in Vienna again, c/o *Neue Freie Presse*.

With sincere respect,

Yours
Th. Herzl.

Mailed on July 27.

• • •

Letters sent on July 27:

Herbst, Bierer } Sofia (organizing, in view of E.R.'s objection)

B. Lazare, Paris (to take care of a French edition; I waive my claims to the expenses I incurred on the translation).

J. de Haas, London (organizing, with Rabbinowicz, Ish-Kishor).
Schnirer, Vienna (invitation to Kokesch, Mintz to discuss organizing).

All the above with mention of E.R.'s refusal.
Hechler, Vienna (announcing my visit).
Klatschko, Vienna (pamphlet in Russian).

July 30, Aussee

Hechler telegraphs from Tegernsee:

Am at Tegernsee, Villa Fischer, made speeches in the castle and at homes of important people. Everybody enthusiastic.

"Can you come immediately to lend dignity? I want to leave here about Saturday—if possible.

Hechler.

I am answering him that I could hardly get away because I have to go to Vienna within the next few days. At any rate, I would first like to know to whom he made speeches and who wished to see me.

If it is Empress Elizabeth, I'll go.

* * *

Letter to the Grand Duke of Baden:

Aussee, August 1, 1896

Your Royal Highness:

I did not want to write from France, because the post offices there are suspected of prying, and a letter to a German sovereign would surely have attracted attention. Then, too, I was traveling about restlessly for some time. That is why I can only now comply with your kind invitation to give you my report on the Jewish cause in writing.

I have been to Constantinople and explored the ground there. H.M. the Sultan took cognizance of my proposal, and even though he spoke out in no uncertain terms against the cession

of Palestine to the Jews as an independent state, he still did not discourage me completely. In fact, he even treated me with distinction in various ways, and it was indicated to me indirectly that the transaction could perhaps be made if the proper formula were found. Then the idea was proposed from the Sultan's circle to permit the Jews to establish a vassal state in Palestine. Their immigration was to be favored by the granting of autonomy, and they would have to pay an annual tribute to the suzerain.

When I had the honor to present the matter at Karlsruhe, Your Royal Highness likewise expressed yourself in favor of a gradual immigration into Palestine.

With the results attained in Constantinople I went to London. Our financiers there are prepared to go through with this way of establishing a state for the Jews; but they are making conditions —first of all, the obvious one that the Powers approve of the whole thing.

Then, that Edmond Rothschild of Paris join in.

I have spoken with this Edmond Rothschild. He is afraid. He thinks that we would not be able to organize, employ, or feed the poor people who are to migrate there. But these are all administrative problems, no harder and no easier than other tasks of a state.

I do not wish to repeat here all the things that I explained to him. Suffice it to say that he does not understand. Now, it would really be a crying shame if the development of this serious, great, philanthropic plan were to be thwarted by the opposition of a single person of insufficient intelligence. Can this be the will of God?

This is the way matters stand at the moment. One way out of the present difficulties would be to make the course of events public and to break the will of this recalcitrant man through agitation. But I would not want to carry on the movement demagogically.

The gradual exodus of the Jews in good order, the way I intend it, can only be directed from the top. That is why I cling to the hope that the truly high-minded sovereigns of Europe will

bestow their gracious protection on the cause. Then we could easily pass over the refusal of individual wealthy Jews.

It would be of inestimable value to our future course if His Majesty the German Kaiser allowed me to present the plan to him.

Some steps have already been taken with a view to my reception by His Majesty the Emperor of Russia.

Your Royal Highness has been the first ruler who generously took an interest in this movement, and I shall never forget the royally unpretentious words with which this interest was expressed. I venture to make reference to the favor of that audience if I now ask Your Royal Highness point-blank to induce His Majesty the German Kaiser to give me a hearing.

Today this solution of the ancient Jewish Question exists in embryonic form. Many people, Gentiles as well as Jews, would breathe a sigh of relief. A social difficulty of a serious nature could be eliminated. It would be a blessed and glorious deed which would be bound to affect far-distant times.

But if we find no help, the seed may perish.

I remain Your Royal Highness' respectful and grateful servant

Dr. Theodor Herzl

(Address: Thalhof, Reichenau bei Payerbach, Lower Austria.)

August 1, Aussee

Hechler telegraphs from Tegernsee: "Today fifth and last presentation. Leaving today or tomorrow morning. Hechler."

This means, then, that the important people mentioned in his first wire are not issuing a direct invitation to me.

Or did he merely want me to come on a chance? In any case, I did well not to start off right away.

August 1

The effectiveness of my movement shows up first in begging-letters.

August 1

At the beginning of July a letter came from Wolffsohn of Cologne which I only received here. At the Berlin Zionist Convention there was violent opposition to me. Wolffsohn was the only one to stick by me, and he had trouble preventing the Zionists from taking a public stand against me. Nevertheless, Hildesheimer and Bambus were willing to meet with me in Cologne, but I missed this opportunity.

I am answering Wolffsohn that hostile acts on the part of the Zionists could well cause me to drop the whole matter. I am informing him of Edmond Rothschild's refusal and telling him that the need for an organization in which he, too, would have a function, is developing. Furthermore, I am willing to get together with the Berlin Zionists. We would shortly hold a conference in Vienna at which the convening of a general Zionist assembly is to be discussed.

August 1

A good letter from Zadoc Kahn at Weggis. He proposes a secret conference of representatives of the largest Jewish communities, since no individual has the authority to get a matter of such immeasurable importance rolling all by himself. Therefore, there ought to be a debate with all the pros and cons. For the rest, right after his return to Paris (between the 20th and the 25th of August) he wants to have a serious talk "*avec qui de droit* [with the proper person]"—with Edmond Rothschild, then? —but he does not seem to expect much from it.

I accept the proposal for a secret conference, because I believe by that time I shall have achieved further diplomatic success, and then I shall manage to rouse this debating assembly to some action.

August 2, Aussee

Letter to Zadoc Kahn:

Reverend Sir:

I accept your proposal to convene a confidential gathering of representatives of all large Jewish communities, provided you are the organizer and it has a practical character from the beginning. I will no longer have anything to do with purely academic discussions. This does not mean that I reject refinements of my idea, advice, limitations, etc. If I am willing to attend this conference, it is actually because I wish to prove for the umpteenth time that I am not a fanatical agitator, but would like to proceed prudently and in cooperation with our calmest and best men. My consent, which I am giving you in principle today, will be definitive as soon as I am acquainted with the agenda of the conference and the names of its participants.

Naturally I shall not interrupt my activities while awaiting this conference. As you have already observed, I move rapidly; and if you postpone the deliberation for long, it may come after the action. Therefore you can already take the necessary first steps from Weggis.

Thanking you for the appealing tone of your letter, I remain

With sincere respect,
Th. Herzl.

August 2, Aussee

Wrote to Nordau to take care of the French edition, because I urgently need it for the Russian court and for Rome.

What I don't do myself doesn't get done.

S. Whitman writes from Constantinople that he will be coming to Vienna in three weeks and afterwards will go to see Bismarck again.

August 3, on the train to Vienna

I have just now read a communication from the Arabian explorer Dr. Glaser which arrived during my trip to England. It is a memorandum from the year 1890, directed to Baron Hirsch. It is written in an obsequiously enthusiastic tone and culminates

in the exclamation: Long live the King of Israel!—and after the preceding sentence there is no doubt that "Moritz Freiherr [Baron] von Hirsch" is thought of as the King of Israel.

But the contents of the memorandum shows excellent thinking. This Glaser is a man to remember. In any event, he possesses considerable knowledge of the Orient, and he may even have a talent for military organization. Since it is possible that I shall need a replacement for the unreliable Goldsmid, Glaser is to be cultivated.

To be sure, he makes the absurd proposal to select Southern Arabia as the territory for the Jewish State; but the way in which he motivates this idea for colonization is excellent.

I am going to write him from Vienna today or tomorrow that I am welcoming him to our ranks as a promising co-worker.

* * *

Dr. L. Ernst, the author of a book about secret remedies for venereal diseases, has written a cute answer to my pamphlet, with the title *No Jewish State!*

Breitenstein the publisher asked me whether I had any objection to his publishing this droll booklet, too, under his imprint. I had absolutely no objection.

(At the same time Breitenstein gave me a financial statement on my pamphlet. *I* owe *him* a few guilders. And he is already on the fourth printing!)

I read Ernst's pamphlet on the train, in the galley-proofs. Simple-minded pontification, ignorance, narrow-mindedness on every page.

No answer.

August 3, Vienna

At the office again.

A brief, vigorous clash with Bacher. He asked whether I wasn't going to write a *feuilleton* about Constantinople.

"No," I said. "At Constantinople I had only historical experiences, not feuilletonistic ones."

He laughed foolishly.

"You don't believe me?" I said.

"No, I don't believe that," he countered.

I added, gruffly: "You'll believe, all right!"

Then we parted, rather irritated.

* * *

In the afternoon at Newlinski's.

At Carlsbad he also spoke with King Milan about my project. Milan thinks that I am overlooking the difficulties that France would make. France wants to have her Syrian protectorate and an Arabian Empire. (Funny that this should coincide with Glaser's information.)

Newlinski claims that Milan had already received my book in Paris from Dr. Milicevic and discussed it in detail with French politicians.

Newlinski also spoke once more in Carlsbad with Prince Ferdinand who is supposed to have declared himself a champion of my idea. Ferdinand—like Bismarck—believes that the matter ought to be patronized from Rome.

Newlinski was quick to tie interesting fancies onto this. A trip to Rome in October, fifteen cardinals—the entire Conclave to be won over. The Pope would receive me, possibly issue an encyclical about my plan. The Catholic church ought to take the matter under its worldwide protection. The Sultan would accept advice from the Pope more readily than from the Czar.

It is my opinion, too, that we must work from Rome. However, even though I am very favorably disposed toward Newlinski, I did not want him to notice how very well this suits me. For he is clerical-minded and in any event more devoted to the Pope than he is to me.

I must look back and see whether I have noted down this habit: on the train bound for Stambul and in the bedroom at the Hotel Royal, Newlinski always crossed himself before he went to sleep. And, I believe, he is sincerely working for the Jews.

Evidence that my proposal is truly the redeeming reconciliation between Christians and Jews.

* * *

Gave Newlinski 184 guilders for Whitman's expenses.

* * *

August 5, Vienna

Spoke with Schnirer about the accomplishments of my trips and the need for an organization. He explains Edmond Rothschild's attitude to himself by the fact that any number of people want a split between E. R. and me. Schnirer knows that for every house that is built in Palestine, two thousand francs are allegedly paid out in *baksheesh*.

I told him about the presumed intrigue of the Rothschild director Scheid against me in Yildiz Kiosk, and asked him what Scheid deserved if it was true. Schnirer said indignantly: "He would deserve to be strung up."

The present organization of the Zionist associations leaves everything to be desired. The Zionist Federation is an unserviceable instrument and must be reorganized. The associations, above all, have no money. I cannot advance any more for propaganda since my capacity is already exhausted.

We agreed that the Zionist administration in Vienna should send a regular "Information Bulletin" to its members, who are to make some payment for it, so that the Zionist Federation could at least pay for the printing of stationery.

This is how poor the financial condition of the Zionists is at the present time—the Zionists, whom I shall probably raise high, and soon, and who will then presumably forget what I have brought about.

August 7

Newlinski writes from Hungary that he has just received a letter from Whitman in Constantinople with an interesting item.

Whitman had breakfast at Therapia with the former Prussian Minister of War, Verdy du Vernois. The latter, an expert on the Orient, had expressed himself very favorably on my Palestine project and "thought it was a blessing for Turkey, about which he is crazy."

"Vernois thinks the idea is conceived on such a grand scale that it must materialize, and he believes in you! . . . He is really somebody; I wanted to tell you this in order to compensate you for the contumely and the disappointments that you get from others. Don't let them get you down, and remember my words: Precisely among your co-religionists will you encounter the basest intrigues, stupidity, lack of principles, and ingratitude. But God will help you! . . . So will I!

With cordial regards,

Yours,
Newlinski"

* * *

I am including Newlinski's charming letter here as a souvenir. What Sonnenschein (Court Secretary in the Ministry of Railroads) had just told me is like an illustration of it, namely, that the London Chief Rabbi Adler told David Gutmann: "Dr. Herzl had a fiasco in London."

And David Gutmann cheerfully spread this around.

I am writing this to de Haas in London. My people in the East End shall answer the Chief Rabbi.

August 10

De Haas sends me clippings, among them one from the *Daily Chronicle,* in which my trip to London is connected with a conversion of the Turkish loan. I am not even issuing a denial of this. At the same time de Haas tells me the rumor is going around in London that a banking house (Barclay, Bevan & Co.) has placed two million pounds sterling at my disposal for my undertaking. I am not protesting against this nonsense either,

because fairy-tales, jokes, caricatures are vehicles for disseminating an idea.

* * *

Newlinski today sounded me out by inquiring whether in case of a "*Non possumus* [We cannot]!" from Turkey we wouldn't want to content ourselves with a lesser *firman* [imperial order] from the Sultan in which the Jews would merely be invited to establish colonies.

In this I smelled his desire to work with Edmond Rothschild and the Zionist associations, which he deemed financially solvent, and told him: "If it should really turn out to be impossible to obtain the basis for a state, I shall personally put you in touch with the Zionists and Edmond Rothschild (lest he try to do that himself), but I draw your attention to the following: in the first place, in the case of such colonization, the go-betweens get little *baksheesh*; in the second place, I am fundamentally opposed to this form and would fight it vigorously afterwards. Just keep your confidence in the cause. *Dans cette chose il faut avoir de l'estomac, comme disent les joueurs* [in this project one has to have a stomach, as the gamblers say]."

Thereupon, visibly reinvigorated, he asked me if he should write to Cardinal Rampolla in Rome to initiate action with the Pope.

Naturally I fully agree to this.

* * *

At Reichenau yesterday I spoke with Horn, the former editor-in-chief of the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg.* He is a brother of the late Hungarian State Secretary Eduard Horn, whom I knew in my boyhood. For thirty years he was a semi-official journalist in Russia and naturally is well acquainted with the situation there. He does not think that Russia would let the Jews have Palestine. He said there was a "Society of the Holy Sepulchre" under the chairmanship of Grand Duke Sergius. He also feels that the serviceable Jews would not be allowed to leave. Anti-

Semitism in Russia, he says, is due to the fact that the city dwellers there number at most eight million; and if these include five million Jews—who, in addition, rush into the learned professions, on account of certain military advantages—this is an unbearable situation. As for the peasant areas, the Jews cannot be integrated there, because in Russian village communities there is common pasture-land, and the Jews cannot participate in it.

But he has not been to Russia in six years and no longer knows how the wind is blowing.

About Ignatiew he tells me that when the latter was Minister of the Interior he had virtually encouraged persecution of the Jews.

Pobedonostsev he called a fanatic who defied even the Emperor and who would hardly have any dealings with me.

August 12, Vienna

Haas reports from London that a "Tent" of the Hovevei Zion had offered to "revolt" in my favor; another one had attacked me. The *Daily Chronicle* report that I had been on a financial mission for the Sultan was souring people on me.

I am telegraphing Haas:

"Pay no attention to false newspaper reports. Tell Prag I want collaboration with Hovevei.

Herzl."

* * *

In the *Allgemeine Israelitische Wochenschrift* of July 17 one Dr. Singer-Coblenz makes a venomous attack on me.

August 13, Vienna

Today called on the Turkish ambassador, Mahmud Nedim. He spoke uninterruptedly for one hour, without saying one single thing—not out of *rouerie* [craftiness], however, but out of unspeakable naiveté.

Some ambassador! A haberdashery clerk on Kärtnerstrasse displays more acumen.

He was very amiable—without understanding. Or is he infinitely discreet???

Interesting that Izzet should have written me about him.

Mahmud Nedim gave me the desired explanation which he had first addressed to Newlinski: that the Turkish authorities are not expelling the Jewish colonists. He asked me, however, not to make his letter of today public. I should say only: *"Comme nous apprenons de source certaine* [As we learn from a reliable source]"—or *"l'ambassadeur turc m'a dit* [the Turkish ambassador has told me]"—or *"nous sommes en mesure d'affirmer* [we are in a position to affirm]"—in short, he enumerated all the clichés of the Havas News Agency.

Which once again is confirmation of my definition of diplomats: "People who put together notes out of our notices."

August 18, Aussee

De Haas sends me bad news from London. The opponents in the Hovevei Zion, etc., are gaining the upper hand.

Meyerson has reported from Paris that I met with failure there. Also, my reception by the Russian Jewish students is supposed to have been an unfavorable one. On the other hand, Mr. Prag is said to have adopted a friendly attitude toward me lately.

I am writing de Haas a few compliments for Mr. Prag, and am authorizing him at the same time to publish the Turkish ambassador's denial in the press—only the substance, not the wording.

August 18, Aussee

Newlinski telegraphs from Vasvar:

"Have good news Rome."
(From Cardinal Rampolla, then.)

August 23, Baden

Had a long talk with the electrical engineer Kremenezky. He is a good Zionist, with modern ideas. On the shores of the highly saliferous Dead Sea great chemical industries could be established.

The streams of fresh water which now flow into it would have to be diverted and used as drinking water. The tributaries would be replaced by a canal from the Mediterranean which on account of the mountains would have to pass through a tunnel for part of the way (an internationally famous sight). The difference in level of the two seas (waterfall) could be used to run machines. Many thousands of horsepower.

Elsewhere in Palestine, too, there is plenty of water power that can be converted into electricity.

We must found a National Arbor Society for the afforestation of the land. Every Jew donates one or more trees. Ten million trees!

During the talk I had an idea concerning organization.

The young professional men want to found a Zionist society for university graduates. I think it will be even better to establish specialized Zionist societies for here and for over there: associations of Jewish lawyers, physicians, engineers, electricians, building contractors, civil servants, merchants (chambers of commerce). These professional people have mutual interests even here. Practical problems and plans can be placed before them, for appraisal, discussion, etc. If the plan is carried out, we shall have in them *pépinières* [hothouses] for the men we shall need.

These professional societies are to become integrated into the Zionist Federation, which will thereby be shaken out of its universally deplored slumber.

August 25, Vienna

Yesterday I had Colbert buy 50 Steyrermühl shares for me at the Stock Exchange. It was the first business deal of my life. I was forced into it by the mean, ignominious conduct of the

Viennese press which is passing my idea over in silence. I must endeavor to gain influence over a newspaper. I can have such influence only as an owner of shares. Any other attempt to gain journalistic power would be wrecked on the local newspaper situation, and I would bleed to death on it.

Therefore I chose the *Steyrer Tagblatt* as a *locus minoris resistentiae* [place of least resistance], and I intend to gain control of it through gradual purchases of stock. Or, rather, the Steyrermühl Company is to produce a new paper which I shall edit.

I am staking my property as well as that of my parents on it. Dessauer promises me lombardization of my shares on a large scale.

August 25, Vienna

I own 150 Steyrermühl shares.

* * *

Newlinski is back from Hungary and today gave me the following information:

The Turks have a knife at their throats, financially speaking. Izzet Bey wrote him that he would be willing to submit the modified plan to the Sultan if we were quite in earnest. Because it could cost him his head if afterwards nothing came of it. Therefore Newlinski calls on me to give a final formulation of the proposal.

I am doing this in the following manner, which still leaves Izzet (and myself) the possibility of pulling our heads out of the noose. I make a few vague conditions, during the discussion of which even "serious" proposals can come to naught. While negotiations with the Sultan are going on, I shall tame the London and Paris Jews as well. For the rest, my proposals are based completely on the admittedly vague agreements with Montagu, Landau, etc. Outline which Newlinski intends to submit to the Sultan in revised form:

Our group wishes to place at His Majesty's disposal a gradu-

ated loan of 20 million pounds sterling. This loan is to be funded on the annual tribute which the autonomous Jewish settlers in Palestine have to pay to His Majesty. The tribute guaranteed by our group will amount to one hundred thousand pounds sterling in the first year and increase up to one million pounds sterling annually. The gradual rise in the tribute will be correlated with the gradual immigration of the Jews into Palestine, and the detailed procedure is to be worked out in the personal conferences which are to be held in Constantinople.

In return, His Majesty should graciously make the following concessions:

The immigration of the Jews into Palestine, which is not only to be completely unrestricted but is to be encouraged in every way by the imperial Turkish government. The immigrant Jews are to be given autonomy, guaranteed under international law, in the constitution, government, and administration of justice in the territory assigned to them. (Palestine as a vassal state.)

In the Constantinople negotiations it will have to be determined in detail in what form the sovereign protection of His Majesty the Sultan will be exercised in Jewish Palestine and how the preservation of law and order is to be managed by the Jews themselves through security forces of their own.

The agreement could take the following form: His Majesty issues a most gracious invitation to the Jews to return to the land of their fathers; this invitation will have the force of law and will be made known to the Powers in advance.

Naturally, this invitation shall be made only after all the separate details have been arranged in a preliminary agreement.

* * *

Letter to Montagu:

My dear Sir Samuel:

I have received some sensational and decisive news from Constantinople. People there are inclined to enter into negotiations with us immediately on the basis which I have already mentioned

to you in London. In return for a graduated loan of twenty million pounds sterling, which would be distributed over a number of years, the Sultan would, with previous notification of the Powers, invite the Jews all over the world to return to the land of their fathers where they are to have autonomy and pay him an annual tribute. It is on this tribute that the loan would be based.

Turkey's financial distress has reached a climax. It is now or never that we shall obtain Palestine. I am asking you, Sir Samuel, if you are willing to go to Constantinople with me in order to carry on the negotiations. I know it would be a great sacrifice for you to decide to make this trip. But if you make this sacrifice, Sir Samuel Montagu will be spoken of with gratitude as long as there are Jews alive.

If you decide on it, I shall give you details about the time later. It will, in any case, not be before the end of September, when the heat in Constantinople is no longer so bad.

Edmond Rothschild gave me an evasive answer in Paris—neither Yes nor No. He will undoubtedly join in with us, just as all Jews will enthusiastically join in as soon as we have achieved success.

Consider well, Sir Samuel, in what a historically memorable situation you now find yourself! Understand the full greatness of the task which is confronting you! Be the man we need!

With cordial regards,

Sincerely yours,
Herzl.

* * *

Letter to Zadoc Khan:

Reverend Sir:

(strictly confidential!)

From Constantinople I have received the sensational and decisive news that they are ready at any time for further negotia-

tions. The financial distress there has become acute. It is now or never that we shall obtain Palestine.

What steps have you taken since we last corresponded?

Events press. I beg you for a speedy reply.

With sincere respect,
Herzl.

August 29

Terrible news has come from Constantinople. The building of the Ottoman Bank was stormed by Armenians. Murder, killings, bombs, street-fights. Order appears to have been restored, but the impression on the world is deplorable. At any rate, for the moment I am abstaining from sending off the above letter which I drafted yesterday. The Englishmen Montagu etc. probably won't have anything to do with the Sultan now. On the other hand, of course, the moment would be very propitious for negotiating with the Sultan, because at present he isn't likely to get money from anyone.

August 29, afternoon

I am mailing the letter to Zadoc Kahn after all.

September 5, Breslau

I was prevented by some hectic newspaper work from recording the events of the last few days.

Zadoc Kahn sent a reply to the effect that he cannot do anything at the moment, because he had received "dilatory, that is to say, evasive replies" from the people to whom he turned.

His own answer, too, is dilatory, that is to say, evasive. Nobody helps.

On Tuesday, September 1, Bacher asked me if I would like to go to Breslau and report on the Kaiser's visit there. Naturally I said Yes.

* * *

That same evening I was in the Café Louvre on Wipplingerstrasse where the Viennese Zionists get together every Tuesday and for months have been debating the question of how to acquire some club rooms. If I should succeed in winning something greater for the Zionists and obtaining more for them than club rooms for an annual rent of 800 guilders, many are sure to attack me. I recognize a few of this ilk even now: they "feel crowded out" by me, etc. They will have to be reminded of how impotent they have shown themselves to be and how they have done nothing but indulge in idle talk.

Incidentally, this time they made me a formal offer to become head of the party's Executive Committee. I accepted.

Among those present was the "Christian Zionist" Baron Manteuffel, who pays to have agricultural training given to penniless Jewish boys.

* * *

I telegraphed Hechler, who has gone to Höritz for the peasant passion plays, that I was going to Breslau.

Thereupon he asked me whether I wanted him to come; he had written at once to the Grand Duke at Baden.

I immediately asked Hechler by telegram to come to Görlitz. Today he informs me that he will arrive there tomorrow. I am going to send him to Prince Heinrich of Prussia; perhaps we shall manage to obtain that audience with the Kaiser.

September 9, Görlitz

Arrived here the day before yesterday. I am staying at a cosy private residence, the house of Music Director Stiehler. I found Hechler's card waiting for me; he had tracked me down although I had not been able to give him my address. He himself is staying at the "Evangelical Clubhouse," which gave me the impression of a Christian-Socialist consumers' cooperative. Bare, spotless walls with Bible verses. A big bar parlor where, to be sure, drinks are served and perhaps even a small profit is made, but the peo-

ple are evidently kept well in hand. The whole establishment gives the impression of a cleverly disguised political institution.

Hechler was sitting in a cheerful room which was adorned with Biblical maxims, Evangelical style. This is most decidedly Stöcker territory, and one of the most curious places I have visited so far in the course of my movement.

Hechler had already oriented himself a bit. On the trip from Höritz he composed a letter to the Kaiser, written in English on the stationery of the Vienna embassy, about *the return of the Jews.** The British official stamp gave the whole thing a vaguely official character.

Unfortunately, Prince Heinrich of Prussia, whom Hechler was counting on, has left for Kiel in order to receive the Czar there. "By the way," says Hechler, "who knows if this isn't an advantage. I am told that in recent times Prince Heinrich has made only mocking remarks about religion. And one shouldn't cast pearls before swine, as the Bible says."

However, Günther of Schleswig-Holstein, a brother of the Empress, is here. He is kindly disposed toward Hechler and is interested in social problems. He has been to England in order to study the condition of the working class. His rank is that of a Major—on the general staff, I believe. Hechler also told me on this occasion that Prince Günther recently was suspected of being involved in that affair of the anonymous court letters which led to the duel between Schrader and Kotze: gossip which I wasn't interested in before and which I now like to hear, because it shows me the small side of the big people. And this is necessary if one is not to be confused by the outward glamor of the tinsel surrounding them and is to associate with them without self-consciousness.

That is why I paid such close attention to the infirmity of the German Kaiser during the past week when I saw him so frequently. Isn't it strange that people really don't know that he, one of the most "highly regarded" men in the world, has only one arm? Such men truly dwell in a cloud. Here is a figure

* In English in the original.

known from a hundred thousand pictures; and when you see him, you notice that his most significant characteristic is hidden from the crowd. Yes, throngs see him daily and are hardly aware of it. The most sharp-sighted say: he has a stiff arm. Actually, it is a child's arm that hangs down from his left shoulder. The arm is said to have been stunted by rickets. According to the version which Hechler gives me—evidently the court version—Wilhelm was dropped as an infant by his wet-nurse, and the consequences were not discovered until it was too late.

In any case, this abnormality is important for his image. To me it brings him closer as a human being. It shows that, in reality, under his many uniforms of the regiments he commands, he is only a helpless human being after all. When I was watching the manifestations of his power, the glamor of his court, the martial magnificence of his legions on the parade field, I kept my eyes on his crippled arm, in order not to let my mind be dazed should I ever speak with him face to face.

His being a cripple also explains his whole character, I believe. This Supreme Warlord would be rejected by the medical board if he were an ordinary man called up for military service. His pathological predilection for all things military may stem from this. Nor can he adopt any natural pose, because he must always have to think of how to conceal his defect. As a matter of fact, he does deceive many people by the way in which, when on horseback, he holds the reins with his short left arm. This bridle-arm enables him to get by on horseback. He also loves dazzling, shiny uniforms and gleaming helmets which attract, distract the eye.

However, he is, it seems to me, a likeable man; to put it even better and more briefly: a man!

He wants to make a big impression on the crowd, to be sure, and he plays the emperor with might and main. But he wishes to charm those who meet him by amiability. He has an engaging way of shaking hands, like a party leader. He looks everyone with whom he speaks full in the eye by stepping up close to him. He was at his most charming at Breslau at the gala performance of

a little military comedy by Moser. He laughed aloud at the innocent soldiers' jokes; he fairly shook with laughter. In fact, there was a trace of exaggeration in this unconstraint, which he knew was being observed by so many eyes. He is inclined to overdo things.

There is no doubt that he is a man of great and varied talents who, however, wants to tackle too many things with his one arm and always has his hands full because he wishes to hide the fact that he has only one hand.

If I understand him aright, I am going to win him for our cause, provided that I manage to get close enough to him.

* * *

Hechler went to see Prince Günther yesterday afternoon when the latter returned from the parade ground. Unfortunately one minute too late. The Prince was already taking a bath, or at least he sent word by a servant that he was already in the bath; Hechler was asked to return in the evening before the court dinner.

Hechler did so; but a high general was with the Prince. As Günther left he spoke only a few words with Hechler, asking him to come back this evening at half past six.

This just about finishes the prospect of getting to the Kaiser here. Because for three full days starting tomorrow morning the Kaiser will be at the manoeuvres. And I have to leave tomorrow.

September 12, Vienna

The afternoon before yesterday Hechler came and reported that Prince Günther had spoken about the matter like someone who was acquainted with it. The Kaiser seems to have discussed it with him even before this. But they evidently don't want to touch the matter; princes shrink from the whole question. *"It is so strange,"** said Prince Günther to Hechler. But the latter

* In English in the original.

may be received by the Kaiser after all, although Günther wouldn't take Hechler's letter to transmit to the Kaiser.

I realized that I wouldn't accomplish anything in Görlitz now, and immediately decided to depart. Hechler took me to the station. There I impressed it upon him that he should try to do what he could, and in any case tell the Prince, and possibly the Kaiser, that I had had to leave hastily, but would be willing to appear at any time and in any place to present and explain the matter.

* * *

Poor Hechler had tough luck. He left Höritz without giving a forwarding address. The day before yesterday the Embassy was looking for him because an Englishman had died here and Hechler was supposed to conduct the funeral service. I telegraphed him this, but of course too late.

Hechler's cook, with whom I had checked at his request, mournfully told me of this incident and said: "What a pity! It was a wealthy funeral."

* * *

During my absence a letter from Zadoc Kahn arrived, containing fresh laments and accusations by the Rothschild director Scheid. Who's lying? Scheid or the Turks who formally denied the expulsion of Jewish colonists? This must be cleared up now. I am writing Newlinski about it.

* * *

From London comes the news that the Powers are giving some thought to deposing Abdul Hamid. If this comes about, the Zionist idea will be dead for a long time to come. For a new Sultan will find money and won't need this combination.

* * *

Hechler wires from Görlitz:

"Very friendly letter (presumably from Günther), only not enough time."

September 16, Vienna

Yesterday, endless debate of the Zionist Federation at the Café Louvre, later at Robicsek's Restaurant.

A representative of the Lvov Zionists was present, and he demanded quick action. In one year, 400-600,000 signatures could be raised in Galicia for a petition to the Powers. He said there was great distress and the desire to emigrate was immeasurable. Dr. Gabel is the name of this delegate.

I took him at his word; let him get those signatures. They would be proof of the strength of our movement and a backbone for our action, which, however, must not be expected to be ready tomorrow.

Everybody wanted action, and in the end it turned out that Schnirer had not even sent out my circular letter about the need for organization, which I had given him weeks ago.

They argued about the wording of the first paragraph in the party program drafted by Schnirer.

September 16

Letter to Zadoc Kahn:

Reverend Sir:

Having just returned from a trip, I hasten to answer your kind letter of September 7.

I had already been informed that Mr. Scheid is working against me. From your letter I see that this is true. I am asking myself what might motivate this gentleman to proceed in this way. The movement that I started may not have the approbation of all Jews; but for the present it is incomprehensible to me that people who have to do with colonization should be fighting it.

Following your first complaint in July, which was transmitted to me by Dr. Nordau, I immediately took steps at Constantinople

and received an official denial from the Turkish ambassador in Vienna. This denial I telegraphed to Baron E. Rothschild who has not acknowledged it to this day.

In August I had the ambassador reiterate this denial for me, because his first letter contained other things which I did not want to show around. You will find enclosed the letter, which you will kindly show to Baron Rothschild and Mr. Leven and then return to me as soon as possible.

Now Mr. Scheid comes with specific accusations. I am sending these to the proper authorities for investigation. I shall ask for a statement as to 1) whether the facts are correct, 2) whether difficulties of this sort did not arise before I came on the scene, 3) whether the alleged disciplinary measures have any connection with my efforts.

Since it is part of the Jewish misfortune that a great deal depends on M. de Rothschild's decisions, this incident has to be given some attention.

Let anyone who comes close to our project realize its full seriousness.

Until now I have conducted the movement considerately and as a calm man; this is common knowledge. It is known as well that to me Zionism is neither a sport nor a business. I am not living on it, but for it. I am making sacrifices of all kinds, which in proportion to my means are surely no smaller than those of M. de Rothschild. Therefore I demand that, even if people do not work with me, they do not work against me.

I believe that we are at a great turning point in our history. You are acquainted with the events in Turkey. Never has the general situation been more favorable to us. I am not going into details of this now, because I regretfully conclude from your letter that your mind has been changed again, after you had written me from Weggis that you were going to convene a confidential world congress.

I continue to go my way, imperturbably, unshakably.

Strangely enough, quite a few people don't know yet that I can write and can be bought just as little as the disagreeable Mr.

Drumont. I shall not write pamphlets, to be sure, but a simple report on what I have tried to do and what I perhaps have been prevented from doing. The book will be called "The Return of the Jews," and everyone will have his place in it. *Tant pis, si cela fournira encore de la copie a Monsieur Drumont* [Too bad if this will furnish M. Drumont with more material].

With a respectful greeting,

Your Reverend's devoted
Herzl.

September 16, Vienna

An enthusiastic and touching resolution came from Jerusalem. The sender, Wilhelm Gross, writes me that the signers are among the most respected men of Jerusalem.

He denies—what a strange coincidence—that my efforts have harmed the Jews there.

I am answering him that he should form an investigating committee of the most respected men. It should consist neither of friends nor of foes of Scheid, and it should ascertain the three points of information about which I wrote Zadoc Kahn.

At the same time I am asking him for confidential information about Scheid, because I don't know him and would like to know whether it is sincere conviction that prompts him to work against me, or whether there are other motives at work.

September 24

I received a letter from Zadoc Kahn, with an enclosure from Scheid in which he says that I have too much confidence in the Turks. If I was really able to achieve anything, I ought to secure entry permits for 100 families to the Jaulan. At the same time, Zadoc informs me that in October there will be a meeting of the Hirsch Fund people in Paris and that he intends to present my plan etc. to them.

I immediately went to see Newlinski and told him the moment had come to *frapper un grand coup* [strike a big blow]. The Sultan should give me authorization for the immigration of three to five hundred families or some other great concession, and then the Hirsch people etc. would make him an offer.

Newlinski wrote to Izzet and spoke with the local ambassador, Mahmud Nedim. The latter used the occasion to tell him that the *N. Fr. Pr.* reporter who covers the diplomatic corps spoke of me as a madman.

* * *

In the meantime the following happened: Glogau came to me with the news that the government wants a rival paper to needle the *N. Fr. Pr.*, because the *N. Fr. Pr.* has been getting bothersome to Badeni's administration since he made his peace with Lueger. The paper is to be liberal-conservative-anti-Semitic—in short, an impossibility,—but typographically (swipe-ographically)* produced exactly like the *N. Fr. Pr.*, which, to be sure, originated in a similar manner from the old *Presse*.

I dropped the remark in front of Newlinski that this competition was a stupid thing. If they intended to weaken the *N. Fr. Pr.*, they couldn't do it this way. However, because the word pledged to me a year ago has not been kept and the Jewish State, the Jewish cause, has not only not been supported but almost maliciously suppressed, I would—found a great paper.

Newlinski immediately told this to his friend Kozmian—on Monday—, and when I was at the Burgtheater on Tuesday, Kozmian came up to me and said that Graf Badeni, who was also present, wished to speak with me about "my" paper. I replied that we hadn't got that far yet; only the beginning had been made, etc.

But the next day, after consulting with Badeni again, Kozmian called me to his suite in the Hotel Imperial where Newlinski was also present. Badeni wanted to know through him what I wanted "for your support."

I answered: "Above all, no money! I wish to be independent;

* Translator's Note: Herzl's pun is *"typographisch (diebographisch)."*

the mutual relationship must reside more in the attitude. Should I in any way need help or favor for my idea, then let the government help me; in return for this I shall not give it any displeasure."

"That's little enough," said Kozmian, who was in his shirt sleeves and had only put on an overcoat.

"Which means: pleasure!" I declared; "but Count Badeni will have to support Zionism."

Kozmian thought he could promise this. Badeni would encourage Jewish colonization (*parbleu!* Lueger's desire, too). And now suddenly the moment has come of which I had a foreboding in my letter to Badeni that time when my pamphlet was coming out.

Kozmian also said Badeni would receive me as soon as I wanted it—and then he left for Galicia from where he will return at the beginning of October.

As I went out, Newlinski saw me to the door and said: *"Il faudra créer aussi à Kozmian une situation dans ce journal* [We will have to create a job on this paper for Kozmian too]."

I said: *"Ce n'est pas possible, mais je tâcherai de l'intéresser autrement* [That isn't possible, but I shall try to take care of him some other way]."

At this Newlinski said pithily: *"Il en a besoin* [He needs it]."

* * *

I am now doing the spade work for the founding of the paper. Tough financial problem. Dessauer is advising me.

September 25

Letter to Zadoc Kahn:

Reverend Sir:

I gratefully acknowledge receipt of your kind letter with enclosures. Yesterday I had the Turkish ambassador here address an inquiry to Constantinople, and a few days before that I had already taken the necessary direct steps there. In Turkey people have many great worries now; and it will not be surprising if

they do not give me an immediate answer, although I have well-founded reason to believe that they are very favorably disposed toward me.

I beg you to give me the exact date on which the Hirsch people will meet, so that I may send you the proclamation which I requested from Constantinople for you to submit to the gentlemen, or bring it to Paris myself. You see, I asked for a confirmation of the verbal declarations made to me, one that will exclude all doubt. If I receive such a confirmation, I believe it will be substantial material for the Paris conference which you announced.

I am active in various other respects, too. I have met with cooperation in particular from a very high place here in Austria. As for the other things favorable to us—in *Rome* and in Berlin—I cannot write you about them. I am (kindly pardon my frankness!) not wholly convinced that you will go along through thick and thin, the way the cause may require it.

However, this does not preclude the fact that I am sincerely grateful to you for your efforts and beg you to continue to help to the extent that you *can* help.

With sincere respect,
Herzl.

Could not Edmond Rothschild try to approach the Czar in Paris now and bespeak his kind interest in the *colonization*? Our endeavors do converge, even if we diverge on details.

September 25

Newlinski tells me he has news from Cardinal Agliardi that Cardinal Rampolla intends to submit my idea to the Pope.

* * *

Hechler has been here a few times already to ask whether I have written to Prince Günther. I have been too feeble and distracted in the last few days.

* * *

Yesterday Schnirer and Kokesch came to see me. They complained that little Dr. Kohn "wanted to break loose." They said he was agitating on his own in Moravia etc. and there ought to be "inner-political" action. Both called Kohn a careerist who was interested only in getting hold of a position for himself. Schnirer spoke of withdrawing. Kokesch wanted to bring Kohn back into the fold through concessions. I told these two, who are among the finest of the local Zionists:

"Neither one nor the other, but work!

"If you finally start the much-talked-of work of organization you will cut the ground from under these separatists."

Schnirer said he had called upon Kohn to let "us," i.e., the Zionist Federation, have the results of his agitation. Kohn refused, saying that he had not done this "for us."

However, I hear from Moravia that the young people are agitating in my name—and yet "not for us"?

At length Schnirer, Kokesch, and I decided to set up commissions which would have to report to the leadership, i.e., to us. One commission for the associations, another for the press, a finance commission and a study commission.

The only trouble is that Schnirer and Kokesch will soon let the matter go to sleep again.

• • •

Today Rabbi Dr. Leopold Goldschmied of Mieslitz came to see me and asked me for my support, because he would like to become rabbi at Floridsdorf. He is a Zionist. He told me on this occasion that the young people in Moravia are writing the rabbis to raise share certificates at 50 guilders each for the founding of a Jewish newspaper.

This is evidently Kohn's idea.

October 5, Vienna

Since the last entry, hard, chaotic days with much sorrow and disgust. I had dealings with "practical" people from the business

and political worlds, and often regretted that I had to step out of the literary world into this hustle and bustle.

A few days were filled with attempts to found the newspaper. Dessauer the bank director had told me for months that he, or rather, his bank, would participate in the founding of the newspaper (which, of course, was conceived as a respectable venture, independent of financial deals) with part of the share capital. But when I came to see him with Colbert and Steiner—of the *Wiener Mode* publishing house—he declared: "You mustn't take me at my word like that."

It was a humiliating situation.

Then a different combination was started, in which a few relatives and I are supposed to procure half of the necessary money. But we shall have a hard time raising the other half.

Meanwhile, however, I informed Count Badeni through Newlinski and Kozmian that I intended to start a big newspaper to represent my idea. The inner-political situation is such that this is also in Badeni's interest. He sent me word through Kozmian that he would receive me as soon as I wished to talk with him. I purposely didn't go while I still had not completed raising the money for the paper. I still haven't completed it. And because Dessauer broke his word, I am now disgraced before Newlinski, Kozmian, and Badeni. As it is, Badeni had declared at the outset that he didn't think I would make it. He said I was a weak man. Kozmian had asked me what I wanted in return for "supporting the government." I answered him that I couldn't accept a financial subvention of any kind, but wished to perform services for the Badeni Cabinet in return for the advancement of my Zionist policies. Kozmian didn't quite seem to understand how anyone could do something like that gratis.

When I had to inform Newlinski that my newspaper attempts had as good as failed, he flew into a great rage (I had held out to him the prospect of a good position on the paper as a special correspondent). He said he was disappointed in me, that I was obviously not the man to carry the idea out. I was too much of

an idealist. I ought to ask money from Montagu, E. Rothschild, etc., to create a great organ. In reply to this I said that I would never bring myself to ask anyone for money that would look as though it were given to me.

Thereupon he said it was best to drop the whole matter.

I then accompanied him to the Turkish embassy. He joked: "If we two were conspirators, and it were a question of stealing dynamite, and you refused to steal, I would draw my gun and shoot you down."

I truly believe that energy of this kind would be needed to see things through. I don't have it. I shrink back from asking for money for agitation, let alone raising it in an ungenteel manner.

When the Steyrermühl combination was in progress, I was bothered by the stock-exchange atmosphere about it, and it was with relief that I had the shares sold again when the combination turned out to be unworkable.

Incidentally, Newlinski now has an opportunity figuratively to draw a gun, by passing on the information given him in confidence to Bacher and Benedikt.

Then I would suddenly be sitting on the floor, between two chairs.

Today I met Benedikt on the street before I went to the office, and he walked along with me through the city for an hour. I asked him whether he had by now been brought closer to Zionism by all that had happened in Austria within a year—Lueger with the Emperor, Badeni's reconciliation with the anti-Semites, etc.

He insisted that the *N. Fr. Pr.* had to keep to the German-Liberal standpoint. The Jewish-nationalist movement was a misfortune, etc. Moravia in particular was thereby being lost to Liberalism. Despite this, his opposition seemed weaker to me today than it was half a year ago.

This half a year has been rather meaningful for me. The Viennese Jews seem to have become more pliable. There was something peculiar about that. I was indifferent to the advances

of anti-Semitism, I hardly noticed them. On the other hand, vexation was forcing Benedikt and Company more over to my side every day.

On how many points have I already proved to be right!

Oppenheim, who a year ago declared my pamphlet a bad joke, said today that I could quite well write a few factual articles about Zionism for the *N. Fr. Pr.*

That would be a solution.

In any case, difficult days are ahead for me again, like a year ago, when I was supposed to leave the *N. Fr. Pr.* and had so many palpitations during the negotiations that my heart has been ailing ever since.

Again there are suspenseful instalments in the novel of my life. Perhaps the movement will now propel me out of my secure position with the *N. Fr. Pr.* and into adventures which I face not without worry on account of my family.

Newlinski tells me a remark of Bacher's. One evening they ran into each other in the Prater. Bacher asked *à brûle pourpoint* [point-blank]: "What are you doing with Herzl?"

Newlinski replied: "I am helping him with the Turkish government in matters of Jewish colonization."

Whereupon Bacher said: "Herzl is such a prig!" *

October 6

Of all the people who have been drawn to me by the "movement," the Rev. Hechler is the finest and most fanciful. But I believe he wants to convert me.

He frequently writes me postcards, for no particular reason, telling me that he hasn't been able to sleep the previous night because Jerusalem came into his mind.

* Translator's Note: Bacher called Herzl a *Schmock*—a word of Slovene origin meaning "fool." It was popularized by the German writer Gustav Freytag who used it as the name of an unprincipled Jewish newspaperman in his comedy *Die Journalisten* (1852). *Schmock* is used in colloquial German to designate a pompous, snobbish, self-satisfied, pretentious person.

October 10

Again several days of ups and downs in the newspaper project. A number of times everything seemed all set, then again: *tout est rompu, mon gendre* [everything's gone to smash, my son-in-law].*

These reversals are uninteresting and deserve to be forgotten, unless they are written down immediately.

But last night there was a substantial development at the office. Bacher called me to his room.

I thought he wanted to speak about my plan for a newspaper, and inwardly made ready for a battle. Was the break going to come this early?

Bacher asked: "What arrangements have you made for the *Neue Presse* in Constantinople?"

I was quite dumbfounded. "Arrangements? None whatever."

He: "You were down there with Newlinski?"

I: "Yes. That is common knowledge."

He: "He took you around to the Ministers?"

I: "Yes indeed."

He: "Today we were informed for the second time that you have been to Constantinople in order to ask the Turkish government for a subvention of three thousand pounds for the *N. Fr. Pr.* People are commonly saying in Constantinople that you actually received some money. We were confidentially notified by the Vienna Foreign Office, and Adler, the president of the Austrian Board of Trade at Constantinople, wrote us the same thing."

My good, clear conscience allowed me to take this powerful news with the utmost calm.

I said: "And did you believe this for a single moment? Don't you know me? I should think you'd have to take me for a gentleman at least."

Bacher immediately backed down.

* Translator's Note: A line from Act I of Eugène Labiche's play *Un chapeau de paille d'Italie*.

"We believed nothing more than that Newlinski played a dirty trick while your back and ours were turned. He must have used your presence to take money from the Turks."

I declared categorically: "I shall get to the bottom of this. In Constantinople I always drew a clear line between my capacity as an editor of the *N. Fr. Pr.* and my capacity as a representative of the Jewish cause. It was no secret to the Turkish authorities that I came there only for the sake of the Jewish cause. My first audience with the Grand Vizier was devoted exclusively to the Jewish cause. Only the second one was an interview in which, incidentally, I wasn't any more officious than, for example, Schütz was in Russia recently in his talks with the Russian statesmen."

Bacher pursued the matter clumsily: "Tell me everything! With whom did you speak?"

I began: "With the Grand Vizier . . . ," but quickly caught myself and stopped: "I am not going to tell you this. You are an opponent of my movement. Open the columns of the *N. Fr. Pr.* to me and I shall tell everything in public!"

He shouted: "That I shall never permit. I cannot take your point of view. There is no such thing as a Jewish problem, there is only a human problem."

I: "I pledge myself to explain the matter to our readers without compromising your point of view. What objection will you make to Jewish colonization?"

He: "I don't want the Jews to emigrate at all. Incidentally, the colonists perish. All the Russian Jews come back."

I: "Yes, from Argentina, because Hirsch tackled the matter badly."

He: "And the Palestine ones are *shnorrers* [beggars], all of them."

I: "Not true! The Palestine colonies are thriving. Just as you don't know this, your readers don't know it. Let me explain it to them."

He wavered a bit, but didn't give in.

Then I went to Benedikt, who spoke with more sugar-coating,

even declared that neither he nor Bacher nor Dóczy had had any suspicion against me. I had simply been incautious; I would certainly know what and whom (Newlinski) he meant. The consequence of this incident was that today the *N. Fr. Pr.* would publish a furious editorial against Turkey. This was the only way that gossip could be knocked on the head.

I closed in on him, too, with the Jewish cause, saying that he should let me write a series of articles. He said that could not be done. They could not give up the Austrian point of view. I told him: "You are a good Jew, aren't you? Why shouldn't I be able to get through to you? An awful lot depends on you. Go along with me and thousands will follow. Let me first explain everything that has happened in the past year. Then you will believe me."

He said: "We can certainly talk. You know that I enjoy having a heart-to-heart talk with you."

In short, the conversation closed on a peaceful note.

Still, I don't trust this peace. I had the impression that they are afraid of me and have got wind of my newspaper plans.

Perhaps that slanderous story is only a war ruse against me so as to foster the suspicion, in the event that I leave, that I was dismissed because of some dirty financial matter. Or do they want to separate me from Newlinski, i.e., from Kozmian and Badeni? Or make it impossible for me to leave the *N. Fr. Pr.*

The next days will bring the answer.

October 11

Last night a serious altercation with Bacher.

At noon I had told him that I intended to challenge Dóczy to a duel because of his remark. Earlier still I had spoken with my colleague Vincenti and asked him if he wanted to be my second. Vincenti pretended a trip, but let me tell him the story "in confidence." Bacher explained to me that Dóczy had only circulated some confidential information as a friend (with a "breach of official secrecy"). Dóczy's statement had been friendly in character toward me as well. And if I challenged Dóczy, I would have to

challenge him—Bacher—as well. I said: "Certainly I would challenge you if you said something defamatory about me."

However, I dropped the whole thing after Bacher made this friendly declaration.

Meanwhile, Vincenti had blabbed in the "foreign" room. All the "foreign boys" were talking about the matter. In the evening Bacher sent for me and took me to task furiously:

"Mister, what have you got in your head? You have committed an act of disloyalty by spreading the story about. Dóczy could lose his job, etc."

It did not suit me to have a bad quarrel recorded as the cause of my resignation from the *N. Fr. Pr.* Therefore I answered resolutely but calmly: "I most firmly reject the charge of disloyalty. If Vincenti blabbed in spite of his promise of secrecy, that is not my fault. Incidentally, I saw Newlinski this afternoon and didn't mention Dóczy to him. I am convinced that Newlinski, too, had absolutely no part in this subvention story. But you will understand that I could not simply let the matter pass. In your editorial of today you demanded the partitioning of Turkey. This puts you in the clear, but I'm still in the woods."

Thereupon he calmed down and declared that I had not been compromised at all. Vincenti came in, was embarrassed because his blabbing had caused the fuss, but finally the big row did have a peaceful ending. Bacher gave me his hand with his grumpy, false good-nature, more than ever *bourru malfaisant* [a churlish trouble-maker].

However, I have the impression that they will soon forcibly squeeze me out of the paper. That would be a catastrophe, because the financial combinations for the founding of my paper have miscarried.

October 11

From Zadoc Kahn I received the information that the Hirsch people of the *Jewish Colonisation Association** are going to meet

* In English in the original.

on the 14th in Paris, but their power is said to be limited by an act of Parliament to which the Hirsch Foundation is subject.

I am answering him:

Reverend Sir:

At present it is not possible for me to come to Paris. Unfortunately I must also doubt that the gentlemen who are going to convene there will want to hear what I have to say.

You will surely recall from my letters how our cause stands, since I informed you of some of the main points. This information, coupled with your eloquent presentation, will be enough to give the gentlemen a picture of the situation.

I shall compress the result of my endeavors up to now into a few words: All strata of our people are receiving the idea of a Jewish State with enthusiasm. In Turkey there is disposition to permit colonization on a large scale if a lot is paid for it.

In the highest government circles of certain countries my plan is receiving serious and benevolent consideration.

If the gentlemen assembled in Paris care to go into the matter just as earnestly, I am at their disposal for further information.

In addition, I make the following positive proposal. Let the gentlemen found or buy one large daily paper in London and one in Paris. There are papers that yield a good profit and on which the Fund would not lose anything. The politics of the Jews should be conducted through these papers, for or against Turkey, depending on circumstances, etc. On the outside, the papers need not be recognizable as Jewish sheets. As editor-in-chief for London I recommend Lucien Wolf, for Paris, Bernard Lazare.

I consider this one of the next essential tasks. If the gentlemen understand what is now going on in Turkey, they will realize the historical greatness of the moment.

With sincere respect,
Herzl.

October 13

Today I got a phone call at the office from the Turkish embassy, saying that they wanted to talk with me in the afternoon.

I immediately wrote to Mahmud Nedim Pasha, expressing my regrets at being unable to call on him. But I would be home all afternoon.

The ambassador replied he had only wanted to deliver a document to me and "have a cigarette" with me.

The document apparently is the certificate of decoration and serves as a pretext to speak with me about the slander affair.

Probably the anti-Turkish editorial in the *N. Fr. Pr.* has caused consternation in Constantinople, too.

Once again I become involved in high politics unexpectedly and without my doing anything toward it.

According to a newspaper despatch from Constantinople of today's date, the Foreign Minister, Tewfik Pasha, has said that Turkey wishes to run a railroad through Palestine and construct a passage to India.

That was my proposal.

October 13

I must frankly admit it to myself: I am demoralized.

From no side help, from all sides attacks. Nordau writes me from Paris that nobody stirs there any longer. The Maccabeans in London are more and more Pickwickian, if I may believe the reports of my faithful de Haas. In Germany I have only opponents. The Russians look on sympathetically while I wear myself out, but none of them lends a hand.

In Austria, particularly Vienna, I have a few adherents. Of these, the disinterested ones are completely inactive; the others, the active ones, want to advance their careers through an editor of the *N. Fr. Pr.*

Added to this is the slander campaign, whose leader appears to be the worthy Scheid.

All the Jews who are well off are my opponents.

So that I am beginning to have the right to be the biggest of all anti-Semites.

I often think of Levysohn's words: "Those whom you want to help will start by nailing you rather painfully to the cross."

October 14

Today I went to see Mahmud Nedim Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador. He received me amiably with the decree of appointment to the Mejidiye order and said he hoped to be able soon to hand me the star for my chest as well.

I acted as though I felt greatly honored.

We then chatted. Mahmud Nedim again had his funny way of expressing himself: *"Imaginez-vous que vous n'êtes pas un homme politique et pas un Autrichien, et imaginez que je ne suis pas ambassadeur. Vous êtes un Chilien et moi du Perou—et maintenant parlons de la Turquie* [Let's pretend that you are not a political man and not an Austrian, and that I am not an ambassador. You are a Chilean and I am from Peru—and now let's talk about Turkey]."

What he meant to say was: let us talk freely.

So I gave him my opinion freely. I said there was only one salvation for Turkey: an agreement with the Jews regarding Palestine. In this way the finances could be straightened out, reforms carried out, and after a restoration of orderly conditions any foreign intervention could be permanently forbidden. All financial arrangements that are being proposed are short-term *expédients* and only serve to fill the pockets of a few stock market speculators.

Mahmud Nedim nodded uneasily to this and openly spoke about the desperate condition of the state finances. The Turkish people were utterly impoverished and no more taxes could be levied. Where there are no resources, the Sultan has lost his rights.* He, Mahmud Nedim himself, completely shared my point of view; he also thought that it would be possible to re-

* Translator's Note: An amusing play on the German proverb *Wo nichts ist, hat der Kaiser das Recht verloren.*

habilitate Turkey with the aid of the Jews. But he said he had no influence in Constantinople. He thinks the immigration of Jews into Palestine could, in any case, take place only if these Jews were willing to become Turkish subjects.

On the whole, he doesn't really seem to understand what I mean. I contented myself with inflaming his imagination by sketching with a few strokes a picture of Turkey's resurrection with the aid of the Jews. Turkey's heirs-apparent, who are rejoicing even now, would be done out of the expected partition. *La Turquie échapperait à ses heritiers* [Turkey would fool its heirs]!

Mahmud Nedim had also spoken with me quite openly. He said: "For two weeks I have heard nothing from Constantinople. That is a good sign. If no turn for the worse is reported of a sick man, one may hope again."

He was quite resigned, the poor ambassador.

Mahmud Nedim also spoke in a funny way of our religions. "The Moslems," he said, "are closer to the Jews than to the Christians. Among us anyone who makes an insulting remark about Moses or Abraham has his head cut off. Also, we are circumcized, like yourselves. You could pass for a Mohammedan, I, for a Jew. Christ we don't recognize as the son of God, at least not any more than anyone else. To us, all these are prophets."

October 16

Today there again is a murder-and-fire-alarm article on "Conditions on the Bosporus" in the *Neue Freie Presse.*

October 19

Young de Haas in London seems to be doing an effective job, to judge from his letters.

He has a hundred *stalwarts,** who call themselves B'nai Zion and do plenty of agitating. He wants to win over the Hovevei Zion (3000 members), and march on from there. The English

* In English in the original.

provinces and America, he writes, are attaching themselves to his movement.

I am writing him that I am now trying to obtain an audience with the Emperor of Russia. Also, that I have spoken with Mahmud Nedim about the Turkish finances and their rehabilitation through Jewish money. I am asking de Haas whether he thinks that Montagu and Goldsmid would accept an invitation from the Sultan to make proposals in Constantinople.

* * *

Yesterday I sent Hechler the Russian translation of my pamphlet, which is finished at last, for the Czar. At the same time I sketched for him in a few lines what he should write to Duke Günther and Prince Heinrich of Prussia about the financial rehabilitation of Turkey and the preservation of the *status quo* with the aid of the Jewish migration.

* * *

An item from the *Wiener Allgemeine Zeitung* of October 18, 1896:

"A Hundred and Fifty Millions
For Zionist Purposes"

In the *Dziennik Polski* we found the following item: "One of the most outstanding Zionist leaders in Lvov has received a letter from the well-known author of the pamphlet *The Jewish State,* Dr. Theodor Herzl, with the information that an English millionaire has the intention of sacrificing 150 million guilders for the restoration of the Palestinian state. However, the millionaire first wants to have proof that the Polish Jews are really prepared to emigrate. Dr. Herzl is now asking the Lvov Zionists to convene popular assemblies all over the country and collect as great a number of signatures as possible to serve him as proof and at the same time as a mandate for further negotiations with

the above-mentioned millionaire. Dr. Herzl's letter has given rise to tense scenes at a session of the Zionist Executive Committee. Some of the members expressed doubts regarding Dr. Herzl's love of truth and demanded that he should first send them the original letter from that English Croesus and also prove that he really had an audience with the Sultan and received assurances that the latter would give the matter of the founding of a Jewish State in Palestine his favorable attention. It was allegedly for these reasons that Dr. Herzl was not granted the desired mandate. The suspicion remains not unjustified that the Zionists were simply aware of the fact that they would not succeed in raising the requisite number of signatures."

October 22

Letter to Mahmud Nedim Bey:*

Your Excellency:

Permit me to express to you my gratitude for the decoration which His Majesty has done me the honor of conferring upon me.

Respectfully yours,
Dr. Theodor Herzl.

Enclosed letter to the Sultan:*

Sire:

His Excellency Mahmud Nedim Bey has been kind enough to deliver to me the patent of decoration which Your Majesty has done me the honor of conferring upon me.

In expressing my profound appreciation for that token of favor, I beg Your Majesty to continue to bestow your eminent benevolence upon the Jews. On the day when it will please Your Majesty to accept the services of the Jews, they will joyfully place their forces at the disposal of such a magnanimous monarch.

I am with the deepest respect, Sire, Your Majesty's most humble and obedient servant

Dr. Theodor Herzl.

* In French in the original.

(The flowery complimentary close at the end,* which may be a bit extreme, I copied from the *Usages du Monde* [World Usage], Section on "*lettres à des personnages* [letters to important people]," by Baroness de Staffe.)

* In the French original: *Je suis avec le plus profond respect,*
Sire,
De Votre Majesté
Le très humble et obéissant serviteur."

Ihnen erhalte ich Ihren lieben Brief mit der Einladung, nach Amerika zu kommen. Ich halte sie für gut im modernen Betracht, bin aber dünkt meine Beschäftigkeit daran verhindert. Bedenken Sie z. erklären Sie auch Ihren Freunden, die mich hinüber wünschen, dass das Zionismus mir mein Nebengeschäft ist z. dass ich meine Zeitungsarbeit nicht aufgeben kann? denn das Nebengeschäft darf mir nicht tragen. Ihr getreuer
H.

Herrn Professor Richard Gottheil, New-York.

die Schreibmaschine ist eine unbeschreibliche Verlegenheit! Ich habe ihr Eintreffen schon vor vier Wochen angekündigt z. bin einfach blamirt!

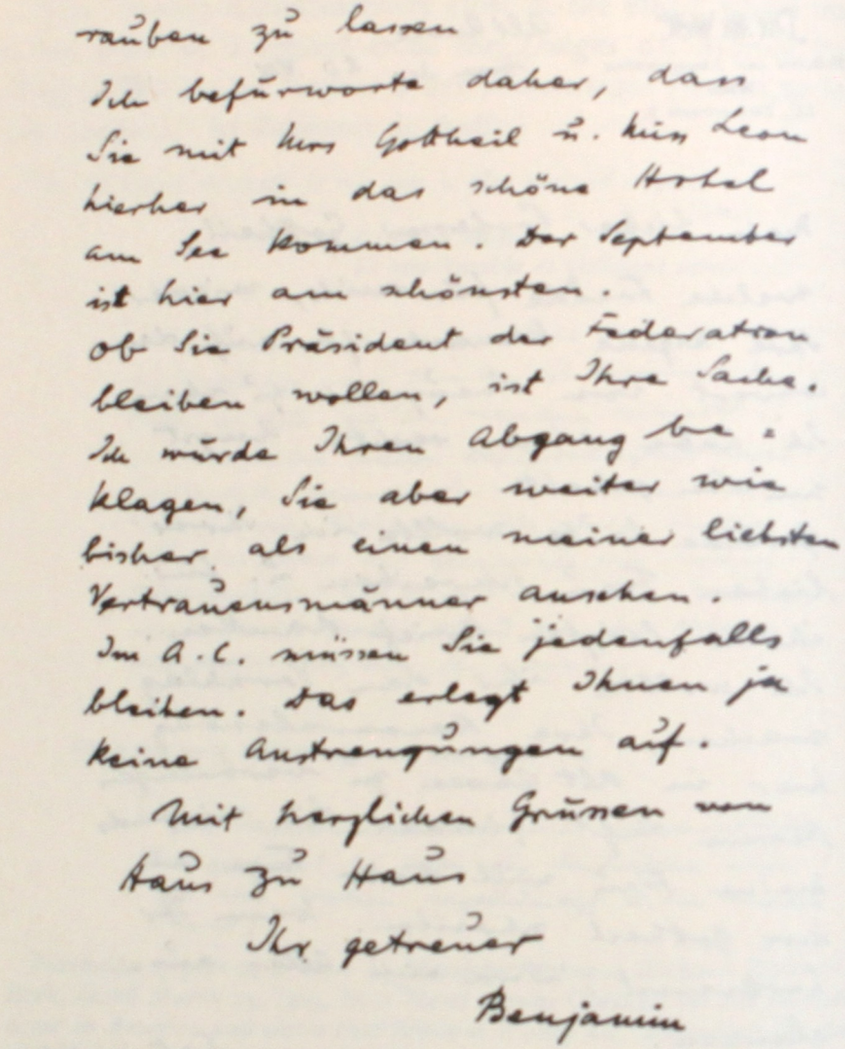
Facsimile of part of a letter by Herzl to Professor Richard Gottheil, New York, dated March 15, 1904. In it Herzl thanks Gottheil for his invitation to come to America and states that Zionism is only his "secondary occupation" and that he cannot give up his job on the Neue Freie Presse, *because this "secondary occupation" must not yield him any income.*

Die Welt
Redaction und Administration
Wien
IX., Türkenstrasse 9.

Alt Aussee
den 20 VIII 190 2

Mein lieber Professor Gottheil,
welche Freude für mich, wieder Ihre eigene Handschrift auf dem Couvert von Kreuznach zu sehen. Ich habe eine rechte Angst um Sie gehabt.
Gerade heute wollte ich Ihrer lieben Frau schreiben z. für ihren letzten Brief danken. Ich wollte ihr den Vorschlag machen, Ihre Reconvalescenz hier in Alt Aussee zu verbringen. Bessere Luft finden Sie nirgends. Meine Frau will dieser Tage an Ihre Gottheil schreiben. Wenn Ihr Verkommt, wird sich Alles ausgleichen.
Mein Standpunkt ist: man hat im Leben zu wenig Freunde, um sich die wenigen, die eines tieferen Gefühles warth sind, durch Klatschereien

Facsimile of a letter written by Herzl to Professor Richard Gottheil dated August 20, 1902. In it Herzl invites Gottheil to Alt Aussee. The letter is continued on page 488.



rauben zu lassen
Ich befürworte daher, dass
Sie mit Ihrer Gattin u. Ihrem Sohn
hierher in das schöne Hotel
am See kommen. Der September
ist hier am schönsten.
Ob Sie Präsident der Föderation
bleiben wollen, ist Ihre Sache.
Ich würde Ihren Abgang bedauern, Sie aber weiter wie
bisher als einen meiner liebsten
Vertrauensmänner ansehen.
Im A.C. müssen Sie jedenfalls
bleiben. Das erlegt Ihnen ja
keine Anstrengungen auf.
Mit herzlichen Grüssen von
Haus zu Haus
Ihr getreuer
Benjamin

Second page of Herzl's letter to Professor Richard Gottheil dated August 20, 1902.

October 22

Yesterday afternoon Kozmian paid me a long visit—and on orders from Badeni. Badeni very much wants me to start a big newspaper and regards this as a considerable service for which he wants to be very grateful to me.

I wanted to talk diplomatically, but Kozmian asked with a certain rudeness:

"What do you want for it? Come right out with it. What do you want for yourself, and what for the Jews?"

He spoke in French, but I changed over to German, *pour faire sentir davantage les nuances* [to bring out the shades of meaning better].

He said:* "The government understands that you will be rendering it an invaluable service. You need a politico-social position which is to be created. What are your demands? Seeing that it isn't money? Would you like an office, a title, some distinction?"

I said: "It can't be a question of an office if I have to start a paper. Newlinski suggested a decoration for me, the Iron Crown, for example."

"What class?" he asked.

I said, "Third!," but should have said "Second." "But that isn't the main thing. It is a question of giving something to the Jews. For example, a word from the Emperor. Having conferred this distinction upon me, he would receive me and give me good news for the Jews, with authorization to make it public. What? We would agree on that then and there."

"That's hard!" said Kozmian. "One can't make the Emperor enter the discussion just like that. The Emperor hasn't anything against the Jews; he just doesn't like the stock-market gamblers. Badeni is likewise rather a philo-Semite. There certainly won't be any more persecutions of the Jews."

* The following conversation between Herzl and Kozmian is reported in French in the original.

I interrupted him: "I'm not afraid of persecutions, that no longer exists."

He: "Of course, I can't tell you anything definite as far as the Emperor personally is concerned. I'll talk to Badeni. I'll tell him what you've told me. He has a very practical mind. He wants the paper before the elections. He will hold the elections in February or March if he gets the budget passed now. And if they refuse, he will hold them right away. Therefore he needs immediately a great independent paper which won't be hostile to him, but will treat him objectively."

I finally said that I would consult with my friends on what we ought to demand.

He said that it was difficult to grant me anything in advance. I could have the promise of the Iron Crown, and Count Badeni would surely keep this promise even if he had to resign.

I invited Kozmian to dinner for next Monday. By then I shall have spoken with several friends.

Especially with Dr. Grünfeld, the President of the Israelitische Union, who recently asked me to give a lecture. This time I accepted, and so I shall make my first speech in Vienna. When Grünfeld visited me, I took the opportunity of telling him something about the pending negotiations with Badeni and how we now had the chance to found a Jewish party with the aid of the government.

But we'd have to have a paper, a paper, and for that one needs money, money. I have family funds in the amount of 400,000 guilders at my disposal. But a full million is needed.

* * *

Last night I attended a gala party of the Kadimah. A series of ovations. My name was mentioned ahead of the other guests of honor; I sat to the right of the chairman and was elected an "honorary brother." All the speakers referred to me. *On ne parle que de moi là dedans* [They talk about nothing but me in there].

I am only afraid that the intoxication of popularity will be followed by a hangover.

For the moment it is still very nice.

October 22

Today's *N. Fr. Pr.* contains a very poisonous editorial against Yildiz Kiosk, Izzet Bey, and Lufti Aga. The article will do a lot of harm to me in Constantinople and indirectly perhaps to Jewish colonists in Palestine as well.

The situation has really become untenable. *La situation n'est pas franche* [The situation is confused]. If only I had the money for the paper, we would be on top at one bound.

October 24

Yesterday Sidney Whitman, a friend of Prince Bismarck, Lenbach the painter, the Sultan, and Gordon Bennet, as well as the London representative of the *New York Herald*, came to see me. An original person. Appearance: a slouchy Englishman, lanky, stooped, and, I think, a bit of a sot. A head with character—a grandly conceived nose which suddenly stops before it has arrived at its planned end. A curious beard, full under the chin, square, greying. He speaks an excellent German, in the big-mouthed tone of a fault-finder. With a correspondent's braggadocio he tells about his adventures in Constantinople where he was at the time of the Armenian massacres. When he wrote, he always had a cocked gun lying on his table, for fear of an Armenian attack, since he was fighting the Sultan's battles. The Sultan gave him decorations and handshakes. It was Sidney Whitman who sent the word speeding to Europe that the Turks would murder all the Christians they could get hold of if the Powers intervened.

This "news" was evidently responsible for the preservation of the peace.

Whitman is now going to Friedrichsruh to see Bismarck, and he will endeavor to interest him in my plan.

• • •

Later Dr. Grünfeld brought Dr. Gustav Kohn, an attorney and District School Inspector, to see me. Dr. Kohn wants to set up the syndicate of financial guarantors for the newspaper which is to be founded. The first man he had mentioned was Baron Albert Rothschild, whom I rejected outright. The plan is this: the Jews found a paper which supports Count Badeni independently, and in return for this Badeni adopts an attitude more friendly to the Jews.

October 26

Today Kozmian was here for dinner. I was not able to give him a definite commitment for Badeni as yet. The latter wants the paper very urgently, because of the *N. Fr. Pr.* which is troublesome to him and whose virtual monopoly in Vienna he would like to break, and on account of the Reichsrat elections.

November 4

Part of my mood at this time is a feeling of enervation which increases from day to day. Dr. Gustav Kohn is supposed to organize the newspaper consortium. Those who decline will perhaps not keep silent about it, and so far no one has promised his adherence. Thus I am at the mercy of the dubious discretion of unknowns, and every day, when I enter the "Chief's Room," I am prepared for a declaration of war.

Kozmian-Newlinski, too, could let something slip. Already the rumor has circulated around the office that I have bought the *Wiener Allgemeine Zeitung.*

November 8

Yesterday I made my first public speech in Vienna, in the Israelitische Union.

Kuhner's hall was frighteningly full. Because of the oppressive heat and my deficient preparation for the speech, I was not in good form, and I did have the feeling of gaps in my thinking to the end. Despite this, the success was tempestuous.

Professor Singer, whom I had annoyed by a reference to the social politicians who have now emerged—I referred to the Marranos of Spain as religious politicians—immediately announced a speech in rebuttal, whereupon I requested that a discussion of the latter be scheduled.

The president of the Union, Dr. Grünfeld, thanked me in his speech for explaining what had hitherto been considered a Utopia.

• • •

I spoke particularly in opposition to the projected Russo-French adjustment of Turkey's finances, because this would cut off the road to Palestine for us. I am sending this part of my speech to de Haas in London today. The main sentence goes as follows:

"The Jewish big bankers who would participate in this, without consideration for the sufferings of the penniless Jews and without using this opportunity to contribute to the solution of the Jewish Question, would incur a grave responsibility."

At the same time I am calling on Haas to agitate against it in England and America. He should, together with Rev. Gaster, Rabbinowicz, Ish Kishor, call a mass protest meeting in the East End.

At the same time I am suggesting the raising of a National Fund which is to make us independent of the big bankers.

November 8

Letter to Adolf Stand in Lvov who has announced himself to me as head of the Executive Committee. (In the introduction I express the desire for unification of all Austrian Zionist associations in the Zionist Federation of Vienna. Then, literally:)

"Zionism is now threatened by an enormous danger. You know that a Russo-French adjustment of the Turkish finances is being planned. If this comes about, the Sultan will be mediatized, incapable of action, and all hope of obtaining Palestine for ourselves will be buried.

"Therefore the Jewish big bankers must not help to bring this about!

"Yesterday I spoke against it in the local Union. My speech will appear in Bloch's *Wochenschrift*. I gave instructions to my Committee in England to initiate a big agitation against this loan.

"All that you in Galicia can do is to inform the masses of what is going on.

"However, I beg you to proceed sensibly and cautiously, so that no more such perfidious and ridiculous stories may arise as the one in the *Dziennik Polski*.

"You are now getting your first opportunity to demonstrate your effectiveness as the head of a country's Executive Committee.

"Seek contact with the most influential Orthodox rabbis.

"In my yesterday's speech, whose dissemination is desirable, I also made a suggestion that is important for the future:

"In all places where Jews reside, a National Fund should be started through collections, donations, etc. *The Fund will everywhere remain under the management of those who raised it*, or conditionally subscribed to it. Only statements of account are to be given to the central office. This way the latter will know what assets can be counted on the moment our plan is carried out. And we shall no longer be dependent on the good graces of the big bankers.

"Think over well and carefully whatever you do in carrying out this assignment.

With Zion's greeting,

Yours,
Th. Herzl."

November 10

A man from Jerusalem named Back came to see me. He is traveling around in Europe in order to found an agrarian bank for Palestine—a vest-pocket *Jewish Company*,* evidently *his* vest-pocket.

He claims to be under the patronage of the Galician Wonder-Rabbi Friedmann.

* * *

Dr. Gustav Kohn informs me that his fund-raising efforts have failed.

So nothing comes of the great paper; the hopes which were attached to it are extinguished.

From this solid centre I could have achieved tremendous things. All this has now come to naught.

* * *

Levin-Epstein, the administrator of the Rehovoth colony in Palestine, came to see me.

He told me about Scheid, that he was trying to keep the colonies in economic dependence, and at all costs.

In Rishon le-Zion, he said, there is an official's family for almost every colonist's family. Therefore, prosperity is out of the question.

In L. Epstein's view, Scheid probably spread those false rumors in order to offer the Baron an excuse for the failure of the *baksheesh*-bought settlement in the Hauran.

The Armenian Devleth is said to have acted as *baksheesh*-giver in Constantinople.

November 14

Today I walked Benedikt home from the office and worked on him again. If he would take up the matter, I said, it would be accomplished.

On the way we ran into old coal-Gutmann who said, pounding

* In English in the original.

his paunch pretentiously, that today he had been offered the *Wiener Allgemeine Zeitung* for purchase. He said that he had already invested a lot of money in newspapers, to be sure, but might buy it anyway, because 70 people could lose their livelihood. So he is even performing an act of mercy by buying this paper in which his dirty interests are then to be defended. A compounded disgrace.

After we had got rid of this bore, we continued our talk. I expounded to Benedikt my "plan for a graduated loan."

He said: "Things are beginning to clear up. You no longer go as far as you used to. Colonization on a large scale—without Zionism—is something that can be discussed. We'll come back to it later."

* * *

In the afternoon, Wolffsohn from Cologne called on me, a stalwart, likeable man who had already made a good impression on me when he had come to see me the first time some months ago.

I told him everything. He marveled at my accomplishments in Constantinople, London, here, and particularly in Karlsruhe, because from Cologne he looks up to the Grand Duke of Baden as though to a peak.

I told him about Scheid's intrigues, some of which he knew about. Through Dr. Holtzmann he wants to produce material on Scheid's mismanagement.

I told him about the attitudes of Edmond Rothschild and Zadoc Kahn. The latter, after all, informed me in his last letter that the Hirsch people took a more than cool attitude toward my undertaking and that it would be best if I dropped the matter henceforth.

But the good Wolffsohn was downright horrified when I described to him the broken-down negotiations with Badeni-Kozmian. What misery lies in the fact that I cannot raise the lousy million guilders required to found the great paper and thus to procure the support of Badeni, the entire Austrian government.

One single million guilders! Because of the fact that it is not available for the purpose now, the historical moment in which the solution of the Jewish Question is possible may be missed.

Badeni needs me now. Even if he still remains in office after the Reichsrat elections, he will then no longer need me and consequently not push me in Russia as well as in Turkey.

Et la chance est bien manquée [And the opportunity will really be lost].

Letter to Grande Duke Vladimir who is staying in Berlin at present:

Your Imperial Highness:*

His Royal Highness Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria told me in July at Carlsbad: "The only man in Russia who could help you is Grand Duke Vladimir!"

What is it all about?

It is about the solution of a question as old as Christianity, a great and beautiful cause, designed to delight the noblest hearts. It is the return of the Jews to Palestine!

I have developed the plan in a pamphlet which has been translated into ten languages. I have the honor of presenting to Your Imperial Highness a copy of the Russian edition. Since this publication I have taken some steps at Constantinople, where I have seen the Grand Vizier, and elsewhere.

His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Baden has done me the honor of receiving me at Karlsruhe and has been kind enough to take an interest in the cause.

I respectfully put myself at the disposal of Your Imperial Highness to explain the idea in its entirety, without the restrictions necessary in a book. It is easy to get information about me—I am an editor of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna—and to find out if I am embarrassing, if there is any reason to fear the slightest indiscretion on my part.

His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Baden can tell you.

* In French in the original.

If Your Imperial Highness is kind enough to accord me the favor of receiving me, I shall come to Berlin, to St. Petersburg, it does not matter where.

The solution of the Jewish Question is a superb project.

The Jews can come to the aid of the broken-down finances of Turkey. This would facilitate the reforms that are indispensable for the relief of the unfortunate Christians in the Ottoman Empire. For countries where people would like to see the Jews move out, it would be a relief no less beneficial.

The masses of penniless Jews accept the idea with enthusiasm; I have many proofs of this.

Nearly the whole world would be satisfied; so it is the solution!

I am with the deepest respect

Your Imperial Highness' humble and obedient servant,

Dr. Theodor Herzl
November 15, 1896

(Complimentary close, compare p. 486.)*

To His Imperial Highness,
Grand Duke Vladimir,
Berlin.

November 17

In the *Jewish World* an extract from my Union speech appears under the heading "The Jewish State. Dr. Herzl Throws Light on His Scheme."

I am sending this clipping to the Grand Duke of Baden, together with the following letter:

Your Royal Highness:

Although I have not had the distinction of receiving a reply to my respectful letter which I sent you a few months ago, I permit myself to revert to the Jewish Question once more.

The enclosed clipping from a London newspaper will give Your Royal Highness in brief the present state of the matter.

There is truly something miraculous about the development

* Translator's Note. See entry of October 22.

of the movement for the return of the Jews. Received with enthusiasm by the penniless and young Jews, this idea has already spread around the world, as is evidenced by countless manifestations of support. And at the same time the idea can also serve to resolve the present Turkish difficulties.

It is to the greatest interest of those Powers who desire the maintenance of the *status quo* and at the same time the cleaning up of conditions in Turkey that the projected Russo-French financial adjustment *not* come about. For in actuality that would be a Russian annexation of Turkey, similar to the protectorate which Russia managed to secure over China through financial intervention after the Japanese war.

This supposed adjustment would amount to a fresh stock-exchange speculation from which France (in evacuated Egypt) and Russia would gain all the political advantages and a few stock-market jobbers the financial ones, while in Turkey everything would remain the way it has been.

In contrast, the national Jewish arrangement means—quite apart from the worldwide and promised fulfillment that it embodies—a genuine restoration of Turkey. The return of the Jews is the protection of the Christians in the Orient.

Royal Highness! I have only poor words at my disposal to influence the will of the mighty of this earth. Perhaps today I have hit upon the tone that convinces. If the German Kaiser's good, wise counsellor recommends to him that he listen to me, His Majesty will summon me to Berlin for a secret conference. Infinitely much would be gained by this.

When I was in Karlsruhe, Your Royal Highness graciously permitted me to report from time to time about my work on the Jewish cause. For fear of being burdensome in the future, with today's letter I shall terminate the use which I have been making of this permission if I do not receive any sign of encouragement.

In deepest respect for Your Royal Highness I remain

Gratefully yours,
Dr. Theodor Herzl.

December 1

Dr. Rothfeld of Pest tells me about a rumor which circulated there. People said that for the publication of *The Jewish State* I had received a large honorarium from an English land company that wants to do some business in Palestine.

This is how incredible it appears to our Jews that someone could do something out of conviction.

December 1

Letter to Hechler for Lord Salisbury:

Dear Friend:

Your view that I ought to expound the Jewish plan to Lord Salisbury seems to me to be right. However, I don't want to approach him directly. If you think it proper, you will bring the contents of this letter to his attention.

For you, my dear friend, the Jewish cause is a theological matter. But it is also a political one, and a very timely one. You know that religious feelings, and, most recently, anti-Semitism which is emerging everywhere, have aroused a strong yearning for Palestine among the broad masses of the Jews of all countries. As you know, hundreds of thousands are ready for immediate migration and it may be surmised that hundreds of thousands more would follow them later.

This is a factor—a new one, to be sure—which English policy in the Orient could and should reckon with. Lord Salisbury could execute a masterly stroke with it. With the present situation of the world, one dominated by the Russo-French entente, a partition of Turkey would put England at a serious disadvantage. For England such a partition would be a loss now; therefore she must desire the *status quo*. It can be preserved only if Turkey's finances are straightened out. This is why Russia has just frustrated the proposed financial arrangement. Russia wants the decay and self-dissolution of Turkey.

Now, there is a method of straightening out the Turkish finances and thus preserving the status quo for a while longer, and at the same time of creating a new route to India, the shortest one for England. And all this without England's having to lay out a penny or committing herself visibly anywhere.

This method is the creation of an autonomous Jewish vassal state in Palestine, similar to Egypt, under the suzerainty of the Sultan. As you know, I laid the groundwork for this last summer when I was in Constantinople. The matter is possible if we have the backing—and I repeat expressly, the invisible backing—of a Great Power. Since the Sultan is still the undisputed sovereign, no power can prevent him from inviting the Jews to immigrate into Palestine. In return for this we would obtain for him a big loan on the tribute which is to be paid by the Jews and will have been secured in advance.

England's advantage would be that a railroad would immediately be built across Palestine from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf, or connecting with the railroad, soon made necessary by communication needs, through Persia and Baluchistan (possibly Afghanistan) to India.

England would have these benefits *sans bourse délier* [without expense] and without the world's learning of her participation. While, in the North, Russia is preparing a railway line to Asia, in the South, England would have a neutral reserve route to India, in case difficulties arose at the Suez Canal.

Should Lord Salisbury wish to examine this idea more closely, I am at the disposal of his ambassador or of himself in London if he sends for me.

If he considers the matter too fantastic, I can only regret it. But the movement really exists, and a skillful, great statesman will know how to utilize it.

With cordial regards,

Yours faithfully,
Theodor Herzl.

December 11

On my way to the office today at noon I ran into Newlinski. Since the failure of the project to found a paper he now always

has a good-natured, roguish grin on his face when he sees me. This means: "You've put one over on me! I fell for it, but I don't hold it against you, because you were so clever about it."

Je lui remets toujours du coeur au ventre [I always put heart into him]. I tell him: "It's a bad period in our work. Just be patient. We shall weather it. One recognizes one's friends by the fact that they don't begin to waver in difficult times."

He always winds up by assuring me that he is holding fast—and then he adds ironically: "I am your sole adherent."

He told me that Izzet Bey has fallen from the Sultan's grace. He has not been received in ten days. Tahsim Bey now seems to be on top. Newlinski wrote to the latter that he should repeat the Jewish proposal to the Sultan. There is talk of Rhagib Bey as Izzet's probable successor.

• • •

The Danish literary light Georg Brandes acknowledges receipt of *The Jewish State* in an evasively polite letter. He tells me the old anecdote about the banker who would like to become the Jewish ambassador at Berlin.

I am sending him an ironical reply: I had expected a different reaction from him to the beautiful idea of a Jewish renaissance. I did not believe the idea would be realized the way I had outlined it in my pamphlet. But I did believe that a Jewish State will come into being, with a partial continuation of the Diaspora, because all peoples now live in such a diaspora.

December 12

Hechler came to see me and brought me a newspaper clipping to the effect that the German Kaiser will go to Palestine next autumn.

We agreed that I shall write him, Hechler, a letter intended to be submitted to the Kaiser. The moment, to be sure, is not propitious. The scandal trial which followed in the wake of the falsification of the Breslau Czar toast has probably put the Kaiser in a bad mood and made him suspicious of journalists.

December 13

I read in the morning paper that the former Prussian Minister of War Verdy du Vernois has arrived here.

I am writing him as follows:

Your Excellency:

In August I learned from a gentleman who had met Your Excellency in Therapia that you are interested in my outline for Jewish migration to Palestine.

I have just read in the paper about your presence in Vienna.

If the first-mentioned information was correct, I request the honor of being received by Your Excellency. From my pamphlet *The Jewish State* the present status of this great cause cannot be apprehended. A great deal has happened in the meantime, and a lot has—*malgré moi* [despite myself]—been neglected, too. This movement, which people underestimate, circles the globe today. The blessing it contains, and not only for the Jews, is as yet not being appreciated.

If I were granted the opportunity of having a thorough talk with your Excellency on the subject, I could give you certain information which is not suitable for publication; and, above all, I am hoping for advice from such an expert on the Orient as yourself.

I do not have to tell you that no journalistic indiscretion needs to be feared from me in a matter so sacred to me. I am at your disposal whenever and wherever you please. I can be reached through the telephone number 12 287 at my private residence, Vienna IX, Berggasse 6. Your hotel clerk can call me up there.

In any case, I shall be at home this afternoon until four o'clock.

Once again I make the proviso of the first report mentioned above; if it was incorrect, kindly excuse me and regard this letter as *non avenu* [not arrived].

With the expression of my high esteem,

I am, Your Excellency,

Respectfully yours,
Dr. Theodor Herzl.

• • •

The messenger brought this letter back from the Hotel Bristol —the general had already departed. *Non avenu,* then. Into the waste-basket.

December 14

Hechler has received a mild reprimand from Lord Salisbury for sending him my letter: *"Lord S. cannot grant Dr. Herzl to interview him."* *

The only interesting thing about this refusal is the English business-like way in which the *"return of the Jews"* * is mentioned.

December 20

I feel myself getting tired. More frequently than ever I now believe that my movement is at an end. I am fully convinced of its feasibility, but cannot overcome the initial difficulties.

Only one million guilders would be needed to put the movement squarely on its feet. This bagatelle (considering the greatness of the cause) is wanting—and that is why we shall have to sleep although it is daylight.

December 21

Ran into Güdemann, who has been evading me for months, on Herrengasse. He passed so close to me that we had to stop.

He acted piqued because I no longer called on him; after all, he said, he had followed my call to Munich, had introduced me to Adler in London, etc.

I told him gruffly and point-blank: "You've turned tepid and vapid—so I've simply given you the cold shoulder."

He would like to have a "heart-to-heart talk" with me again.

I shall confront him with a dilemma: for or against!

* In English in the original.

January 6, 1897

So we have moved on into the year 1897—one of the "critical" years of my friend Hechler.

I have become lax in keeping this diary. Many a day brings something worth recording, but the general torpor of the movement is gradually getting into my bones too. Besides, I write numerous letters, for I reply to everyone; and answering these letters blunts my slight desire to write.

I receive visitors from all over the world. The road from Palestine to Paris is beginning to pass through my room. Among the more interesting people who passed through in the last few weeks were: Schoub from Palestine, a tall, full-bearded man with the eyes of a visionary; Dr. Holzmann from Berlin, who brought along some of Berlin Jewry's pettiness in his dress; Landau from Przemysl, an intelligent semi-Hassid with *peyes* [ear-locks] brushed behind his ears; and Dr. Salz from Tarnow, who resembles Newlinski with his pale reddish moustache which droops in Polish fashion, his bright eyes, and his big bald pate.

To each of these four I gave assignments. Schoub is to speak with the Sultan's Jewish personal physician, whose name is Eliahu Pasha, if I still remember correctly.

Dr. Holzmann is to write to the B'nai Moshe in Jaffa, with whom he is affiliated, and tell them how matters stand and that without means for agitation in the press our cause will bog down completely.

Landau from Przemysl offered to negotiate with the Wonder-Rabbi Friedmann of Czortkow. I gave him a letter in which I invite Friedmann to send me his son.

To Dr. Salz I outlined the present state of our affairs, which could become great the moment we had a million for purposes of publicity.

And this is how things really are. With that million a great newspaper could be created. With such a great paper governments negotiate as one Power with another.

I fear the best moment has passed. That came in the months

that have gone by since my stay in Constantinople, when Izzet Bey was still the Sultan's favorite and I was still able to negotiate with the pashas on the basis of my initial prestige.

The financial arrangement through French bankers hangs over Zionism like a threatening cloud. Our only chance lies in the repugnance of the Porte to the interference of foreign financiers who are backed by the Great Powers, and in the policy of Russia which would like to see Turkey rot alive like a leper.

Meanwhile, unless I am mistaken, Zionism is gradually managing to gain the respect of the general public in all sorts of countries. Little by little people are beginning to take us more seriously.

The well-to-do Jews, it is true, behave miserably now as before. And as my loyal de Haas writes from London, *"everybody is waiting to see how the cat will jump."* *

I frequently talk about the cause with Benedikt. Before Christmas, when he asked me if I didn't know a good subject for a holiday article for him, I said: "Oh yes, write about the solution of the Jewish Question through the colonization of Palestine, which would also be a settlement of the Oriental problem through a restoration of Turkish finances."

He remarked: "That would be a fine article, to be sure, and a success, too. But today I can no longer write such an article, because your pamphlet is available in which you speak about the Jewish nation."

I replied: "All right, so you don't write the article this year—perhaps you will write it at Christmas time next year. We can wait."

I was with Güdemann the evening before last. Again the old rigmarole. He still acted as though he were offended. But when I filled him with enthusiasm again in the course of my reasoning he said: "I am all yours!"

"All right," I said, "then preach about it in the synagogue!"

"I beg your pardon," he cried quite horrified, "that can't

* In English in the original.

be done. I've kept my ears open; people don't want to have anything to do with it."

"Are you the shepherd of your flock?" I asked him. "I permit you to be as discreet as you please. For all I care, you can speak out against Zionism, but don't keep silent about it. One can bring something to people's attention by combating it clumsily, and in many other ways. This is the art of oratory."

But the unctuous creature, whom I know quite well by now, merely wrung his hands and wailed that it was impossible.

So I said to him, "Stay well!" and left him, probably for the last time.

* * *

A new figure has emerged in my combinations: the painter Koppay, whom I have known for twenty years. He has done several portraits of the Empress of Russia as well as of other crowned heads. I should like to make him an agent of my idea and pay him with publicity. It will be the first time that I have made propaganda for someone; the cause is worth it. I am going to Koppay today.

January 7

The Koppay idea is taking a funny development. I went to see him yesterday. An *up-to-date** artist's studio, a bit fixed up for glitter. The master has faded—physically, that is—since I first knew him. But he is a capable artist and, I think, a decent fellow, too.

He did not paint the Empress of Russia recently, but when she was the Princess of Hesse. It is a quite ordinary art dealers's trick that presents him as the painter of the Empress's portrait.

The pictures of the Empress are elaborations of sketches which he once made at Darmstadt.

Nevertheless, I want to use Koppay, and all the more now. The Princess had smiled when he had mentioned the rumor

* In English in the original.

to her that she was going to become Empress of Russia. He had said jokingly: "If Your Highness becomes Empress, you must make me court painter!" And she had smilingly agreed.

Now I want to beat the big drum for him to become court painter; and when he is, he will have to serve the Jewish cause at the Russian court.

I must manufacture my own instruments with which I shall then do the work.

Will he not forget his moral obligation after I have made him? I shall risk ingratitude anyway.

January 10

Newlinski joined me for breakfast today.

He informed me that the Sublime Porte was "angry" at me, because I was not coming through with the press support which I had promised in Constantinople that time. In fact, it was even believed that the attacks of the European press on the Turkish government were emanating from me, out of revenge for their not wanting to sell Palestine to us.

This erroneous assumption of the Turks would not displease me, because it would be proof that I am regarded as a power there. I believe, however, that Newlinski, who gave me this information with diplomatically lowered eyes, would only like to extort small journalistic favors which he will then probably have booked to his own credit.

I told him that the promise of press support was, of course, only a conditional one. If Turkey entered into negotiations with us, we would defend her in the newspapers. *Donnant, donnant* [Give and take]. We don't want to be the dupes of the Turkish policy of promises without real performance.

Newlinski said: "If Turkey is attacked in the papers, it will probably turn anti-Semitic."

I am not afraid of that. If the Porte becomes anti-Semitic, it will provoke all stock-exchanges against itself and will never again get any money. Then all the big bankers will line up behind me, too.

January 18

L'État juif [The Jewish State] has appeared in Madame Rattazzi's *Nouvelle Revue Internationale* of January 1, 1897.

After it had been impossible to place the tract at all in France for a year, it now seems to be making a great stir.

Today three Paris friends sent me the *Libre Parole* of January 16 in which Drumont gets off a highly flattering editorial about me and promises more.

It was a good idea that I prevailed upon old Madame Rattazzi, to publish the pamphlet when she was here and got me to see her about some advertising.

Now Alphonse Rothschild, too, the most faithful reader of the *Libre Parole*, will take cognizance of the matter. After all, the *haute finance* [high finance] reads nothing but this whiplash paper.

January 26

This morning the *N. Fr. Pr.* received the news that the financial arrangement with Turkey "under the guarantee of all Powers" has been completed.

At first I didn't believe it and telephoned to Newlinski who only affirmed: "*C'est mauvais pour nous* [It's bad for us]."

Then F. Schütz came to see me. He also doubts the story, because he has news from Russia according to which the Russian government declined to respect the wishes of the French financiers (who desire this arrangement). In fact, Schütz added that the new Minister Muraviev was going to Paris on an inaugural visit only in order to strengthen the Méline administration. And after such a visit the stock-exchange could not dare to make anti-Russian demonstrations.

Meanwhile, in the evening further despatches arrived from all over saying that the arrangement had been completed. To begin with, the Turks are to be given four million pounds. In any case, they are "above water." Still, there is something good in this bad turn of affairs. The arrangement means a further increase in the

power of that *dette publique* [public debt], which, as it is, is already a thorn in the Sultan's flesh as well as that of all pashas. This will make the *dette publique* even more hated, and the money that the Turks are getting has long been earmarked anyway. Therefore it won't last too long, and the *dêche* [beggary] will be there again.

Mr. Charriant, the secretary of Madame Rattazzi, who arrived here from Constantinople today and wanted to see me, called on me. I have a cold and therefore cannot go to see Mme. Rattazzi. Charriant told me Izzet Bey still was in the Sultan's favor, as he learned six days ago from the French ambassador Cambon.

Later Sidney Whitman and Newlinski came to see me. Sidney wants to push my *Jewish State,* which he read only recently, through the *New York Herald.* (*J'allais le lui demander* [I was going to ask him to].)

Newlinski spoke about the financial arrangement with bitter verve.

The pashas, he said, will take it as a real insult. For the money will go to its real destination. They will consider it an outrageous loan which has not been made for Djavid Bey and Izzet Bey, etc. Danusso and Take Margueritte will fall from grace! It is unheard-of.

So he joked with magnificent cynicism.

He also said that before Ramadan everything could be fixed with a tenth part of the money. That's when they needed money for the officials, the soldiers, and the feasts. Then 100,000 pounds were as much as a million at other times.

Newlinski went on to tell some amusing details about the mismanagement at the Porte. Hassan Pasha, the Minister of the Navy, pockets *everything.* He sells the copper boilers from the ships and has the medicinal wines of the hospitals stored in his own cellars. The toll from the bridge between Stambul and Galata is remitted to the Navy Ministry—i.e., 25 million francs.

The civil list is based on the toll revenue; however, in the last 20 years it has declined from three million pounds to one million.

Newlinski tells such things in a peculiarly grand tone. He is no ordinary person.

January 27

The Turkish loan is being denied by some papers. The *N. Fr. Pr.* is upholding the news, which incidentally, did not come from Paris, but the local Foreign Office. The fact of the matter is that the *ambassadors* at Constantinople have agreed on the loan. From that to the completion of the agreement is still a big step.

I hope that the Sultan will not stand for this and that the pashas, who did not receive any *baksheesh,* will remind him of his threatened Caliph's dignity.

The only true thing seems to be that the Banque Ottomane has given an advance of 300,000 pounds. With this the Turks will hold their Ramadan and sing the praises of Allah.

The boys at the Ottoman Bank, for their part, will play around at the stock exchange for a few months with this news of a loan. Now the loan is going to come about, now it is going to fall through. This is going to supply the desired boom and slump. In this way they will amply compensate themselves for the gamble of the fresh advance of 300,000 pounds—at least the "house" will.

The *gogos* [sucker investors] will be fleeced one way or the other. The yellow press will accompany this game by thumping the tom-toms.

January 28

Sidney Whitman pays me a call every day and sits with me by the hour. He wants to promote the Jewish cause in the *New York Herald.*

The strange thing is that he seems only now to be getting acquainted with the matter. I had thought last July that he was working for me.

* * *

In the *N. Fr. Pr.* we had a *feuilleton* by Flammarion: "Is Mars Inhabited?" At the office they were discussing Mars. Bacher said to me in a superior tone: "Maybe you can set up your Jewish State on Mars."

Laughter among the smart boys.

January 28

Today Dr. Bloch called on me in order to ask me "as the party boss" for support of his candidacy for the Reichsrat from Sereth-Suczawa (I think).

I had predicted this supplicating visit of his some time ago.

January 29

Bloch's appearance gave me the idea of sending a Zionist delegate to Parliament.

I sent for Schnirer and Kokesch to discuss Bloch's request. Berkowicz happened to come along too. All three agreed that Bloch must not be supported. They said he was unreliable and had always behaved badly toward us.

My proposal to seek a seat for a Zionist was received with approval. I named Prof. Leon Kellner who had recently made a speech before "Zion" at my request. However, they wanted me to be the candidate, saying that my election was assured in Galicia and would cost much less than that of Kellner or anyone else. I declined outright and categorically.

Thereupon they accepted Kellner as a candidate. I had Dr. Salz of Tarnow and Stand of Lvov invited to Vienna for an election conference on Tuesday. We shall look for a constituency and send our young people there as campaigners. The problem remains of how to obtain election funds.

• • •

"The Palestine Pilgrimage." •

To the Editor of the *Jewish World*.

Sir,—The "Message" of Dr. Herzl to an East End meeting, dealing with this scheme, is so charged with that intense zeal and enthusiasm which marks all the utterances and proceedings of this remarkable man, that it seems almost a pity to have to repudiate some of the ideas which he has gathered—I know not where—about the movement.

It is due, however, to those who are taking part in the Pilgrimage to say, that they have no such far-reaching scheme on foot as Dr. Herzl's fervid imagination would attribute to them, and that they have neither political objects to serve, nor even scientific researches to make, in connection with their visit.

The Pilgrimage is what its name denotes, and not an "Expedition" nor an "Investigation Commission," as Dr. Herzl suggests; and it will have served its purpose, if it enlarges the interest of Western Jews in the land with which their history and traditions are so intimately bound up, and if it operates as an encouragement to similar pilgrimages in future years, so that the reproach that Palestine is less visited by Jews than by any other denomination may be removed from our people.

I hope you will permit me to take the opportunity to say that the success of the Pilgrimage is now assured by the adhesion of the necessary numbers; and it is hoped that our party will be completed up to its maximum limit (30) within the next few weeks.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully

Herbert Bentwich.

The Holm, Avenue Road, N. W.
27th January, 1897.

February 4

Fresh unrest on Crete. This news gives me a peculiar presentiment: that it may be the beginning of the liquidation of Tur-

• The following is in English in the original.

key. With these Cretan disturbances, which evidently have again been arranged diplomatically, I connect the last extraordinary Berlin journey of our Minister Goluchowski who is taken for an English go-between, as well as the trips to Paris and Berlin of the Russian Minister Muraviev. I have a presentiment, I don't know why.

February 4

I am writing to de Haas in London that he should try to have the South African goldmine billionaire Barnato won over to our cause through the Sephardic Chief Rabbi Gaster.

February 5

In our election conferences we have reached the conclusion that Kellner would have less chance of being elected than Dr. Salz. I was importuned from all sides to run and told that my election was certain. However, I declined. I think that if I had relented, the same people who tried to persuade me would have inwardly despised me.

We finally decided to nominate Kellner and Salz—Kellner in the Drohobycz city district, Salz in the fifth (general) legislative-assembly district of Kolomea.

* * *

Jewish Chronicle, February 5

*Correspondence.**

"The Palestine Pilgrimage."

Sir:—The correction by Mr. Herbert Bentwich, who wishes to lead a pilgrimage to Palestine on a much narrower programme than I believed his intention to be, compels me also to say a few words. Mr. Bentwich envelops the thorn in a rose-leaf, still I feel it. He means that in my letter to the East End meeting I put

* In English in the original.

the matter upon an impossible plane. How has that come about? I was requested, from London, to write a letter on Mr. Bentwich's expedition. This letter was to be read in public, in order to make the Pilgrimage and its objects widely known. I wrote the wished-for letter on hints which I had received from London. In it I said nothing either impossible or fantastic. On the contrary, I recommended the greatest possible sobriety. Apart from this, I requested the recipient of my letter, for greater precaution, to communicate my letter to Mr. Bentwich, before giving it publicity. In this way I thought to prevent any possible misunderstanding. It, however, appears that my precautionary measures were not closely followed.

I feel bound to make this communication, as he who, as I am, is accused in any case of too lively an imagination in my scheme, can really not be sufficiently careful.

As for the rest, there is a difference of a few degrees of warmth between Mr. Bentwich's scheme and that sketched out by me. It is enough for me that he is not at freezing-point, and I can assure him that my blood does not boil.

Yours obediently,
Th. Herzl.

Vienna, February 1st, 1897.

* * *

Jewish World, February 5

"An ex-premier on Dr. Herzl's Scheme." *

His Excellency Prince Demeter Stourdza, who, to within two months ago, was the Minister-President of Rumania, has been interviewed by the Special Vienna Correspondent of the Paris edition of the New York Herald. After a talk on Continental politics, the interviewer says: "Our conversation finally took a turn towards the affairs of Austria proper, the coming elections, the growth of anti-Semitism, and the proposal put forward in connection therewith by a Dr. Theodor Herzl, a doctor-of-law in

* In English in the original.

Vienna, which has already the sympathetic approval of Zionists in all countries, for founding a Jewish State in Palestine. His Excellency expressed himself as follows:—I consider this an excellent idea; in fact I may say the one and valuable way of solving the Jewish Question. (It must be borne in mind that Rumania has an enormous Jewish population.) The Jews are the one people who, living in foreign countries, do not assimilate with the inhabitants as others do. The causes of this are neither here nor there, but the very fact of the Jews at last forming a State of their own would completely alter the present anomalous condition of things, even if a large number were to remain behind in Europe."

February 20

Again a period during which I was not in the mood to enter anything in this diary.

Yet every day brings something.

In the last few weeks I have repeatedly been urged to run for the Reichsrat. In Galicia I am offered three seats as certain: Kolomea, Drohobycz, Stanislau. I stick to my refusal.

Among the visitors of recent days Prince Friedrich Wrede is notable, a young dabbler in literature who would like to see himself in print in the literary section of the *N. Fr. Pr.* Since I would like to have my project discussed in high aristocratic circles, I took the trouble to tell him everything.

He said: "We need the Jews, because there must always be discontentment. If people did not rail against the Jews, we would have a revolution."

This confession was downright charming in its naiveté.

* * *

Yesterday Dr. D'Arbela from Jerusalem came to see me. He is the director of the Rothschild hospitals. An interesting person who looks like a cavalry colonel—tall, bold nose, moustache, energetic chin. He told me wonderful things about Palestine,

which is said to be a magnificent country, and about our Jews from Asia.

Kurdish, Persian, Indian Jews come to his office. Strange: there are Jewish Negroes who come from India. They are the descendants of slaves who were in the service of the expelled Jews and adopted the faith of their masters.

In Palestine one sees not only Jewish agricultural workers and day laborers of all kinds, but Mountain Jews and Jews from the steppes who have a bellicose air.

We are popular among the Arabs and Kurds. Quarreling Arabs occasionally go to a Jew rather than to a Turkish judge to have their disputes settled.

All Palestine talks about our nationalist plan. After all, we are the hereditary lords of the land. The Turkish occupation forces of Jerusalem are weak at present—about 600 men.

Even now the Jews constitute the majority of Jerusalem's inhabitants, if I understood D'Arbela aright. We spoke so quickly and about so many things that I did not even go more closely into this point.

The climate is excellent, the soil not barren, only the humus layer has been washed into gorges from mountains where once there were terraces of fruitfulness.

Now oranges are blooming in Palestine.

Everything can be done in that country.

We shall make a note of this splendid man for future assignments.

I told him that at the Zionist Convention in Zurich at the end of August I shall also put the question of the Haluka on the agenda. The Haluka shall be changed to *assistance par le travail* [public works]. D'Arbela will work up a report about conditions up to the present, make proposals, and get together a committee in Palestine for the reorganization of the Haluka.

February 21

Yesterday I ran into Newlinski at the theater.

He considers the situation which Greece has created on Crete

—actually, the *fait accompli* of breaking away—very serious, the beginning of the end of Turkey. The prospects for the Jews will then be bad. Russia is against us.

He told me—I don't know whether I should believe it—that he had spoken with the local ambassador Mahmud Nedim about having my friends procure for the Sultan, who is now in the greatest financial embarrassment, a loan of 2-300,000 pounds sterling. Mahmud Nedim telegraphed this to Yildiz Kiosk and received the reply that he must not have any dealings with me, because I had made the demand for an independent Palestine.

Newlinski also told me that 250 families had just been denied settlement in Palestine. The poor people had to turn to the shores of the Red Sea.

* * *

Prince Wrede sent me his play, which shows great talent. I did him an injustice when I took him for only a dilettante. I am all the more pleased at his writing me that he intends to include my whole Jewish plan in his novel *Israel*.

March 9

A few days ago Prince Wrede sent me from Salzburg an article about "The Zionists" which I was supposed to send to the *Münchener Allgemeine Zeitung* or the *Kölnische Zeitung*. The article will presumably cause a stir because of the name of its author. I had it offered to the *Kölnische Zeitung* through Sidney Whitman. Results still pending.

March 10

If nothing happens, I am too ill-humored to enter anything in this notebook. If something happens, I have no time for it.

In this way many moods and events are lost which could be of interest to myself and to others at some future time.

On Saturday the 6th and Sunday the 7th of March a few Zionists from Berlin were here, as well as Dr. Salz from Tarnow and Dr. Ehrenpreis from Diakovar.

The Berliners came to discuss a proposal to found a big publishing house, for which I was to raise 300,000 guilders among my acquaintances, provided they raised 700,000 for the purpose.

Those who came were Willy Bambus of Berlin, Dr. Thon, Dr. Birnbaum of Berlin, Moses of Katowice, Turow of Breslau.

Turow is a shy and confused scoffer, and, incidentally, under the pseudonym Paul Dimidow, the author of a pamphlet, *Wo hinaus* [*What Way Out*]?

Birnbaum was more self-assured and inwardly more hostile toward me than ever. He wanted my financial and moral support for his candidacy in the election district of Sereth-Suczawa-Radautz, a candidacy that had been offered to me as well, which I refused and he undertook at the last moment. Considering the late date—there is only one week to the election—I denied him my support, because an unsuccessful attempt could compromise the mystical prestige of our movement in Galicia. He will never forgive me for this No. Incidentally, just for the sake of being elected he wanted to make personal compromises with social politicians, Social Democrats, and others, and run as a representative of a Jewish People's Party (which does not even exist).

Dr. Thon seems to be a gifted, but still not fully matured young modern theologian.

Moses is an easy-going old fellow.

The most outstanding of them all is Willy Bambus, a quiet, clear-thinking organizer, who, however, would like to be a leader.

With Bambus I discussed important points and I learned interesting things from him.

The *Jewish Colonisation Association** is currently negotiating with a Greek family (Soursouk is the name, I think) for the purchase of 97 villages in Palestine. These Greeks live in Paris, have gambled away their money, and wish to sell their real estate (3% of the entire area of Palestine, according to Bambus) for 7 million francs.

* In English in the original.

The I. C. A. has turned away from Argentina and now makes investments only in Palestine.

Bambus told me something interesting about the most recent session of the I. C. A. Zadoc Kahn, whom I seem to have done an injustice in this regard, really presented my proposal to buy one newspaper each in London and Paris for the Jewish cause. This took place in the unofficial session. At that point Claude Montefiore, Lousada, and Alfred Cohen, the English members, declared they would leave the meeting if such a proposal was made in the official conference, and Alfred Cohen even threatened to make a complaint to the British government because of an infringement of the statutes. Zadoc Kahn thereupon withdrew, hurt.

With Willy Bambus I established good rapport—if he is sincere, this can have the best of effects.

On Sunday at the Zionist Association we held a conference on the General Zionist Congress which I planned to convene at Zurich.

It was decided, however, to go to Munich, because the location of that city is more convenient for the Eastern Jews, because the Russians would not dare to come to Switzerland, which is suspected of nihilism, and because there are kosher restaurants in Munich.

Therefore we shall meet at Jochsberger's where in August, 1895, I started my discussions with Güdemann and Meyer-Cohn.

How big the movement has grown since then!

After lengthy, idle talk an organization committee was appointed and I was charged with convening the Congress. It will have both public and closed sessions.

One thing is already clear: Bambus and I are going to do all the work. The others are going to watch.

March 10

Yesterday's elections in the new fifth legislative assembly district brought the victory of the anti-Semites all along the line

in Vienna and Lower Austria. In its editorial yesterday, the *N. Fr. Pr.* recommended the election of the Socialists. This is the policy I had recommended from Paris four and a half years ago. Now it is too late.

Incidentally, I reminded Bacher and Benedikt of the advice I had given then.

When I read my Jewish plan to him a year and a half ago, Bacher said to me: "We shall keep silent about it. We have kept silent about Social Democracy too, for 25 years."

And yesterday they went to the polls arm in arm with this suppressed S. D.

Is it expecting too much to think that the *N. Fr. Pr.* will go arm in arm with Zionism as well—although maybe also too late?

* * *

Last week, incidentally, Bacher said a funny thing.

I told him that the wife of our colleague Steinbach was in the habit of going to the Zionist Association on Tuesdays.

The last time Dr. Ehrlich's wife wanted to accompany her. "We shall soon have the distaff side of the *N. Fr. Pr.* on our side," I said.

Bacher laughed. "You'll get the men, too, as soon as you have success. We bow to success."

March 10

The Jews of Vienna are depressed today.

Dr. Grünfeld invited me to take part in today's officers' meeting of the Israelitische Union.

They want to have a big rally (of lamentation?).

March 10

Yesterday's meeting was depressing. A few old Philistines who "don't wanna idennify" themselves as Jews and who are enduring the kicks.

March 11

De Haas sends on to me a letter from Colonel Goldsmid at Biarritz, intended for me. Goldsmid avers that he did not make a speech against me in Cambridge, as the *Jewish Chronicle* said, but only defended his historic flag, on which the twelve tribes are symbolized, against my seven-star one.

So we already have a flag problem.

For the rest, Colonel Goldsmid's rapprochement is welcome in view of the Munich Congress.

March 14

A letter-card from Hechler. He writes that upon his return from Merano he found waiting for him an invitation from the local German ambassador Eulenburg, who is greatly interested in our cause. Has Hechler dreamed this? It could be true. As a literary dilettante Count Eulenburg in any case knows my name. He is a confidant of the German Kaiser. If I win him over, he can bring me to the Kaiser at last.

The Jews' turning to the Social Democrats in the Viennese elections of March 9 probably made some impression on those in power everywhere.

We shall see.

March 14

Newlinski had breakfast with me today. He again had all sorts of stories about the Turks. The drollest thing was a story about the war treasure. After the Russo-Turkish War the Minister of Finance started a secret war chest, which, strangely enough, was not stolen. The present Finance Minister was privy to the secret, and when the Cretan crisis broke out, he informed the Sultan that 14 million francs were on hand. The Sultan bestowed the Ifrikar order on the incomprehensible man—and *now* the war treasure is stolen. Arrears are paid. Some is embezzled, the ambassadors get to see money again, and Newlinski got some, too.

However, Newlinski thinks that in the immediate future they will need money again. Why didn't the Jews make a loan? I told him that a loan could not be raised for no good reason. However, (here Bambus' story about the land purchase occurred to me) if the Sultan wanted to sell landed property in Palestine, together with permission for 2000 families to settle there, something could perhaps be done. We agreed that I should write to Berlin, Paris, and London, in order to elicit an unofficial offer of purchase. If the managers of the Jewish Colonisation Association offer so much per hectare, Newlinski will telegraph this to the Sultan and get a reply as to whether the proposal might be made officially.

I immediately wrote almost identical letters to Bambus, Zadoc Kahn (for communication to Leven), and Dr. Gaster (for Montefiore, Lousada, Alfred Cohen). I said that such a land purchase ran counter to my views on infiltration, to be sure, but that I considered it a stepping-stone to our larger goal. I said I had also broached to my informant the question of a police of their own for these settlers and that he thought it possible that we would be permitted to recruit Mohammedans as policemen.

I keep raising the question of a security police, which after D'Arbela's information about the valor of the Jews in Palestine is really pointless, in order to let the negotiations be wrecked on it if need be, if those with the money leave me in the lurch.

In my letter to Zadoc Kahn I indicated that *this* transaction could be performed without the suspect *baksheesh*, which, after all, probably doesn't always get into the right hands.

In the letter to Gaster I admonished the English I.C.A. gentlemen not to treat the distress of the penniless Jews in too refined a fashion.

In both letters I emphasized the point that the settlers ought to be recruited from those registered with the various Zionist associations, who want to go to Palestine at their own expense or with nominal financial assistance.

March 15

I wrote to de Haas in London to stoke matters a bit through a brief item in the *Jewish World*. Montefiore and Company should be given a sledgehammer hint that if necessary we shall line up the masses against them.

March 17

Yesterday the first public Zionist meeting took place here. I stayed away on purpose, in order to see how the Vienna Zionists would get along without me. It was a great success. The Ressource Hall, which holds 400 people, was overcrowded. 800 to 1000 are said to have been present, and they stood packed like sardines. Many had to be turned away because the hall was too full.

Professor Kellner presided and did an excellent job, I am told. Credit for convening the assembly, organizing it, etc., belongs to Dr. Landau and Rosenbaum.

A few Socialists spoke in opposition to Zionism, using old arguments.

The Zionist resolution was carried with only 50 voting against it. Then the Socialists intoned the "Lied der Arbeit [Hymn of Labor]," whereupon our people responded with the "Bundeslied [Song of the Covenant]," which deeply moved everyone.

March 17

Today I spoke with Bacher about Zion. He said in a mellow tone: "*Il ne faut jurer de rien* [You never can tell]."

I accompanied him to his home and told him the latest developments. He finally said: "I shall probably not live to see it."

I said: "You won't be around to see the King of Palestine, and neither will I. But we can both live to see the beginnings."

He further said that he would really like to take a trip to Palestine with me some day (similar to what Benedikt said).

On parting I cried: "I'll convert you yet. *Vous serez la plus noble de mes conquêtes* [You will be the noblest of my conquests]!"

Whereupon he squeezed my hand, touched. And it didn't occur to me till later that I had said something funny to him, reminiscent of the saying: *la plus noble conquête de l'homme, c'est le cheval* [man's noblest conquest is the horse]."

I consider it possible that the *N. Fr. Pr.* will take up my idea after all. For didn't Commercial Councillor Zucker today offer me the presidency of the Jewish bourgeois association Union? I declined; but the offer is indicative. A year ago the Unionists were mocking and opposing me.

* * *

Bambus replies that he immediately transmitted my land-purchase proposal to Paris and London.

March 18

Ran into Güdemann on the street. He accompanied me to the door of my house and opened up with gestures and in tones of despair: "Explain Zionism to me. I don't understand it."

I said: "No, I won't explain anything to you any more. Every word is wasted."

He had some grotesque ideas: he would rather let himself be killed outside the Seitenstettengasse synagogue than yield to the anti-Semites. He "will not take flight," and all the other old chestnuts. He also spoke about the "mission of Jewry," which consists in being dispersed throughout the world. This mission is talked about by all those who are doing well in their present places of residence—but they are the only ones.

March 19

Another talk with Bacher. Now we always leave the office together. He would like to take a trip to Palestine with me; and when I showed him the prospectus of the tour which Cook has

arranged for the Maccabean Club, he told me an old Prague legend which he had heard in his youth.

A Jewish woman was once sitting in her room and looking out the window. She noticed on the opposite roof a black cat in labor. She went over, took the cat, and helped her to give birth. Then she made a bed of straw on top of the coal bin for the cat and her kittens. A few days later the cat, which had recovered, disappeared. But the lumps of coal on top of which she had lain were turned into pure gold. The woman showed them to her husband, and he said that the cat was sent by God. So he used the gold to build a synagogue, the Altneuschul. This is how that famous edifice came into being. But the man was left with one wish: as a pious Jew he would have liked to die in Jerusalem. He also wished he could see the cat again, for he wanted to thank her for their prosperity. And one day the woman was again looking out the window and saw the cat in its old place. She quickly called her husband, saying: "Look, there sits our cat again!" The man ran out to get the cat, but it jumped away and disappeared into the Altneuschul. The man hurried after it and suddenly saw it vanish through the floor. There was an opening there, as though to a cellar. Without a moment's hesitation the man climbed down and found himself in a long passage. The cat enticed him on and on, until finally he saw daylight ahead again. But when he emerged, he was in a strange place, and the people told him he was in Jerusalem. On hearing this he died of joy.

This story, said Bacher, shows how national consciousness has been preserved within the Jews in all places and at all times. Actually, he said, it lies beneath the level of consciousness and flickers through in him too. And he said he had told me the story because he, too, had discovered within himself a desire to go to Palestine.

What a transformation in one year!

I believe it is only a matter of months before the *N. Fr. Pr.* turns Zionist.

March 21

I am sending *The Jewish State* to Herbert Spencer with a request for his opinion. I am closing my letter with the following words:

We are guests upon the earth at the same time. In the natural course of events you may depart sooner than I, the 37-year-old. Therefore, since I am even today convinced that the Jewish State will materialize in one form or another, though beyond the limit of my life, I should like to know and determine how the beginning of this undertaking was reflected in the great mind of Herbert Spencer.

With sincere respect,
Th. H.

March 24

The Egyptian emissary, Mustafa Kamil, who has visited me once before, called on me again. He is on another tour to create favorable feeling for the cause of the Egyptian people, who want to rid themselves of British domination. This young Oriental makes an excellent impression; he is cultivated, elegant, intelligent, eloquent. I note him down, because he will some day probably play a role in the politics of the Orient—where possibly we shall meet again.

This descendant of our erstwhile oppressors in Mizraim is now himself sighing over the sufferings of bondage, and his road leads him past me, the Jew, whose journalistic aid he seeks. Since at present I can do nothing more for him, I assured him of my good wishes.

Although I did not tell him so, I feel that it would be good for our cause if the English were forced to leave Egypt. For then they would have to seek another road to India in place of the Suez Canal, which would be lost to them or at least rendered insecure. At that point a modern Jewish Palestine would be an expedient for them—the railroad from Jaffa to the Persian Gulf.

March 24

Dined yesterday with the Turkish ambassador at Newlinski's. Mahmud Nedim was sulky with me at first, apparently because of the anti-Turkish attitude of the *N. Fr. Pr.* I utilized a turn in the conversation to drop the remark that newspapers could never pursue a foreign policy different from that of the government of their country. Then I praised the vitality of Turkey, a country that would yet see great days if it chose to favor Jewish immigration.

The poor ambassador said quite candidly: "It can't get any worse than the situation we are in now."

The milieu in which I found myself there was curious. It is the diplomatic demi-monde. Next to the ambassador sat Director Hahn of the Länderbank—financial demi-monde. On the other side of the hostess sat Fürth, currently the secretary of the Prince of Bulgaria. After Fürth had left his job with Hirsch in Paris, he was on the point of becoming a *remisier* [outside broker] at the stock-exchange—I remember his telling me in the carriage on the way back from the Bois that he was just then acting as the agent of aristocrats for stock exchange transactions in gold-mine shares— when he received the position with Prince Ferdinand, through the good offices of the Jesuits, I believe, as a reward for his conversion.

Newlinski is a great figure himself—I don't know whether I have already sketched him in my notes. In Constantinople my diary entries were restricted by the possibility that during our intimate trip he could some day get his hands on my diary. He is a *grand seigneur déchu* [fallen aristocrat]. One day he lost the outward support of his native surroundings and got into a lower stratum, whose virtues and vices he does not have, where he is misunderstood and slighted.

There are curious perceptions in him. He possesses the technique of diplomacy, all the finest and deepest requisites for a "career"—but these are absolutely out of place in bourgeois life. This makes his a half-ruined life and produces a suspicious impression.

With it all he has that great Slavic charm, and now as before I am under the spell of his great intellectual qualities.

But despite this I see clearly that it is diplomatic *demi-monde* —from the pitiful ambassador of the ailing Emperor of Turkey on down. But even this poor ambassador and his poor master are genuinely likeable figures to me.

March 24

Walked home from the office with Benedikt today. Again, as always, steered the conversation to the Jewish cause. I now employ the strategy of alarming him, because I have noticed that he is susceptible to being frightened. Naturally, I can only make veiled threats.

However, by now I really am apprehensive that the Jews in Vienna will be too late in going along with my plan. They will no longer have the political elbow-room, nor perhaps the freedom of movement—of persons as well as of property—to be able to look or go to Zion.

I told Benedikt: "The most immediate consequence of anti-Semitism, even before the legal and administrative chicanery, will be a war of the Jews against the Jews. The strata of Jews that are already oppressed and threatened will turn against the big Jews who are buying themselves off from governments and baiters with money and services."

He understood this and said: "If only this does not turn into a fight against the rich in general."

I replied: "Once the fight has started, it can't be confined any more. Those who have failed to read the signs and have turned a deaf ear to the cries of distress will have nobody to blame but themselves."

And then I told him something that had just occurred to me, because I had had the lists for the invitations to the Congress picked up from Schnirer—namely, that at a Zionist rally we had collected the names and addresses of university graduates who are our adherents. (This is the mailing list that was prepared for me on the occasion of the publication of *The Jewish State*).

At that point I saw an expression of fright on his face.

I had dealt a blow to his imagination. I guessed what suddenly came into his mind in his fright: these are the addresses of the subscribers to the rival paper of the *N. Fr. Pr.*

* * *

The day before yesterday, Monday, following the election in the Leopoldstadt, when the anti-Semitic candidate was defeated by the "Liberal," there was a disturbance in this Jewish district.

Some gangs of hoodlums roamed about, smashed windows of coffee houses, plundered a few small shops. Also, Jews were abused and beaten on the street. When people read about this in the morning papers, I believe it gave the Jews a shock—which, however, was quickly overcome. Things must get worse, they will get worse. Of course, the millionaires will easily escape the mishaps; and the Viennese Jews are, like most of our people, ghetto types who are glad if they get off with only a black eye.

March 26

Received a charming letter today from Alphonse Daudet. He still remembers our talks. If he is still around when the Jewish State comes into being, he wants to come to us to give lectures.

* * *

March 29

Paul Lindau visited me at the office and, among other things, told me the following. The Duke of Meiningen had shown him a map of Berlin on which Jewish-owned land was marked in red, Christian-owned land in blue, and doubtful property in white. The entire Tiergarten district, said Lindau, "was as though dipped in blood."

Curiously enough, a similar propaganda map is to be produced by the People's Party in Hungary, as I heard recently.

* * *

The local "Union" invited me to a preliminary discussion of the proposal to call a big meeting in which the situation of the Jews in Austria is to be discussed.

I managed to get a decision in favor of the meeting. A committee was appointed to prepare it—and this committee decided to adjourn.

I lost two times three hours with arguments which would have softened stones.

In the first discussion on Tuesday I said that Count Badeni would soon give way to a more clerical Prime Minister. An attorney named Dr. Elias gave a superior smile: "Badeni will dissolve the Reichsrat if he has no majority."

The day before yesterday, Friday, there was the committee meeting which I had successfully fought for on Tuesday. And Friday at noon Count Badeni had handed in his resignation—to everyone's surprise.

* * *

From Schaulen, Russia, came two letters from a colonist in Rishon-le-Zion. Her name is Helene Papiermeister, and she paints a glaring picture of the mismanagement and embezzlement of the Rothschild director Scheid. I am sending the accusations to Bentwich for him to investigate, if possible, during his Palestine *Pilgrimage.**

To Mrs. Papiermeister I am writing that she should bring the complaints against Scheid before the Munich Congress in affidavit form.

This Congress will be made into a forum for the poor victims of our "benefactors" and their officials.

* * *

A dispirited letter from de Haas in London. Col. Goldsmid, he writes, sent for him and implored him to stay away from the Congress, so that there might be no "split" in the ranks of the

* In English in the original.

Hovevei Zion. Instead, I should attend the delegates' conference of all Zionists in Paris next autumn.

I am writing Haas to start marching with his followers, without delay and undaunted.

A split—*tant pis* [too bad]!

I've had enough of all these Pickwick Clubs and *"headquarters."* *

* * *

I also received a letter from Col. Goldsmid who writes me the same things he told Haas, implores me to unite my forces with theirs, and assures me of his sincere friendship.

I am answering him:

My dear Colonel:

Thanks for the cordial tone of your letter. I, too, am sincerely devoted to you and only regret that you fail to understand me.

The Munich Congress is a settled affair from which I can no longer withdraw. But it is a necessity as well. Ask Rev. Gaster to show you the letter in which I recommend to the I.C.A. making a land-purchase with immigration rights, which is possible now. My proposal, as Zadoc Kahn has written me, was placed *ad acta* [on file]. These gentlemen want to do and will do nothing.

I have waited long enough. In August it will be two years since I took the first practical steps in the Jewish cause. I wanted to act without stirring up the masses, through direction from above, in cooperation with the men who had already played a prominent part in Zionism. I have met with no understanding, no support. I have had to go on alone. At the Munich Congress I shall call upon the masses to resort to self-help, since no one else wants to help them.

As for your proposal to make the participation of the Hovevei Zion contingent upon the Paris Central Committee, I consider it pointless. I know the Paris decision in advance. It will be a refusal. Someone is at work behind the scenes whom I shall engage

* In English in the original.

neither in a competition nor in a dispute. You will learn his identity from the enclosed letter. I am entrusting this letter to your discretion as a gentleman. Send it back to me.

This man has been intriguing against me for a good long time. At first I thought he was worried about losing his job, and therefore I felt only pity for him. But for some time such complaints have been coming to me from the most various sources. Now I understand everything.

In any case, he will exert every effort to frustrate the Congress. He will invent the most high-minded arguments to keep the Paris Committee away from Munich. As a "man who knows the Orient" he will arouse apprehensions, etc., etc. He will say that publicity is detrimental to our endeavors. All untrue. The Sultan and his counsellors know the Jewish plan. I have spoken quite openly with the Turkish statesmen, and they did not take offense. They will not give us Palestine as an independent state at any price; as a vassal state (perhaps like Egypt) we could obtain the land of our fathers in a very short time. We would have it today, if the proposals I made in London and Paris had been taken up last July. Can you understand my anger and my impatience?

You, Colonel, ought to enter the Turkish service as a general, like Woods, Kamphövener, v. d. Goltz, and other foreign officers, and in that capacity you would be in command in Palestine under the suzerainty of the Sultan. Upon the break-up of Turkey, Palestine would then fall to us or to our sons as an independent country. Was the plan so senseless? The financial arrangement was even simpler, if the money magnates had joined with us the way I had proposed it. Montagu gave his approval to my loan project.

Since it didn't work out that way, it must work another way. I believe you are mistaken if you expect no financial strength from the masses. Each man has only to make a small sacrifice and the amount raised will be enormous. That will be the job of the world-wide propaganda which is to have the Munich Congress as its starting point. This being a financial matter, it will not be my

concern. In Munich there will also be financial experts who will take care of this part of the task.

After a long time a Jewish National Assembly will again be held in Munich!

Isn't this something so great that every Jewish heart must beat higher at the thought of it? Today still in a foreign land, *leshonoh haboh* [next year] perhaps in our ancient home?

As for you, Colonel Goldsmid, who moved me so deeply that evening in Cardiff when you told me the story of your life and began with the words, *"I am Daniel Deronda"* *—don't tell me that you are unwilling to take part in this Jewish National Assembly. I could understand it if you had to have regard for your personal position as an officer. But from a Zionist point of view you cannot possibly have any objections.

That I have no *selfish aims** you must believe. Just now, at the parliamentary elections, three seats were offered me in districts where the Jews have a majority. I declined. I have no personal ambition whatever in the Jewish cause.

Put me to the test. Once again I make the following proposal: join forces with Edm. Rothschild, Montagu, and anyone else you please. Give me your word of honor that you will carry out what I initiated in Constantinople—and I shall pledge my honor to withdraw permanently from the direction of the Jewish cause.

If you find this impossible, then combine your strength with me. Let us work together!

However, if it should come to a split between the "big" money-Jews and ourselves, it is not we who shall be badly off, but they. On the other side will stand a few money-bags with their *shnorrers* [beggars] and lackeys—on this side, we with all the noble, courageous, intelligent, and cultivated forces of our people.

With Zion's greetings,

Your sincere friend,
Th. Herzl.

Enclosure: letter from Mrs. Papiermeister, Schaulen.

* In English in the original.

April 5

The Emperor did not accept Badeni's resignation. The Ministry "will govern only with the cooperation of the landed proprietors loyal to the Constitution."

The Jews of Austria will once again consider everything as saved. But the anti-Semites are furious. Badeni, who has no majority, will have to show them more favors than a clerical government would have.

The Jews will soon be groaning again.

April 12

Baron Manteuffel, a Christian Zion enthusiast who has young Jews trained to be wine growers at San Michele all' Adige, writes me that he wants to go to Palestine in order to study conditions there.

I am charging him with a confidential investigation of Scheid's mismanagement which Mrs. Papiermeister has pointed out to me.

Unfortunately it is a fact that the statements of an Aryan Baron influence the *upper Jews** more strongly than anything our own kind could say.

* * *

Haas reports from London that he and his comrades are ready to march.

They will split Goldsmid's Tents if he does not come along to Munich.

At the same time Haas sends me a letter from the Prague Rabbi Kaminka opposing the Munich Congress. This Kaminka will have to be remembered as the model of a weather-vane. Now he is for, now against us.

His chief worry, however, is whether "distinguished"—i.e., rich—people will be there.

This cleric deserves to be memorialized in my diary.

* * *

* In English in the original.

An hour after I had made the above entry there came a letter from Kaminka, in which he offers me "congratulations on your initiative."

So, after having been unable to wreck the thing through vilification, he offers congratulations on it. A type!

He even asks to make a report on the Hebrew language, for he definitely wants to attend the Congress.

April 14

The 62nd birthday of my dear father.

* * *

For the Congress:

The rich Jews need to contribute only as much each year as they normally budget for charity. In return we take the poor to Palestine.

* * *

Notice to publishers who want to issue the stenographic proceedings of the Congress. Offers to be directed to "Zion," Vienna.

* * *

I shall invite all the big papers to the Congress. But those who want to have places reserved will have to register in advance. This way I may force all of them to write about the Congress—for fear of competition.

Including the *N. Fr. Pr.*

April 17

Dr. Güdemann has published a malicious counter-pamphlet entitled *Nationaljudentum* [*Jewish Nationalism*]. Evidently at the behest of the local *upper Jews.** He confines himself to vague, cowardly generalities, but with the obvious intention of providing ammunition for bolder warriors.

* In English in the original.

I shall answer him—and, following the Machiavellian precept, it will be devastating.

* * *

The publisher Breitenstein, who naturally accepts anything and has only his business in view, tells me that as soon as Güdemann's tract appeared, Rothschild sent for thirty copies.

April 21

The Greco-Turkish war, which in the last few days has changed from a cold to a hot war, will in its further course probably affect our cause as well. How?

If a peace congress for the settlement of the Greco-Turkish differences comes about, we shall present our request to the congress of the Powers.

If Turkey is victorious, which is probable, and if she receives reparations in cash from Greece, which is even now financially unsettled—something improbable, to be sure—the Turks will have less need of Jewish aid.

April 23

Bodenheimer-Cologne had a splendid idea: to make a collection for the wounded Turkish soldiers, so as to show the Sultan the sympathy of the Jews.

I immediately took up this idea and launched it among the local Jews, including non-Zionists.

* * *

Schalit of the "Kadimah" came and asked me to give him a recommendation to the Turkish ambassador. He wants to leave for the theatre of war with several medical students, as volunteer doctors.

I wrote Mahmud Nedim a letter informing him of the volunteer doctors and the collection for the wounded soldiers.

April 24

Perfidy on the part of Bambus.

Today he informs me that he has sent a correction of my Congress announcement to several Jewish papers.

His purpose is clear: he wants to make me appear as an *hableur* [braggart], to undermine the Congress, perhaps on Scheid's orders.

Bambus gives as a pretext that the Munich Jews are beside themselves and are protesting against the holding of the Congress in Munich.

To what extent this is true, whether the intrigues of Scheid, who feels himself threatened, aren't behind this as well, we shall yet find out.

Perhaps it is only plain envy on the part of the Berliners who are afraid that I shall get all the leadership in my hands.

I am writing to Bambus immediately, demanding that he retract his correction, otherwise I will break with him.

At the same time I am writing to Bodenheimer-Cologne, informing him of the intrigue and asking him for an assurance of his constancy. If needs be, Cologne will become the capital of German Zionism.

* * *

If they give us trouble in Munich, I shall take the Congress to Zurich.

April 25

The first great literary form of neo-Jewish culture will probably be the comedy—no matter in what language. After all, Labiche's plays, too, are translated into all languages.

This thought occurred to me yesterday when I had quite a good time. It was the first enjoyable day that I have Zionism to thank for—otherwise, all it has got me so far is palpitations, excitement, shocks. Even the demonstrations of support don't give me any pleasure, because behind the masses who are applauding

me I already see the ingratitude, the future envy, and the possible vacillation of the next day.

But yesterday there was pure delight. Since I am managing the collections for the Turkish wounded, I called some gentlemen to my home.

At first only the assistant rabbi Gelbhaus and Dr. Bloch came. Subject of our conversation: my article against Güdemann in the last number of Bloch's *Wochenschrift*. The article is said to have caused quite a stir. Bloch told me that he went to the Concordia Club in order to hear the views of the journalists. A financial-news gatherer in the employ of bank director Taussig declared that "such an article should not be published." The others were in favor of it, and they only regretted that I had attacked Rothschild. Bloch denied that I had meant Rothschild by "men behind the scenes." Whereupon Julius Bauer said: "Am I God for you to try to hoodwink me?"

Gelbhaus, for his part, told us about the sensation which the article had created among the Jews at the synagogue. They formed *raydlikh*, i.e., groups, in the courtyard, and all they talked about was the demolition of the Chief Rabbi. Before and after the sermon they came to Gelbhaus to tell him that Güdemann was "morally dead"; he had been convicted of being a muddlehead, in fact, of no longer standing on the soil of Judaism at all. Gelbhaus, however, spoke about Güdemann's execution without perceptible grief.

Bloch *abondait dans le même sens* [was of the same opinion] and explained to me the meaning of the defense of Güdemann's stand through quotes from the Hungarian Chief Rabbi Chorin, which was contained in the same issue of his weekly. Chorin is actually regarded as a *goy* by the pious.

And Gelbhaus said cheerfully:

"You've killed him with your opposition, but the proof of his agreement with Chorin has buried him."

Now that he was alive to the humorous aspects of the matter, Bloch told us that by reviewing Güdemann's pamphlet in the *Wochenschrift* he had only intended to goad me into a reply.

That is why he had Feilbogen, to whom he had assigned the review, emphasize that "the fourth section ought to be entitled: Dr. Güdemann contra Dr. Herzl."

Of course, I don't believe that. I am more inclined to believe that Feilbogen wanted to trip me up, and that Bloch, considering the turn in my favor which the matter seems to be taking, wishes to be on the side of the stronger.

Should I be defeated in an encounter in the near future, he will desert me.

He also casually mentioned the reason for his hatred of Güdemann. The latter had treacherously deserted him on the seminary question. And now he talked at great length about the uninteresting seminary question which agitates these gentlemen about as much as the Jewish Question agitates me. This is how through passion even the smallest matter can drive people to hate or to love.

When I asked them about Güdemann's reaction to my article, both gentlemen confessed naively that they had not been able to find out, although they had sent their wives to Güdemann to congratulate him on the Franz Josef Order which he was given three days ago.

Then came little old smart Sigmund Mayer, and we fixed the composition of the committee for the collection. This was the high point of our conversation. In the process I got to know some personalities. For in the case of each name misgivings were voiced and the men again showed with an involuntary naiveté what a low opinion they have of the "notables."

The name of a millionaire was mentioned. Mayer thought that not everyone would want to sit in his company. I asked why, because I didn't know him. None wanted to come out with it.

Gradually they made hesitant remarks which sounded like excuses for the man. They said that he had given some building credits, to be sure, but that one couldn't really say that he had practised usury. And bit by bit there emerged the portrait of a usurer, so that I laughed and said: "Now I know who the man is."

And this is how it went with others. As the committee list was put together, I learned a lot of details about a lot of people.

A veritable scene out of a comedy. For after they had been run down, they were finally co-opted into the committee after all, a committee that is supposed to create illusions for the public, and itself has no illusions.

April 27

Yesterday, at my place, the constituting session of the committee for the Turkish collection. Representatives of the Turkish-Israelite community were on hand, too. After a lot of talk it was decided that the Turkish Jews who live here shall place themselves at the head of the action and co-opt the others into it.

April 28

Letter to Mahmud Nedim Pasha:

Confidential

Your Excellency:

I beg to congratulate Your Excellency on the splendid victories of Turkish arms.

The desire of several Jewish students to attach themselves voluntarily to the armed forces of His Majesty the Sultan is a small token of the friendship and gratitude which we Jews feel for Turkey.

Here and in several other places I have organized committees to initiate collections of money for wounded Turkish soldiers. The yield of the collections will be handed over to the ambassadors of H. M. the Sultan in various countries.

Here in Vienna, the Turkish-Israelite community will at my suggestion head the action and co-opt various other persons. In this way the aspersions on the part of the anti-Semites that we are not making the collections out of humanitarianism, but in opposition to the Christians, shall be deprived of any pretext.

Nevertheless, the collection is delicate in nature, and many Jews will be afraid of taking this particular opportunity of expressing their sincere sympathies for Turkey.

In the western countries this is virtually impossible at this time, because the Jews must not make any demonstrations against their fellow citizens. Therefore, nothing may in this particular case be expected from the English and the French Jews who are of the greatest importance financially.

Yet we Jews are gladly using this opportunity to show the Turks our devotion. Under more favorable circumstances, when there are no external political hindrances, the sympathies of the Jews would be on a far grander scale—to the blessing of Turkey as well as of the Jews.

If this realization gains ground in Yildiz Kiosk, where, it seems, I have been slandered—I shall feel great satisfaction.

Enclosed are samples of the appeals which we have circulated. Appeal Number 3 I drew up for the public committee. The latter will meet again on Saturday, May 1st, and transmit an official notification to Your Excellency. The present letter is confidential information.

Begging Your Excellency to accept these expressions of my deepest respect, I am

Yours sincerely,
Dr. Th. Herzl.

May 2, my 38th birthday*

I have been to Brünn. They gave me a gala party in the Deutsches Haus which was announced on street-corner posters. I made an impromptu speech of almost an hour, and they told me it was good. In it I addressed myself to manufacturers and matrons.

* * *

On my return home I found a letter from Bambus who pulls in his horns a bit.

* * *

The collection for the Turkish wounded has been taken in hand by the local Sephardic community. The leaders impress

* Editor's Note: Herzl made a mistake here. May 2, 1897 was his 37th, not 38th, birthday.

me as being covetous of decorations, particularly President Russo. It's all right with me if they are decorated, as long as they don't denature the project and turn it to the account of their community.

* * *

Mahmud Nedim didn't answer my letter. However, I wrote the whole story to Sidney Whitman who is in Constantinople now and goes to Yildiz every day.

May 9

The Berliners "dissociate themselves from the Congress." I suspect that a Scheidian intrigue is behind this.

Bambus and Hildesheimer disavow my Congress announcement in the Berlin Jewish papers.

"Germany.

"Berlin, May 5. A few weeks ago Dr. Theodor Herzl published a preliminary announcement in Vienna, to the effect that a "Zionist Congress" is to take place on August 25 of this year in a city in Southern Germany. Among the speakers who were listed as making reports there figured also the publisher of this paper who was scheduled to speak about the subject "The Tasks of Jewish Philanthropy in Palestine." A local Jewish paper reprinted this announcement, but in its next number published the following communication from Mr. W. Bambus, himself a member of the committee entrusted with the preparation of the planned Congress:

"Deliberations are actually taking place on the convening of the big Congress which will have to occupy itself with general Jewish problems, such as the emigration of the Russian Jews, etc. Whether it will be a Zionist Congress, according to the suggestions put forward by Dr. Herzl, or, following proposals made by others, a conference of the Palestine associations, or whether

it will take a still different form, cannot be determined as yet, for the entire affair is definitely in the stage of preliminary discussion. This invalidates all inferences based on Dr. Herzl's plan.

"Since Dr. Herzl despite this continues to send out his preliminary announcement, the publisher of this paper is obliged to make the declaration that of course he has never had any intention of attending a Zionist Congress, but has held out the prospect of his presence and his participation only and solely in the event that the planned assembly would be devoted to a discussion of the manifold tasks of the Palestine aid project, particularly colonization. Apart from our point of view which is basically different, we feel we must all the more emphatically decline to participate in an assembly discussing "Zionist" theories and future plans, because we are convinced that it threatens to produce grave harm rather than the hoped-for benefits, as well as to compromise and seriously damage more obvious and realizable endeavors. The hope may still be harbored that better judgment will prevail and that the expenditure of energy and resources will be placed in the service of those tasks which are regarded as the most immediate by ourselves and even by men who basically share Dr. Herzl's point of view. Only in this event can the assembly, which has undoubtedly been planned with the best of intentions, truly bring blessings."

At the same time Landau informs me of a letter in which Hildesheimer writes him in confidence that he has to disavow me in order not to lose his prestige with his circle of donors.

* * *

My answer to Hildesheimer's knavery is in the copy book, p. 16f.

May 21

Today there comes news from the war area which leads one to expect an armistice and a peace between Turkey and Greece within the next few days. This sends our collection for the

wounded soldiers down the drain. However, I will try to salvage what can be salvaged, and I am writing to Sidney Whitman at Constantinople to tell them in Yildiz that we had started our collection.

Yesterday the vacillating Prague Rabbi Kaminka joined the Congress committee. First I gave him a good dressing-down and administered a sort of loyalty oath to him before the assembled members of the Actions Committee.

* * *

Yesterday in the closed committee meeting at the "Zion" Dr. Schnirer suddenly moved the appointment of an Executive Committee. I believe that he had discussed this proposal in advance with Prof. Kellner and Dr. Kokesch in order to relieve me of "one-man rule." However, I was delighted, because they are only going to lighten my work load, provided that this is more than committeemanship. Schnirer, Kellner, Kokesch, Steiner, Kremenezky, Seidener are friends of mine on whom I gladly lean. If I had anything against them up to now, it was the fact that they did not help me out more. Their volunteering for work now is welcome to me. Incidentally, at the same time they recognized me as president of the party.

* * *

Later on I asked whether I should take steps to get an official delegate or an observer of the Sultan sent to the Congress. They all beamed and gladly agreed.

May 12

Several circumstances—Hildesheimer's attack; the acquisition of a local Monday sheet by the Zionists Kohn and Rappaport, who that same instant broke with us; finally, the humiliation of being dependent for every little notice or correction on Bloch's good graces—make the founding of our own organ a necessity that can be deferred no longer.

I asked Dr. Landau what his estimate of the editorial costs would be. He made a tabulation in which he figures with 50 guilders a month. Then I got Heinrich Steiner to make an estimate of the production costs for me. Steiner calculates them at 11,000 guilders a year. After that I also asked my father whether he agreed, and when he replied in the affirmative, I decided to create the paper which has been talked about so often in the past year-and-a-half and for which the funds could never be raised.

I saw everything clearly right away—except for the name.

May 13

Informed Prof. Kellner and Dr. Kokesch of my decision last night. They were surprised. Kellner said: "You astound people by the speed of your march—a veritable Moltke."

The gentlemen wanted to begin by calling a committee meeting. I proposed to Kellner that he join the paper as publisher or responsible manager. He declined the risk in view of his position. Kokesch said he was willing to act as publisher.

Overnight the name for the paper occurred to me: *Die Welt*, with a *Mogen Dovid* [Star of David], inside which a globe should be drawn, with Palestine as the central point.

Landau came and suddenly raised his demands when he saw that the paper for which he had begged me for a year-and-a-half was about to come into being. He said he had to "charge for lost time, loss of other income, etc." Thereupon I invited him to formulate his demands in writing. In the afternoon he brought a document in which, in addition to fixed salary of 50 guilders—which, after all, would be modest—he demanded 20% of the net profits. Steiner, whom I had offered a share in the net profits, had declined and also advised me to refuse Landau's request, since, after all, it is my intention to use any profits for the expansion of publicity.

In the afternoon Kellner, Steiner, Schnirer, Kokesch, and Landau got together at my home. Steiner brought along a charming sketch for a masthead: *Die* ✡ *Welt* [The World], which won general approval.

Incidentally, strangely enough, a current of opposition to the paper seemed to be stirring among the gentlemen. At first it was not expressed; I merely sensed it. Kellner spoke against starting the paper, calling it premature.

Schnirer recommended that we go ahead.

Steiner thought it should perhaps be preceded by a "tour of the synagogues" and by enlisting subscribers in the various countries.

I pointed out that months ago I had suggested that we go ahead and get subscribers, thus making sure of having a basis for the organ of the movement which everyone desired so urgently. This had not been done any more than other things I had recommended, unless I had done them myself. Therefore I decided simply to create the paper myself, with my money and my labor.

Thereupon the gentlemen, who a moment before had still expected too little, changed over to excessive expectations at one bound. Kellner chewed over the idea a bit that I, as the entrepreneur, could very well put my labor into the paper gratis, whereas others would have to put themselves on a paid basis.

After that I begged the gentlemen to enter into a relation of co-ownership with the paper by investing in it either money or labor. None of them wanted to give money; but Kellner promised to contribute his work in return for a share in the profits, and with this I was quite content.

May 15

Kellner has begged off. He must shortly go to England for ten weeks. Accordingly, to my regret, his co-editorship is now out of the question. The whole burden will rest on me.

Last night we drew up the format of the paper. I sketched the layout, column by column; Kellner, Landau, and Steiner listened to me, I believe, with astonishment. Kellner and Landau

suggested this and that. Following Kellner's advice it would become a somewhat scholarly paper of Anglo-Jewish-German complexion. Following Landau's advice, *Die Welt* would be a polemical paper with a predominantly Galician outlook. I believe it ought to be a dignified paper with appeal to universal Jewry.

I suggested that Kellner write a series of literary profiles of representative exponents of the Zionist idea: Disraeli, G. Eliot, Moses Hess, etc.

He took up the idea enthusiastically and will begin with Disraeli in the first issue. I promised him to have the entire series—which he would probably have been unable to place anywhere else in view of present-day conditions in the newspaper world—issued later in book form by the *Welt* publishing house. I shall pay for his articles at the same rate as the *N. Fr. Pr.* For Zionists must be the last people from whom the paper accepts free gifts. If it prospers, people will tell all sorts of stories about me anyway—especially those who couldn't make up their minds to make any sacrifice.

Landau immediately asked for a "raise" to 75 guilders a month. Granted.

May 16

The preliminary work on the paper. Correspondence, organization, everything to be done from scratch.

May 18

Also, that atmosphere of conflict at the office again, something that doesn't make my heart any stronger.

May 19

An excellent letter from Sidney Whitman at Constantinople. He can make both head and tail of it now and wants to submit the matter to the Sultan himself. He has the Sultan's seal; letters sealed with it are immediately handed to the Sultan.

S. Whitman expects us to safeguard his future in return for his services. He deserves that, and I am promising it to him in a letter which the grateful Jews will honor some day. I can no more promise a sum of money to him than I can to Newlinski. But both will get thanks from the Jews in as magnificent a manner as the work is magnificent.

May 20

Another letter from Sidney Whitman. He has interested Ahmed Midhat Efendi, the Sultan's favorite, in the matter. Ahmed Midhat thinks we should proceed *yavash* [slowly] and not ask for too much, lest the Sultan say No immediately. In particular we must not use the word "autonomy," because it has already involved Turkey in many wars. I should write my letter in French, so that it could be submitted to the Sultan.

Accordingly, today I am writing Whitman a letter promising him a reward (in German, in the copy book), and the following French one for showing around:

My dear Friend:*

I am writing you today on the stationery of a new paper, a weekly, but of high quality, which we are starting for the needs of the cause. *Die Welt* will appear on June 4, 1897. In this journal we mean to give Turkey, so to speak, an earnest of our profound sympathies. You may tell Ahmed Midhat Effendi that we shall publish in it, with pleasure and, of course, absolutely impartially, communications and news which may be useful to the Sultan's government.

This is a step on the road toward setting in motion the influence of the Jewish press for the benefit of Turkey. We shall continue, provided our efforts are encouraged by sympathy accorded to the Jewish cause.

An effort which I made in accordance with your suggestion to come to the aid of the wounded soldiers came too late—I don't want to say "unfortunately." For the victories of the Turkish

* In French in the original.

arms have rather quickly made this subscription pointless. Since the political situation in England and in France did not permit the Jews of those countries to express their sympathies—which really exist—to the Turks in this situation, we have had to confine ourselves to establishing committees in Germany, Austria, and Hungary, and asking our friends in other countries to give their aid in whatever way was possible.

Besides, this was only an incident of lesser importance in the Jewish project which I am pursuing. I very much fear that people in Yildiz Kiosk are incorrectly informed about the nature and the scope of the Jewish plan. Enemies, intriguers, have perhaps changed the appearance of things.

What we want to do is conceived, I admit, in the interest of the Jewish people, but it will serve superlatively for the prolongation, the restoration, of the vital forces of the Ottoman Empire.

First of all, my book on the Jewish State should not be taken as the definitive form of the project; I am the first to admit that there is a lot of ideology in it. A simple writer, I launched the idea without knowing how it would be received by the Jewish people. The best proof of this is that I suggested we settle either in *Argentina* or in *Palestine*.

But since that publication the neo-Jewish movement has taken on an entirely different complexion, and it has become practical and practicable. We take circumstances into consideration, we want to conduct ourselves well politically, sincerely and efficiently.

Here is the situation in a few words:

If H. M. the Sultan grants us the conditions indispensable for the settlement of our people in Palestine, we will gradually introduce order and prosperity into the finances of the Empire.

Once this principle is accepted, both sides will gladly listen to the details.

Those who desire the weakening and the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire are the more or less avowed enemies of our plan; that is easy to understand.

Those who wish to bleed Turkey white by means of usurious loans are equally the enemies of our project. For the government of H. M. would regain control of the country's resources; and that country would be a resurgent one.

These are not empty words, and H. M. the Sultan will have an opportunity to be convinced of that if he will do us the honor of sending a delegate to the Zionist Congress which will take place in Munich on August 25, 26, and 27, 1897.

H. M.'s delegate could attend all of our deliberations, and by this alone we would be willing to give him a striking proof of compliance.

But—and this point must be stressed—we do not wish to have our people immigrate into Palestine without first completing the arrangement with the Turkish government.

It is true that our people are miserable in various countries, but just the same we do not wish to exchange the present condition of unhappines for uncertainty.

The situation must be free and clear.

And now I come to your questions:

The immigrant Jews in Palestine would become subjects of H. M. the Sultan on condition of an absolutely guaranteed *self-protection.**

The necessary land purchases would be made entirely without constraint. It cannot be a question of "dispossessing" anyone at all. Ownership is a private right and cannot be violated. The Sultan's private domains could be paid for in cash according to their value, if he desires to sell.

As regards the question of "people's rights" in the arrangement, the equivalent produced by the Jews would be an annual tribute paid to His Majesty.

We would start with a tribute of a hundred thousand pounds, for instance, which would increase proportionally to the immigration up to one million pounds annually.

On this tribute we could immediately procure a loan adjusted to the annuity. The tribute would be guaranteed by the great

* In English in the original.

funds in existence about which I have spoken to you on several occasions.

I do not want to repeat again what I have already told you so often, my dear friend—namely, that the solution of the Jewish Question also involves the consolidation of Turkey. The energy and importance of the Jews in commerce and in finance are well known. It is a river of gold, of progress, of vitality which the Sultan will admit into his Empire with the Jews, who since the Middle Ages have always been the grateful friends of the Turks.

And with the straightening out of the finances, no more intervention of the Powers under false pretenses, no more "public debt," no more "leeches."

Will the scope, the usefulness, of our project be understood in Constantinople? Let us hope so.

For the time being I ask nothing better than to prove to H. M. the Sultan that all this is motivated by the best of intentions.

It is unnecessary to remind you of the confidential nature of this letter. You, who are such a devoted friend of the Turks, will understand how important it is not to give warning to false friends who would like to thwart a project beneficial to Turkey.

With cordial regards,

Sincerely yours,
Th. Herzl.

May 23

The movement is beginning in America.

Michael Singer, editor of a new weekly, *Toleranz*, sends me reports about meetings in New York, etc.

A conference of rabbis, with Dr. Gottheil at its head, has come out in favor of our movement.

On May 10 the *New York Sun* published articles about Zionism.

When I showed the *Sun* column to Benedikt yesterday, he said benevolently: "You are driving the whole world crazy. A real Pied Piper of Hamelin."

I replied: "I shall have my revenge on you when you are obliged to get the report about the Munich Congress from the *Kölnische Zeitung*, after you have had the opportunity for a year-and-a-half of being the best informed of all."

To which he rejoined:

"No. On August 26 our paper will simply carry a dispatch from Munich."

And these casual words, which he is more likely to stick to than his promises—because he has to, because the paper must not "fall behind"—this brief declaration already betokens, unless I am mistaken, my victory over the *N. Fr. Pr.* The victory may be wrested from me repeatedly between now and August—yesterday I held it in my hands.

May 23

Today "Pater Paulus" Tischmann came to see me. Curious figure from the outposts of religion. An unkempt-looking little Jew with a heavy Polish-Jewish accent, until a short time ago a Catholic clergyman. He told me how at the age of 15 he was seized, baptized, and later ordained, how he could not stand it in the long run and uttered blasphemy from the pulpit in Transylvania. He was arraigned and, after he had returned to the Jewish faith, acquitted. A character out of a novel. Now he is again auditing rabbinical sermons. I think he is doing a little *shnorring* [begging], too. I gave him a trifle. Curious that he probably gets no thanks from the Jews for his "return." Formerly, under the crosier, he did all right.

Nevertheless, he says with shining eyes: "But I have the inner satisfaction."

This is the most expensive of all pleasures, as I well know.

* * *

Haas writes that people in America want me to make a "lecture tour" on the other side.

May 26

I am working on the new paper to the point of exhaustion, of breakdown.

* * *

Two subscribers have turned up. To the many hundreds of announcements of the *Welt* which have been distributed, only three written replies in all have come in so far.

My close party friends believe it will be a failure.

* * *

Constantinople, May 24, 1897

Private.

Dear Friend:

As is my custom, I am acknowledging by return mail receipt of your kind letter of the 20th of this month.

I shall immediately read the contents to Ahmed Midhat and invite him to write something for the *Welt*.

Incidentally, the indications increase that I shall see the Sultan *himself* and be able to speak to him about the matter. I find your presentation very clear and convincing. More later.

In haste,

Yours,
Sidney Whitman.

P.S. Since writing the above I have been to see Midhat; I read him your letter and shall make a copy for him. He is very favorably disposed toward the matter and wants to devote himself to it *body and soul*, with the express stipulation that he will never accept a penny for his services. The two of us drew up a plan of action, and it is possible that I shall make the first communications to the Sultan even before my departure. The rest will develop. A delegate shall be sent to the Munich Congress, or Midhat's influence as well as mine is zero.

S. W.

Entre nous, Rothschilds in Vienna have contributed 500 guilders for the wounded soldiers.

I am going to tell the Sultan about the *Welt* in person.

Some time ago there was talk that the Sultan intended to name A. Midhat as Grand Vizier!

May 27

Received a check from Zadoc Kahn in the amount of 1000 francs for the Turkish wounded. I am sending the check to Ambassador Mahmud Nedim, and Zadoc's letter to Sidney Whitman in Constantinople. At the same time I am writing Sidney to tell the Sultan that I am ready to come to Constantinople after Pentecost.

May 30

In the last few days I balanced two difficulties against each other, which is, I believe, the best conceivable policy—provided it works out.

The case in itself was insignificant; but still, my prestige with the Turks was at stake.

The young medical students, who under Schalit's leadership had offered to leave for the theater of war as volunteer physicians, received permission in a letter from Mahmud Nedim, the local ambassador. Then it turned out that they had promised too much, for they were unable to go. They had no money.

On the other hand, the Turkish-Israelite collection committee for the wounded soldiers had raised only a ridiculously small sum—800 guilders—which they were ashamed of turning in.

Then I had the idea of giving the 800 guilders to the doctors: "The committee is sending off a medical expedition at its expense." That looks like something.

To my surprise the committee people understood the proposal.

May 31

Tremendous labor over the paper. Dr. Landau has been called up for his military training; Schalit, whom I had drilled as my assistant, is going to Elasona. So from the outset the whole paper stands on my two legs.

* * *

Kellner, Schnirer, and Kokesch address a joint letter to me in which they request the omission from the first issue of an item objectionable to the coal-Gutmanns (concerning their appeal against the Jewish Community Tax). They give no further reasons for this request. I am going to accede to it—but of course I shall not be able to put up with this editing by committees.

June 2

Day before yesterday and yesterday I constructed *Die ✡ Welt*. Nothing at all existed. Today there is a paper with a distinct physiognomy.

Read all the proofs, even the "advertisements"; I made up all the columns. That is to say, there weren't any advertisements. At the last moment I telephoned Kremenezky and asked him for an unpaid advertisement. He wasn't able to insert it, because he is negotiating with the municipality of Vienna.

In the evening, at the "Zion," an advertisement was brought in from a Mariahilf clothing merchant.

I have enjoyed toiling to set up the paper.

At six o'clock last evening the first copy of the *Welt* came off the press. I am dedicating it to my dear parents.

June 6, at night

Die ✡ Welt is out. I am utterly exhausted. I am going to remember this Pentecost week of 1897. In addition to work on the *Welt*, also induce the mood for a Whitsuntide *feuilleton* for the *N. Fr. Pr.* On top of that, the excitement in the office that any

moment now there has to be a row and a break with Benedikt on account of the *Welt*.

A number of times I was on the point of informing him of the *fait accompli* at least. He now frequently takes me home from the office in his carriage. This would provide the best opportunity to talk about everything. But I finally decided on simply sending a paid advertisement to the *N. Fr. Pr.* The advertisement was run by our business office.

June 8

This is where I fell asleep from fatigue the night before last.

The business office of the *N. Fr. Pr.* accepted the advertisement "reluctantly," as my business office was informed by telephone. The insertion of an item in the text part of the *N. Fr. Pr.* was refused for "political reasons."

I didn't really care about getting the item into the paper. I just wanted to send Benedikt a *faire part* [announcement] of the appearance of the *Welt*, one to which he could not respond with a veto. That is why I chose the financial course. A half-page in the advertising section of the *N. Fr. Pr.* costs 75 guilders. There was some probability that Benedikt would not refuse this amount.

And thus the *Welt* was advertised in the pages of the *N. Fr. Pr.*

On the Saturday before Pentecost, June 5, Benedikt looked at me with mighty curious eyes. We associated with each other at the office as usual, but there already were two business offices between us. I believe he would have liked to have a real showdown with me, but at that moment he was dependent on me: I had not yet handed in my Pentecost *feuilleton*, and he urgently needed it for the Pentecost issue.

* * *

On Whit-Sunday, the day before yesterday, there appeared in the semi-official *Reichswehr* a ferocious second editorial in opposition to the *Welt* under the title "Benedictus I, King of Zion."

In it Benedikt is treated as a Zionist. I think he is going to hit the ceiling with rage.

When I go to the office today, I must again, perhaps for the last time, get ready to do battle. The showdown is due today. I don't know how it will end. Shall I perhaps be dismissed from the *N. Fr. Pr.* within the next twenty-four hours, before I have filled the pages of this notebook?

* * *

I face this possibility with composure. My heart is pounding, to be sure, but this is only a weakness of the muscle, not of my will.

Should the *N. Fr. Pr.* drive me out, I shall have lost my position, which I acquired through twenty years of hard work, in a manner of which I need not be ashamed either.

* * *

The English "Headquarters" of the Hovevei Zion have officially dissociated themselves from the Munich Congress and announced this in a dry, malicious notice. The *Jewish Chronicle* carried this announcement on June 4.*

"The Proposed Zionist Conference at Munich.

"A meeting of Headquarters Tent of the Hovevei Zion Association was held on Monday last, the Chief, Colonel Goldsmid, presiding. It was resolved that the Association should take no part in, nor send any delegates to, the Congress convened by Dr. Herzl, which is to meet at Munich in August next."

* * *

At the same time Hildesheimer belittles the American movement. "Probably only a small number of inconsequential groups from America will participate in the Congress."

June 8

First round of the duel with Benedikt.

Today he asked me *à brûle pourpoint* [point-blank], when I

* Original text.

came into the reading room somewhat uneasily in order to discuss the daily *feuilleton* and while he was washing his face as always after completion of the evening edition:

"Did you talk with Bacher about the *Welt*?"

"No," I said, ready to fight.

He answered: "That is very unwelcome to us."

"On account of the article in the *Reichswehr*?" I asked.

"No, I only read the article today; it didn't bother me. But I was furious when I saw the advertisement in our Pentecost number. It shouldn't even have got into the paper. It is the list of our contributors."

I shrugged my shoulders and walked up and down the room.

He wiped his face. "You put us in an embarrassing position."

I said in a loud voice: "The article in the *Reichswehr* is full of the dirtiest lies."

At that point Goldbaum came into the room—I think he had been eavesdropping—and the conversation was broken off. We talked about commonplace things.

June 9

Second round. Today at noon Benedikt started in again:

"We have to speak some more about the *Welt*. Up to now it has been the custom in our house that anyone who wishes to participate in some enterprise notifies the editors of it."

I said: "I've also written for the *Zeit*."

He said: "We were on good terms with the *Zeit*. But even then I discussed the permissibility of your action with Bacher. Now you have taken our entire list of contributors into the preliminary announcement of the *Welt*."

I changed the subject: "Do you know what an intelligent person said about the article in the *Reichswehr*?

" 'The author of the article knew very well that Benedikt is an opponent of Zionism. He only wanted to sow dissension between Benedikt and Herzl.' "

He replied: "I think so too. They wanted to bring about dis-

sension within the *N. Fr. Pr.* All I ask of you, if our friendly relationship is to be maintained, is not to jeopardize us any further. In particular you must not publish that list of contributors any more."

I promised to do all I could in this regard—and we parted friends. He took me home in his carriage.

June 10, 7th birthday of my Hans*

At this point I close this fourth book of my history of the Jewish State.

I will now deposit the books in a safe place.

This moment marks a chapter anyway; this book won't take much more, and I shall make a red-letter date of the birthday of my good Hans who, I pray, may grow up healthy and happy, a strong man, and continue my work.

* Editor's Note: Mistaken entry. June 10, 1897 was the *sixth* birthday of Herzl's son Hans.

Book Five

Begun on June 11,
1897

Vienna, June 11, 1897

Benedikt is more amiable toward me now than ever before. Is he overcome, or is he preparing something?

* * *

Sidney Whitman is back from Constantinople. He didn't see the Sultan, and I think he didn't accomplish anything else for us either. He only seems to have established contact between Midhat Efendi and me. He thinks I ought to write Midhat directly.

While passing through Bucharest, S. W. spoke with Prime Minister Stourdza about Zionism. The interview is going to appear in the *New York Herald*. Stourdza again expressed himself favorably about our idea.

June 15

I am writing to Ahmed Midhat Efendi:*

Your Excellency:

My friend, Mr. Sidney Whitman, who is passing through Vienna, has told me to address Your Excellency directly on a matter with which you are already acquainted.

I am so busy that this first contact which I have the honor of making with you must be quite brief. Whitman has told me so much about the loftiness of your political views that it will strike me as a great good fortune for the cause to which I am devoted if I have a chance of establishing and maintaining contact with you.

I am deeply convinced that the Jewish action will contribute to Turkey's health, to her *financial* liberation, to the regaining of all her vital forces.

I am taking the liberty of sending you the journal *Die Welt* in which we wish to be of service to you.

* In French in the original.

I am placing this organ at your disposal, naturally in a wholly disinterested fashion. And I should very much like H. M. the Sultan to know this.

All that you may send in will be published immediately, since this will never be in conflict with the loyalty we have to our country Austria and our sovereign, Emperor Franz Josef.

With assurances of my high esteem, I remain

Your Excellency's devoted
Th. H.

June 16

The Munich Jewish Community protests against the meeting of the Congress.

The first letter from their Executive crossed mine; the second came afterwards.

The discussion of them and the letters themselves will appear in the *Welt*, so I am not recording them here. I believe that this incident will greatly benefit the Congress. A general discussion will flare up, and we shall shift the assembly from Munich, which is not suitable, to Zurich, which is.

June 16

In today's morning edition of Schönerer's *Ostdeutsche Rundschau* there is a hard attack on the *Neue Freie Presse* on account of the *Welt*. In the reading room at the office there was a copy of the *Ostdeutsche Rundschau* slashed with blue marks. A few colleagues greeted me frostily, like a favorite fallen from favor.

Benedikt sent the *Ostdeutsche Rundschau* to my room by a messenger.

A quarter of an hour afterwards I went to see him, again ready for battle, even though quite nervous.

Benedikt was very calm.

I told him: "I've read the article. It is very displeasing."

He: "The *Welt* is a great embarrassment to us. The best thing would be if it ceased publication."

I said: "That can't be done."

He: "We'll talk about it. You see that I am dealing with it quite calmly and objectively."

I: "Even before the appearance of the *Welt*, the anti-Semites poured buckets of manure over the *N. Fr. Pr.* As far as I am concerned, I certainly don't want to cause embarrassment to the *N. Fr. Pr.* I am devoted to the paper. After all, I have put part of my life and health into the *N. Fr. Pr.*"

I spoke firmly and calmly. He saw that I was prepared for a break. We were interrupted by a telephone call. I left the room. When I returned half an hour later, he did not resume our conversation. He gave me an article by Sir Charles Dilke about Queen Victoria to translate. He said he didn't want to give it to Mrs. Wirth for translation, because he had no confidence in her; she might divulge it prematurely.

He has confidence in me, then? Is this attitude of Benedikt's a weakness, or does he have something up his sleeve?

If he is weak, he would have to hide it better.

Had he kept silent, not mentioned the *Ostdeutsche Rundschau* at all, but treated me icily, I would probably have been badly shaken.

Men don't reproach, they demolish.

June 17

Since the Munich Jewish Community is protesting against holding the Congress, we decided in the Actions Committee today to transfer the Congress to Basel, possibly to Zurich. First I am to inquire of the Bavarian government through Wrede whether it has any objection to the Congress. I am sending the following letter to Wrede to be forwarded to Minister Crailsheim:

Your Excellency:

As chairman of the Committee on Arrangements for the Zionist Congress which has been called for August 25 at Munich I

beg to inquire most respectfully whether the Royal Bavarian government is willing to accord the Congress its friendly toleration. I have expressed myself on the purpose of the Congress in an editorial in *Die Welt* which I take the liberty of enclosing herewith for your information. Only those persons will be able to attend the Congress who have registered by August 15 and have received a ticket of admission to the—closed—meeting.

Zionism aims at solving the Jewish Question in a peaceful manner—namely, through the settling of Palestine with Jews, with the consent of the Powers, after an understanding has been reached with the Imperial Turkish Government.

Zionism is, of course, an entirely lawful movement, and it wishes to pursue its humanitarian goals only under the benevolent supervision of the governments. The committee which is working on the arrangements includes a number of German citizens.

With the expression of my profound respect, I remain, Your Excellency,

Dr. Th. H.

June 18

Today another round in my duel with Benedikt. He had a second, Schütz. I had been noticing for several days that Schütz was treating me as a fallen favorite. Today, when I entered Benedikt's room, I saw by the break in the conversation that they had been discussing me.

After a few remarks on editorial matters, Benedikt opened fire. He said he had spoken to Schütz about the *Welt*, and Schütz "shares my opinion." Schütz confirmed this, even though evidently less vigorously than he had done in my absence.

Benedikt summed it up this way: The *Welt* must fold, or I must dissociate myself from it. He himself wanted to help me find a way in which my prestige would not suffer. (He reminded me of his offer in the case of *The Jewish State* to help me make the book less objectionable during his vacation.)

He begged me urgently, most urgently (and the threat looked out of his eyes) to give up the *Welt*. He said he was not speaking as an editor to a co-worker, but as one friend to another. Naturally he was concerned that the *N. Fr. Pr.* should suffer no harm, but for the moment he wished to speak only in my own interest. It was a pity about me. I was ruining myself.

Schütz seconded him: he had heard that agitation against me was about to start.

I said: "I'm not afraid."

Benedikt sought, as a friend, to talk me out of my "obstinacy." Then a threat: I could not go on my vacation until I had given him a final answer, that is to say, stopped the publication of the *Welt*. Then a promise: he guaranteed I would not regret it if I acceded to his wish. (I know all that by now: his requests, his threats, his promises.) He also said that I must not play a prominent part at the Congress, I must not come to the fore. And after these sharp attacks, after he had tried to work on me with all the pressure of his superior position, he added so naively that the greatest mockery could not have made it any worse: "I certainly don't want to exert pressure on your conscience—only, you mustn't do anything to the extent that it can be injurious to the *N. Fr. Pr.*"

And these people wax indignant in editorials whenever a minister restricts the freedom of opinion of his officials.

Of course I remained inflexible. When I was leaving, Benedikt asked Schütz (who told it to me later) behind my back and anxiously whether he had not been too gruff with me.

June 19

Schütz, the man of the *bons offices* [good offices], came to see me. We walked to the office together. I complained bitterly about Benedikt who, I said, was exerting pressure upon my conscience. I could stand this only up to a certain point; and, after all, Benedikt's friends would rejoice if I left the *N. Fr. Pr.*

Schütz must immediately have passed this on to Benedikt.

The effect: an enchanting smile from Benedikt when I came into his room. He was amiability personified, insisted that I have dinner with him, and didn't say another word about the *Welt.*

Still, I'm on my guard.

I think Benedikt only used the attacks of the anti-Semites as a pretext, because he is afraid of the independence which I am to gain through the *Welt.*

June 20

Had supper yesterday with Széchényi Pasha and his wife.

She, a Levantine, is on intimate terms with the Sultan's sister.

I won him and her over to my cause, let it peep out that Széchényi could make some money on it. He liked the idea of it, and said I should send him a memorandum of the matter which he would submit to the Sultan.

June 22

Yesterday a day of great worry. The students had called a rally "to take a stand on the Munich Congress."

This rally was prohibited by the police. I had to exert every effort to get the prohibition lifted. It would demoralize our people. In other ways, too, it could have a very bad effect. Our movement would get the false appearance of being dangerous to the state.

Today I shall send Dr. Landau to the office of the president of the Cabinet Council. There he is to ask whether they intend to force the *Welt,* too, into becoming an organ for exposés and fighting, like the *Zeit.*

Fight your battles with a hatchet man!

June 23

Yesterday another big row with Benedikt. He came into my room, first talked about general and editorial matters, then closed the door and came to speak about the *Welt.*

He was more urgent than previously. The *Welt* must fold.

I am to turn it into a news agency or discontinue it, and the party should issue it in another city, at some other time.

I listened quietly, made no answer.

He begged me: "Be a *bon garçon* [good boy]! Don't be stubborn. *Soyez bon prince* [Be a good prince]! What are you getting out of the *Welt*? You are harming yourself! I feel sorry for you. In the *N. Fr. Pr.* you can really go places. Do I need to spell it out for you? You see the perspective as well as I do. You can go to the top with us. This way, however, you are causing us the greatest embarrassment. We can't stand there as a Jewish sheet. Especially now, when for the first time in six years there is a rapprochement again between the German-Nationals and ourselves (fight over the language ordinances), you start that stuff. I am (still!) speaking with you not as the editor, but as a personal friend. Give it up, and it won't be to your disadvantage."

I only kept silent. He looked at me with the greatest excitement. He begged, promised, threatened.

Finally I said to him: "You are not well informed about the mood of the public.

"Your readers wouldn't object if you wrote about Zionism. You've become too much of a newspaper baron, you have too many people who want favors from you; people tell you what you want to hear, and you don't hear the truth any more."

I finally asked for time to think it over, and we left the office together.

It is clear to me that the break with the *N. Fr. Pr.* is imminent in the next few days.

In the evening I informed the Actions Committee of my difficulties with the *N. Fr. Pr.* on account of the *Welt.*

June 24

On the train. *En route* to Ischl.

At the station in Linz I just saw Bacher, who evidently is coming from Carlsbad and also going to Ischl. Since I have had enough excitement with Benedikt in Vienna in recent days, I avoided Bacher, pretended not to have seen him, and quickly

entered my compartment again. Perhaps he did not notice me. In Ischl we shall probably run into each other anyway and probably have an argument. The state of my nerves, to be sure, makes me wish not to have any exciting discussions now.

* * *

Yesterday was an interesting day. I had decided to ask Benedikt for leave, in order to put a stop to this daily strain on my heart in those excited conversations with him.

Riding my bicycle to the office yesterday, I said to myself: this is probably the last time I am going to the *Neue Freie Presse* which has been the object of such ardent efforts on my part over so many years. These serious differences must finally lead to my withdrawal, because I can't possibly accede to Benedikt's demand, namely, to discontinue the *Welt*.

And, strangely enough, at the thought of leaving this much-envied position on the *N. Fr. Pr.*, the recognized top literary post in Vienna, I felt a sort of graduate's relief. I had a similar feeling when I left school.

I further thought to myself: this is what death must be like. The only painful thing—more painful psychically than physically—is probably the agony. Death itself may really be a relief to the dying man.

Then I quite cheerfully packed my *feuilleton* files, put things in order, just as a good housewife hangs up her bunch of keys before she lies down, feeling death coming. Nevertheless, I realize clearly now as before that with my departure from the *N. Fr. Pr.*, overnight I could become a has-been.

The last conversation with Benedikt took a calmer course than I had thought. I told him:

"With your consent I want to go on leave now. I am now acquainted with your point of view in the matter of the *Welt*, and I shall write you my answer by the first of July."

He quickly answered: "Don't write to me! I am convinced that you will obey me. I am speaking as your true friend—of

course, in my interest as well, but not without considering yours. You do yourself harm when you come forward as a Jew."

I said: "Harm? One can harm oneself only by committing some rascality."

He cried: "Certainly the two of us don't need to talk about character. No one is going to say or believe anything like that about you."

I concluded: "So I am going on leave now. I shall send you *feuilletons*. I haven't been able to do any work here. These conversations with you have excited me too much."

He replied: "Me, too! So you are heeding my friendly advice. You'll promise me that you'll give up the *Welt*, won't you?"

However, I didn't promise him anything, but only shook my head mutely.

Nevertheless, we parted "as friends."

* * *

In the afternoon Bloch telephoned Steiner and requested a talk. Steiner should propose a "peace treaty" to me. Bloch is afraid that his *Wochenschrift* could be ruined and is prepared to merge with the *Welt*. He begs for peace. He wants to join Zionism; all he asks is to be kept alive.

He wants to place his paper completely at the disposal of our party. We are to appoint the editors, he will pay them. Or we should make the *Welt* a supplement to the *Wochenschrift*.

Naturally I am rejecting this belated proposal. I am only letting him formulate this so precisely so that later we will be able to rub his nose in his filth when he attacks us in the pay of the rich Jews.

Bloch's proposal is the first instance of lightning panic, such as we shall probably see repeatedly on our way.

* * *

The rally of the Zionist students, which was prohibited the day before yesterday, could have done us great harm among the cowardly philistines.

It was an unfavorable wind; I hastened to bring our boat in front of the wind again by hoisting the sails differently. The prohibition of Zionist meetings could kill our movement. Today it is still too weak to resist. Then, too, I was worried that the Zionist Federation could be dissolved following denunciations on the part of Community Jews.

That is why I sent Landau to the office of the president of the Cabinet Council and had him demand something *impossible:* permission for the prohibited rally. That, I knew, we would not get—but we would explore the feeling for or against us, and precisely through the immodesty of a request for a special privilege give ourselves the appearance of people who have a right to make demands.

And this is what happened, if I am correctly informed by Landau. He received the friendliest assurances from Dr. Rosner (the "niece of the coalition"), and Badeni gave permission to hold a meeting with the prohibited agenda, provided that it was not convened by students.

At the same time, Badeni took cognizance through Rosner of the anti-Socialist *Welt,* and Government Councilor Wohl in the office of the Chief of Police was pop-eyed when Landau transmitted to him the "hint from the top."

In politics one must use difficulties for getting ahead.

July 22

Again on the train, once more *en route* to Ischl. In the weeks that have passed I haven't had a moment to make entries in this new "Log-book of the Mayflower," as the correspondent of the London *Pall Mall Gazette* called it when he interviewed me yesterday at Reichenau about the Congress and Zionism.

I can't even remember any more all that I neglected to record. The time is past when I was able to note down the little crises of the day. The *Welt* will have to come to the aid of my memory at some future date when I write my memoirs. The *Welt* is giving me a tremendous amount of work.

The most interesting thing since my last train-entry was the necessary shifting of the Congress from Munich to Basel. I did not like the idea of going to Munich, which had from the outset seemed unsuitable to me and which I had accepted only in deference to the majority of the "Committee on Arrangements." Therefore I utilized the pitiful patriotic protests of the Munich Community chiefs to transfer the Congress to Switzerland.

Basel was chosen after a survey made by our stalwart new collaborator, Dr. Farbstein of Zurich.

However, despite this I asked Prince Wrede to address a confidential inquiry to the Bavarian government as to whether it would have had anything against the Congress. Minister Feilitsch confidentially replied to Wrede that the government had no objections to the Congress (*scil.,* did not favor it either).

* * *

I received a letter from Newlinski at Etretat that had a more favorable tone. He had probably lost interest in the movement. The Congress seems to make an impression on him. He declares again that he has never ceased "serving the sacred cause and its prophet."

* * *

At last a fine letter from Széchényi Pasha at Constantinople, in response to the outline (contained in the copy book) which I sent him.

My project is again being discussed in Yildiz Kiosk. That alone is worth something.

* * *

What else of an "intimate" nature ought to be recorded *pro futuro* [for the future]?

The other day Dr. Kokesch was deeply hurt because in the agenda (which I made) of the Congress (which I am making) of the Zionists (whom I am making) I did not include a change proposed by the "Committee on Arrangements" (which doesn't

do a thing). He said: "We are not merely the privy council of an absolute monarch."

Ischl, July 29

Another letter from Széchényi Pasha. He writes that the first favorite, whom he had already won for the proposal and who was supposed to put it before the Sultan along with the prayer rug, had then changed his mind again. Thereupon he had turned to another favorite who was "even more influential" and would perhaps do it.

I am writing him today that he should just persevere and try to create a *courant d'opinion* [current of opinion]: tossed-off remarks—"that would be the best solution of all difficulties," and the like—could have a great effect. My friends and I would never forget his services.

Vienna, August 14

Work on the Congress and on the *Welt* in addition to the *Neue Freie Presse* is now exhausting all my strength, so that I can't even muster the energy to make entries in this log-book of the new Mayflower.

I had been prepared for a collision with Bacher upon returning from my vacation. However, he kept silent, and the day before yesterday he even jokingly drew my attention to an editorial in the *Deutsche Zeitung* about the Zionist Congress. He may be waiting for Benedikt's return to settle the *Welt* problem. Perhaps the row will come when I try to leave again the end of this week.

* * *

The Zionists of business and philanthropy are coming round to me again, having realized that they cannot frustrate the Congress.

Bambus is said to have the intention of coming to Basel. He won't get a membership card. Little Dr. Kohn, of the "Group

Kohn-Rapoport," also known as Group Korah, who tried to bring about a split among the Zionists in Vienna, has made application for membership. He gets a journalist's card, at the most. Colonel Goldsmid writes me a letter oozing with friendship. I am answering that he should still come, otherwise he would be eliminated from the nationalist movement forever; I will build him a golden bridge. Finally, Scheid, the intriguer, the man of mismanagement, is coming to Vienna one of these days—allegedly on account of the "wine business"; however, I am convinced that he is doing it because he wants to get closer to me out of fear of the Congress. At the same time he took out a year's subscription to the *Welt* and luxuriously paid 20 francs instead of 17 for it. The excess shall be returned to him together with an ironic remark.

* * *

Newlinski is coming to Basel in order to report to the Sultan. In his letters from Etretat he claims to have instructions to this effect. I am pretending to believe it. Obviously he only wants to see if there is anything to the whole business.

N. writes there is a chance that the Sultan will reply to our telegram of greeting. A subsequent letter says again that difficulties have cropped up. Consequently the whole thing was not true. But Newlinski can be useful to me in Constantinople just the same.

Je vais le soigner [I am going to nurse him along].

* * *

Yesterday I sent a small silver center-piece to Constantinople for the rummage sale for wounded soldiers.

August 23

Once again on the train, this time *en route* to Basel, to the Zionist Congress. The amount of work in recent days was enormous.

The apprehended row with Bacher has not taken place to date. He was even amiable the last few days before my departure.

I did a lot of work for the *N. Fr. Pr.*, in order to put him in a good mood. When I asked for my additional leave, he acted a bit grumpy, but then did excuse me until September 2. Whereupon he got to speak about my movement. My collaboration with the *Welt* must cease, he said.

I replied: "I have published a total of only one signed article in the *Welt*."

He said: "What else are you doing, then? Surely you don't want to become an itinerant preacher?"

"No," I said, "I don't want to be a professional politician. If that had been my desire, I would have accepted one of the candidacies for the Reichsrat that were offered to me." Serenissimus,* as we call him at the office, bantered almost graciously: "Some pleasure *that* would be! I'd almost prefer to sit in the Zionist Congress than in the Reichsrat.—But you ought to stop now. You are a man of letters, aren't you, and, after all, you are an intelligent man."

"Yes, indeed, because I want to be an intelligent man I am bringing my work under the aegis of the Congress. Otherwise everything up to now would have been nonsense. I have fashioned a Congress for the Jews, and let the people help themselves from this point on, if they really want to. As for myself, there are times when I have had more than my fill of the whole thing."

And that's the way it is. Of late I have felt much disgust. If the Congress produces no serious results, I intend to withdraw from the campaign and confine myself to keeping the flame alive in the *Welt*.

Bacher had a satisfied expression when I said this. And when I told him good-bye on Saturday, he said with a pleased grin: "Give my regards to the Zionists."

"All right," I said—"of course, not officially."

* * *

* Translator's Note: "His Serene Highness," a half-affectionate, half-ironic nickname for a reigning monarch.

So we shall see what the Congress brings. If, as a consequence, the political powers take the matter under consideration—if, for example, the German Kaiser sends for me—I shall keep on working. If not, and if the moneyed Jews also show no readiness to carry forward the movement which I have brought to this stage at such great personal and material sacrifice, I shall retire.

Should I be offered the presidency of the Congress, I shall at any rate accept it only this once. Even if I go on directing the movement, I do not wish to preside over the Congress again.

Fact is—which I conceal from everyone—that I have only an army of *shnorrers* [beggars].

I am in command only of boys, beggars, and prigs. Some of them exploit me. Others are already jealous or disloyal. The third kind drop off as soon as some little career opens up for them. Few of them are unselfish enthusiasts. Nevertheless, this army would be entirely sufficient if only success were in sight. Then it would quickly become a well-conditioned, regular army.

So we shall see what the immediate future holds in store.

August 24

On the train, *en route* to Zurich.

This morning, when I was coming down the stairs in the Tiroler Hof, who should step up to me? Hechler! He had been there since the night before, and was delivering a lecture in the salon about me and my movement while I was taking a solitary evening stroll through the streets of Innsbruck, thinking of anything but that the *upper ten** in the Tiroler Hof were at that moment being instructed in Zionism by a clergyman.

Hechler groaned softly but audibly about the discomfort of his third-class trip.

I shall wire him 25 guilders from Buchs, with which he can convert his ticket into second class.

* * *

An odd thing, one of the secret curiosities of the Congress is the fact that most of the threads which I have spun up to now

* In English in the original.

will converge in Basel. Hechler is here, Newlinski will be, and *tutti quanti* [all the rest] who have helped in creating the people's movement under my direction. It will be one of my tasks to keep them from noticing one another too much, for they would probably lose something of their faith in the cause and in me if they saw with what slight means I have built up the present structure. The whole thing is one of those balancing feats which look just as natural after they are accomplished as they seemed improbable before they were undertaken.

One of my worries is Newlinski—both what he will say about my people and what my people will say about him. I must endeavor to keep him *à l'écart* [apart]. I consider it entirely possible that the Bambuses, the little Kohns, even Dr. Landau, for whom I have created a position and in whom I already scent disloyalty and ingratitude, will run up to Newlinski and run me down.

I shall demand of Newlinski *une fidélité absolue* [absolute loyalty], explain clearly to him that he is to know no one but me. He should not have dealings with anyone, not let himself be sounded out by anyone. I may invite him to an inner committee meeting, but only if it is a highly opportune occasion.

On the other hand, if only because of Newlinski, I must give the Congress a certain *tournure* [style].

In other ways, too, the direction of these proceedings will, I believe, be a rare feat which will have no other spectator than the one who is performing it.

An egg-dance amongst eggs which are all invisible.

1. Egg of the *N. Fr. Pr.* which I must not compromise or furnish a pretext for easing me out.
2. Egg of the Orthodox.
3. Egg of the Modernists.
4. Egg of Austrian patriotism.
5. Egg of Turkey, of the Sultan.
6. Egg of the Russian government, against which nothing unpleasant may be said, although the deplorable situation of the Russian Jews *will* have to be mentioned.

7. Egg of the Christian denominations, on account of the Holy Places.

In short, it is a concise digest of all the difficulties with which I have struggled until now. Added to this are a few other dance-eggs:

Egg Edmond Rothschild.

Egg Hovevei Zion in Russia.

Egg of the colonists, whose help from Rothschild must not be queered, *tout en considérant leurs misères* [while taking proper account of their troubles].

Then, the eggs of personal differences.

Egg of envy, egg of jealousy. I must conduct the movement impersonally and yet cannot let the reins out of my hands.

It is one of the labors of Hercules—without overestimating it—for I no longer have any zest for it.

August 27, Basel

Congress days!

Upon my arrival the day before yesterday I went right to the office which the City of Basel has placed at our disposal.

It is a vacant tailor's shop. I am having the name of the firm covered over with a cloth, in order to forestall any bad jokes.

Similarly, in the matter of a hall I am concerned about our not looking ridiculous. Dr. Farbstein of Zurich has hired the Burgvogtei, a large but unsuitable place with a music-hall stage. I asked for suggestions as to how we could make the backdrops for the *saltimbanques* [tumblers] disappear, but ended up by hiring different and more dignified quarters.

* * *

To the Braunschweig Restaurant, where the food is quite bad, every train brings Congress members from all sorts of places, caked with coal-dust, sweaty from their journey, full of intentions—most of them with good ones, a few with bad.

Last night there arrived the "enemies" Turow, Kohn, and an

unpleasantly sly-looking man from Warsaw, a certain Rabbinowicz, a real Judas, who started out by assuring me of his esteem.

In the afternoon Mr. Bourlier from Paris called on me and interviewed me for the *Journal*.

All day there were caucuses of the Russians, conferring about I don't know what.

My fine friend Wolffsohn from Cologne foresees dissension and division.

We shall admit Bambus, Turow, and even little Kohn to the Congress after all.

Morning of August 30, Basel

I no longer need to write the history of yesterday; it is already being written by others.

I was calm and took note of the smallest details even yesterday. I have to leave for a session now and won't record the intimate details until the train ride home: Nordau's ill-humor at the preliminary conference because he was not made president, and how I gradually soothed his spirits.

Many people were profoundly moved yesterday—I was quite calm, as one should be when events occur as planned. Only when I mounted the dais, immediately after my acclamation as president, and found among the mail the *first* letter from my Hans, was I greatly stirred. At the presidential table—the present significance of which I am not overestimating, but which will grow in history—I wrote Congress postcards to my parents, my wife, and each of my children, Pauline, Hans, and Trude.

This is perhaps the first act of childishness I have committed in two years, since the movement began.

September 3, Vienna

The past few days, the most important since the conception of the idea that time in Paris, have now rushed past. In Basel and on the way home I was too exhausted to make notes, although they are more necessary than ever, because other people, too,

are already noticing that our movement has entered the stream of history.

Were I to sum up the Basel Congress in a word—which I shall guard against pronouncing publicly—it would be this: At Basel I founded the Jewish State.

If I said this out loud today, I would be answered by universal laughter. Perhaps in five years, and certainly in fifty, everyone will know it. The foundation of a State lies in the will of the people for a State, yes, even in the will of one sufficiently powerful individual (*l'État c'est moi* [I am the State]—Louis XIV). Territory is only the material basis; the State, even when it possesses territory, is always something abstract. The Church State exists even without it; otherwise the Pope would not be sovereign.

At Basel, then, I created this abstraction which, as such, is invisible to the vast majority of people. And with infinitesimal means. I gradually worked the people into the mood for a State and made them feel that they were its National Assembly.

One of my first practical ideas, months ago, was that people should be made to attend the opening session in tails and white tie. This worked out splendidly. Formal dress makes most people stiff. This stiffness immediately gave rise to a sedate tone—one they might not have had in light-colored summer suits or travel clothes—and I did not fail to heighten this tone to the point of solemnity.

Nordau had turned up on the first day in a frock coat and flatly refused to go home and change to a full-dress suit. I drew him aside and begged him to do it as a favor to me. I told him: today the presidium of the Zionist Congress is nothing at all, we still have to establish everything. People should get used to seeing the Congress as a most exalted and solemn thing. He allowed himself to be persuaded, and in return I hugged him gratefully. A quarter of an hour later he returned in formal dress.

In general it was my constant concern during those three days to make Nordau forget that he was playing second fiddle at the Congress, something from which his self-esteem visibly suffered.

Fasse ich den Basler Congress
in ein Wort zusammen – das ich
mich hüten werde öffentlich aus-
zusprechen – so ist es dieses: in Basel
habe ich den Judenstaat gegründet.
Wenn ich das heute laut sagte, würde
mir ein universelles Gelächter ant-
worten. Vielleicht in fünf Jahren,
jedenfalls in fünfzig wird es Jeder
einsehen. Der Staat ist wesentlich
im Staatswillen des Volkes, ja selbst
eines genügend mächtigen Einzelnen
(l'état c'est moi Ludwig XIV) be-
gründet. Territorium ist nur die
concrete Unterlage, der Staat ist
selbst wo er Territorium hat immer
etwas Abstracter. Der Kirchenstaat
besteht auch ohne Territorium, sonst
wäre der Papst nicht souverän.

Ich habe also in Basel dieses Ab-
straktum geschaffen. Eigentlich mit
infinitesimalen Mitteln. Ich hetzte
die Leute allmälig in die Staats-
stimmung hinein, brachte ihnen
das Gefühl bei, dass wir die Na-
tionalversammlung wären.

Facsimile of a page of Herzl's Diaries. The page contains the passage beginning with the words: "In Basle I founded the Jewish State . . . ," the full text of which appears on page 582.

On every occasion I emphasized that I was in the chair purely for technical reasons, because of my knowledge of persons and details, and that in all other situations he was entitled to precedence. This improved his mood somewhat; fortunately, too, his speech was more successful than my purely political one, and I went about everywhere acclaiming his address as the best at the Congress.

Similarly I had to smooth down a few other sensibilities that had been ruffled in the crush. Steiner had been passed by in the elections of the committees, and went about with a deeply offended air. I hastened to make him chairman for the gala reception and head of the organization committee, whereupon he settled himself on the speakers' platform and kept the speakers from going up there. They had to talk from the floor, while he sat on a chair on the platform. Also among those offended were Mintz and a few others whom I had spoken to too harshly because they sat daydreaming and motionless at the presidential table instead of taking minutes and helping me conduct the proceedings.

Everything rested on my shoulders; and this is not just something I am telling myself, for it was proved when on the afternoon of the third day I left because of fatigue and turned the chairmanship over to Nordau. Then everything was helter-skelter, and I was told afterwards that it was pandemonium.

Even before I took the chair, things didn't click.

Good Dr. Lippe of Jassy, as the senior member, presided. It had been agreed that he was to talk for ten minutes at most. In the great hubbub he had not submitted his speech to me; and now, when he was standing up there, he spoke without stopping for a half-hour and made one blunder after another. I sat below him on the platform, next to Nordau, sent word up to Lippe four times, begging him to stop and finally threatening him. The thing was beginning to verge on the ridiculous.

Then I was called upon to speak. I was greeted with storms of applause, but I was calm and remained so and intentionally refrained from bowing, so as to keep things at the outset from

turning into *cabotinage* [a cheap performance] or *conférence* [showmanship].

Then the presiding committee was elected by acclamation. We walked up. The Congress cheered.

I called upon Nordau. He spoke wonderfully. He is and will remain a monument of our age. When he returned to the presidential table, I came toward him and said: *Monumentum aere perennium* [A monument more enduring than bronze]!

Then the reports went off according to schedule. And now it became clear why I had had to go to the Palais Bourbon for four years. Subsconsciously I was full of the niceties of parliamentary procedure. I was affable and energetic after the model of Floquet, and at critical moments I endeavored to coin *mots présidentiels* [presidential phrases].

On the first day I made a number of mistakes; by the second, according to the consensus, I had already become fully equal to the situation. There were critical moments—e.g., when a certain Mandelkern got up and moved a vote of thanks on the part of the Congress to Baron Edmond Rothschild. I rejected this proposal *a limine* [outright], because we had no right to vote in this fashion on a question of principle, infiltration. I pulverized Mandelkern* by saying that he was placing the Congress in the embarrassing position of having to choose between ingratitude toward a charitable enterprise and the abandonment of principles. The Congress cheered me.

Another critical moment—when the Birnbaum scandal occurred. This Birnbaum, who had deserted Zionism for Socialism three years before I appeared on the scene, poses obtrusively as my "predecessor." In his brazen begging-letters, which he wrote me and others, he sets himself up as the discoverer and founder of Zionism, because he has written a pamphlet like many another since Pinsker (whom, after all, I had not read either).

He now had a few young people make the proposal that the

* Translator's Note: Herzl had a little linguistic fun here. *"Mandelkern"* is the German word for "almond."

secretary-general of the Actions Committee be elected directly and paid by the Congress. And this creature, who at the first National Assembly of the Jews has no other thought but to get himself voted a stipend, has the nerve to compare himself to me. And as in his *shnorring* letters, here, too, the audacity along with his begging. The secretary-general, as trusted representative of the Congress, is supposed to counter-balance the other twenty-two members of the Actions Committee!

I declared that I could not imagine how under such circumstances anyone would accept a seat on that committee.

The motion fell through ignominiously. It was the only discordant note at the Congress, instigated by Schalit, a young man whom I had showered with kindness.

Mrs. Sonnenschein of the *American Jewess* said to me during this incident—I had handed the chair over to Nordau—"They will crucify you yet—and I will be your Magdalene."

Otherwise everything went quite smoothly. Since I was not in the hall during the debate on colonization, Bambus ventured to the platform and sneaked himself onto some committee. I let the bastard go, also let that rascal Scheid go unscathed, because in the meantime the Congress had taken such a turn toward greatness that I did not want to spoil the impression any more with these annoyances.

Qu'ils aillent se faire pendre ailleurs [Let them go and get themselves hanged elsewhere].

Perhaps the most important episode, from the point of view of principle—although it may have gone completely unnoticed—was my introduction of the representative system, that is, the National Assembly. The next Congress will consist only of delegates.

On taking leave of Nordau, I said to him: "Next year we shall define things further. You will become president of the Congress, I, of the Executive Committee."

However, he was unwilling to commit himself in any way.

Minor incidents without number.

Everybody came to me for information about everything, important and indifferent. Four or five people were always talking to me at the same time. An enormous mental strain, since everybody had to be given a definite decision. I felt as though I had to play thirty-two games of chess simultaneously.

And the Congress was magnificent. Once, while Nordau was presiding, I entered the hall from the rear. The long, green table on the dais, with the elevated seat of the president, the platform draped in green, the table for stenographers and the press, all made such a strong impression on me that I quickly walked out again, so as not to lose my composure. Later I found my own explanation why I was so relaxed while everyone else was excited and dazed.

I had no idea how magnificent the Congress looked in this sober concert-hall with its unadorned grey walls. I had had no previous experience of such things, otherwise I, too, would probably have been swept with emotion.

And my best memory of these Congress days is of a few quarter-hour chats at night on the balcony of the Hotel Trois Rois with that fine old banker Gustav G. Cohen, whom I had nicknamed "Beaujolais fleuri" after the small French wine he drank at meals.

September 4, on the train to Ischl

When, upon my return two days ago, I came into the office of the *N. Fr. Pr.*, a salvo of laughter greeted my appearance in the city room. The chorus was composed of Schütz, Kollmer (né Kohn), Oppenheim, etc.

I put a good face on it. When I entered Bacher's room, he received me with an uncertain smile. He didn't want to hear a word about that business, he said. But I had learned from Münz that he had sent for all the Swiss newspapers.

Then we talked for half an hour about everyday matters. He told me the story of a thrilling detective novel he had just read. The funny thing about it was that he kept turning so that I wouldn't catch sight of the thick packet of newspapers in his

outer coat pocket. They were the Swiss papers which had just arrived.

• • •

Newlinski has now proved himself a scoundrel toward me too.

Yesterday, when I called on him in order to discuss the results of the Basel Congress and the next moves to be made in Turkey, he told me that he had spoken with Edmond Rothschild in Paris.

I was thunderstruck, for he could only have gone to Rothschild as a traitor. For an entree he had probably used my confidential letters, in which I wrote about my plans for the Congress.

He acted very reserved, did not want to name the persons who had put him in touch with Rothschild. I presume it was that other rascal, Scheid.

Fortunately I managed to keep myself under control. He told me Rothschild had expressed the opinion that my *Jewish State* had done a lot of damage; Rothschild was against me.

From now on I shall be on my guard against this scoundrel, but I must not break with him, because he can do me enormous harm in Constantinople—far more harm than he could ever have done me good. I did not even dare to let on what I thought of his low-down trick. I even wound up by telling him, as though I believed in his sincerity, that he had done well to join me, now that I was obviously in control of the entire movement.

"*Vous ne vous êtes pas embarqué sur une mauvaise galère* [You didn't get aboard a bad hooker]."

• • •

Italian and French papers report that the Vatican has issued a circular letter protesting in the name of Christendom against the projected occupation of the Holy Places by the Jews. One of these days I plan to ask the Viennese Nuncio for a confidential audience.

• • •

On my return to Vienna the day after tomorrow, I intend to address the following letter to Count Badeni:

Your Excellency will, I hope, remember your humble servant from the negotiations about a newspaper which were conducted two years ago.

Until now I have made no use of the permission, most graciously accorded me then, to request a private audience at some time.

Now there is an occasion of whose importance I hope to convince Your Excellency if I am favored with a chance to explain it. However, I beg Your Excellency not to grant me the conference at the time of the general audiences, but perhaps some evening, when Your Excellency has a free half-hour. Also, it would be desirable in the interest of complete secrecy if Your Excellency notified me not through official channels, but directly: on such-and-such a day, at such-and-such an hour.

Assuring Your Excellency of my absolute devotion, I am

Most respectfully,
Dr. Theodor Herzl.

September 6, on the train to Vienna

For the time being I am not sending the letter to Badeni, in order to wait and see what attitude the *N. Fr. Pr.* is going to take after Benedikt's return.

However, I will in any case seek immediate contact with the Papal Nuncio in Vienna—if he will receive me—and get the Congress report into the hands of the German Kaiser.

* * *

A Basel memory.

In deference to religious considerations, I went to the synagogue on Saturday before the Congress. The head of the congregation called me up to the Torah. I had the brother-in-law of my Paris friend Beer, Mr. Markus of Meran, drill the *brokhe* [benediction] into me. And then I climbed the steps to the altar,

I was more excited than on all the Congress days. The few Hebrew words of the *brokhe* caused me more anxiety than my welcoming and closing address and the whole direction of the proceedings.

September 9, Vienna

Birnbaum, more brazen and beggar-like, is playing all his cards to become secretary-general. As yet there is not a penny in receipts and already he wants his debts paid by the committee as well as a job (evidently a lifetime one) paying—at least—1800 guilders a year.

For what? For a pamphlet, which has remained obscure, and a few articles.

When I appeared on the scene, he had been away from Zionism for three years, having gone over to Socialism.

Despite this he had it spread around in Basel that without Birnbaum, Herzl and the Basel Congress would not have been possible. Great applause!

I knew my people when I had the "group" photographed in the Café Louvre.

Rabbi Seff made an interesting proposal. The Russian Jews in America should be trained.

I had an idea along this line: Jewish rifle clubs.

* * *

Goldbaum sent me the following item from a German paper:

London, Sept, 7 (Telegr) . The *Daily News* reports from Rome that Msgr. Bonetti, the apostolic representative in Constantinople, has delivered a holograph letter to the Pope from the Sultan expressing the latter's satisfaction at the imminent peace treaty. The Pope is reported to have called Msgr. Bonetti to Rome in order to consult with him on measures to be taken against the Zionist movement. In this matter the Pope is said to have turned to France as well, as the protector of the Christians in the Orient (?).

Even earlier, Italian papers had taken over from the *Osservatore Romano* the news that the Vatican intended to make a protest against the occupation of Palestine by Jews.

I am now writing the following letter to the local Nuncio, Msgr. Emigidius Taliani, Archbishop of Sebaste, Apost. Nuncio:

Monsignor:*

I have the honor of requesting Your Excellency for an audience in order to speak to you about Zionism, a movement which quite recently held its Congress at Basel, under my chairmanship. During the past year I had the honor of having a rather lengthy talk on the subject with Your Excellency's illustrious predecessor, Monsignor Agliardi. Since then important events have taken place. I humbly believe that it would be of some interest to His Holiness the Pope to have accurate information about our movement, and I should be happy to furnish it to Your Excellency with absolute frankness and in the hope of not displeasing His Holiness. The news items in the press are, for the most part, absurd travesties, and they could inspire regrettable judgments as well as decisions that might be irremediable. I have friends in Rome, but not everything can be explained in writing, and in my opinion it is urgent that I be heard before *Roma sit locuta* [Rome has spoken]. I have every reason to believe that the enlightened leaders of the Church will not regret having listened to me. Until this day I have not betrayed the confidence of the princes and the statesmen who have honored me with it. Do permit me to assure you in advance of my absolute discretion.

Since I am still in the country, I beg Your Excellency to address the reply you might care to make to me at the offices of the newspaper *Die Welt*, Vienna II, Rembrandtstrasse 11. My associates will immediately forward the letter to me; it might be useful to put it in an envelope without a coat of arms.

If Your Excellency is kind enough to receive me, I should like to request that I be scheduled for an evening hour when there will be no other visitors.

* In French in the original.

Please accept, Monsignor, these expressions of my deep respect and absolute devotion.

Dr. Theodor Herzl.

September 11

Received a card from the secretary of the nunciature: the Nuncio is receiving every day between 10 and 12 a.m. So he does not wish to receive me separately, but in the general audience. I shall go there on Tuesday the 14th.

In today's *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, the second editorial about the Zionist Congress. Dry presentation of the facts with subtle malice toward the *N. Fr. Pr.*, "whose most prominent contributor, Dr. Th. H., was president of the Congress."

Bacher was extraordinarily amiable today.

When we were leaving, S. Münz came and told us that the Pope had called Msgr. Bonetti from Constantinople to Rome, in order to discuss steps against Zionism with him.

Bacher grinned: that would be tremendous publicity for Zionism.

Münz *abondait dans ce sens* [also was of this opinion]: hadn't I got this item into the papers?

I said: Don't give me credit for any such Macchiavellian designs. I am a *posheter yid* [simple Jew].

Bacher laughed.

September 23, Vienna

Events come and go about which I would have written many pages in the early period of the movement. Now they rush past, crowd one another out, before I have had time to get them down.

The Nuncio did not receive me when I came. His servant told me in broken German: "You are quite unknown to His Excellency. Come back when Msgr. Montagnini is here."

I marched out.

Rome seems to have calmed down since then. It was a *fausse*

alerte [false alarm]. Perhaps they took the Rothschilds' word for it that there was "nothing to it." Sooner or later I shall have to start a campaign against the Rothschilds. *Titre tout indiqué* [The definitely indicated title]: "The House of Rothschild"—objective presentation of the world menace that this octopus constitutes.

In the *Politische Korrespondenz* there was a disdainful denial to the effect that the Curia had not made the Zionist Congress the object of diplomatic action, and would not do so in the future either.

However, Rome did get interested in it.

Newlinski performed me an honest service in his *Correspondance de l'Est,* in the form of two articles, the first of which pacified Rome, the second, Constantinople.

The day before yesterday I went to see him at Steinamanger —he had called me urgently from Vasvar—and in the shabby restaurant at the railroad station we drafted the letter which I am to write the Sultan. The letter will go off tomorrow, to Nuri Bey.

Newlinski is my *directeur du protocole* [protocol counselor], he tells me the hundred-and-one petty details of diplomatic etiquette, e.g., that the letter to the Sultan is to be sealed with five seals, but should bear no inscription.

He told me that ready money should be made available for Nuri Bey—*une vingtaine de mille francs comme entrée en matière* [some twenty thousand francs to start with]. And our movement consists of beggars, even though in the background there are the big moneybags of the I.C.A., etc. What feats I am performing in this respect will never be understood, never appreciated.

I must make my tools myself to fell the tree. The Stone Age of politics!

Today, incidentally, I plan to stir up the committee, so that they will help after all!

* * *

Yesterday Benedikt returned from his vacation. He made a face *this* long at me. I spoke unabashedly about the Congress. He kept silent, furious.

Whereupon I switched to pleasant subjects.

September 24

Last night, session of the Inaction Committee at Dr. Kokesch's. So far nothing has been done.

Dr. Birnbaum, the "secretary-general," has as his only general secretion to date one document which guarantees him employment for one year and against which he wants to rent furniture.

My good Schnirer, who is certainly as honest as the day is long and an energetic person, demanded as the most important thing an "agenda" for the Actions Committee. But behind this guilelessness there may be the wish to interfere with me.

I requested the gentlemen first of all to raise some money for the "action." So far I have simply paid everything that has been needed out of my pocket. If the committee wishes to "co-rule," it must first pass the test of strength—getting 5000 guilders into the treasury.

Kokesch declares this to be a flat impossibility. *Quod est demonstrandum* [Which has to be demonstrated]. He is a fine person, too; but where would we be if we were dependent upon him.

They want to issue coupon books on the "shekel." I figure that in this way 833 guilders—and 75 kreuzers will be on hand, unless I make a drive.

After I have made it, Kokesch will probably believe that without him I would never have accomplished anything.

October 6 (Day of Atonement)

I am now tacking the *Jewish Company.**

The Basel Congress meant the creation of the *Society of Jews** looking forward to the Jewish State, although with opportunistic

* In English in the original.

modifications and weakly executed. The work of the coming year will be the establishment of the *Jewish Company*, provisionally named the Jewish Colonial Bank.

I have entered into correspondence on the subject with Schidrowitz, who is on news agency duty in London, and I am writing a pseudonymous article, intended to open the discussion, for the next number of the *Welt*.

During the coming months the idea of a bank will arouse the lower instincts of Israel, just as the idea of the Congress frightened the higher ones and ended by inspiring them.

October 17

On idle days I am too exhausted, on full ones too occupied, to make any entries in this diary. Thus it actually becomes poorer and poorer while the movement becomes richer and richer. When I began to write down the novel of my life, all the shadows that moved across my soul, and all the lights as well, were on these pages. Now everything has moved up to the surface. I am also more aware of my responsibility to express myself about persons, because obviously these diaries will some day be material for the history of the Jews.

In this way a great deal goes by unrecorded. Yet there are details of great significance, such as this one:

A few days ago I told young Schalit, whom I had hired as an editor of the *Welt* upon his request, to write a letter. Another student was present in the office, and Schalit acted as though he had not heard my instructions. When we were alone again, he requested me not to give him such orders in front of strangers. I said that he could well put up with this. He retorted that I did not realize how frequently I insulted people.

I: "When did I ever offend you?"

He: "For instance, in Basel, at the preliminary conference, when you yelled to me to stand by the door and let no one in."

Then it suddenly occurred to me that at the Congress this Schalit was responsible for the Birnbaum incident, the only

blot on the three days. In Basel I forgave him for it, because I took it for thoughtlessness and ineptitude. Now I recognized it for what it was: an act of revenge.

• • •

Last night at half past ten, when I returned from the theater, I found a telephone message from Bacher, asking me to come to the office right away. I thought a brawl over my article "Mauschel" was in the offing and once again got ready to do battle. These alerts don't do one's heart any good, but they strengthen a man morally.

Fausse alerte [false alarm]. All he wanted was a change in a brief item that I had written for today's number.

• • •

The *Daily Chronicle* proposes a European conference for the settlement of the Jewish Question, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* had proposed previously. This gives me a talking point for my request to the German Kaiser for an audience.

• • •

Draft (first to be discussed with Hechler):

Your Imperial Majesty:

At the suggestion of His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Baden I am addressing a respectful request for an audience directly to Your Imperial Highness.

Through my book *The Jewish State*, which was published early in 1896, there came into being in all parts of the world a movement called the Zionist movement. It has stirred many hundreds of thousands of people.

On the last three days of this past August, 204 representatives of the Jewish people from all countries assembled at Basel. This Congress of Jews, which elected me President, formulated the program of Zionism: the creation of a publicly and legally safeguarded home for those Jews who cannot or will not assimilate in their present places of residence.

A few days ago a proposal appeared in the British press to convene a European conference for the discussion and solution of this problem which exists in so many countries. Journals of the most divergent lines—such as the conservative *Pall Mall Gazette* and the radical *Daily Chronicle*—have agreed on the necessity of such a conference. Apart from the fact that the solution of the Jewish Question would also mean the solution of part of the Near Eastern question, a relocation in colonies of the non-absorbable part of Jewry would be a relief to most countries, in which the Jews are either perishing in dire financial straits, are being driven into the arms of the revolutionary parties through social ostracism, or dominate financial affairs in a way deeply regretted by us non-moneyed Jews.

I must fear I should be unable to gain the attention of Your Imperial Majesty for a lengthy discussion in writing. This extremely weighty matter gives rise to so many questions that even the most cursory treatment would have to be unbearably prolix.

If I am most graciously granted an audience, I believe I shall be able to furnish information on all details.

Our movement, which is already wide-spread, has everywhere to fight an embittered battle with the revolutionary parties which rightly sense an adversary in it. We are in need of encouragement, even though it has to be a carefully kept secret. I am placing all my hopes in the Kaiser, who looks beyond the seas with a vision as wide as the world and of whose deeds history will extol precisely those which are not understood by the petty people of the present.

Whenever and wherever Your Majesty may summon me for an audience, I shall be at hand immediately.

With profound respect, I remain

Your Imperial Majesty's very obedient servant
Dr. Th. H.

To the Grand Duke of Baden:

Your Royal Highness:

Once more I take the liberty of respectfully invoking the aid

of Your Royal Highness. The movement, about which I was permitted to make a report one unforgettable day in Karlsruhe, has since become a subject of international discussion, particularly through the Basel Congress. The struggles and sufferings I have had to go through in the meantime for this humane project have been difficult enough. Now, public opinion in England is calling for a European conference on the territorial solution of the Jewish Question.

Last year Your Royal Highness advised me most graciously to address a request for an audience directly to His Imperial Majesty. Fearing that my application could go unnoticed among countless similar ones, I have been waiting for a sufficiently serious occasion. This now seems to me to be at hand.

If Your Royal Highness would have the goodness to hand my enclosed letter to the Kaiser now that he is staying in Karlsruhe, or to send it on to him, I should know at least that His Majesty has received my request.

May God, who has set the princes so far above the other people and enlightens them, be with my truly serious request.

With deepest respect and gratitude, I remain

Your Royal Highness' devoted
Dr. Th. H.

Dated and mailed on October 22.
Will an answer come???

October 27

Something strange has happened now. On the day after this letter had gone off, the Grand Duke of Baden, who had been living most quietly for a long time, suddenly stepped into the European spotlight.

He had wished to visit the Czar, who was staying at Darmstadt, and this request was denied. The Grand Duke published this fact in the Karlsruhe Court Gazette—and then the hundred-thousand bells of the world press began to ring.

Where is my poor letter now? After all, I know from the hustle

and bustle at my own Congress that at such a moment one no longer knows *où donner de la tête* [whether one is coming or going].

But how odd is this coincidence that I had to write a lost letter to the Grand Duke at the precise moment that quiet man gets into a hurly-burly. One day earlier he might have listened to me—*et encore* [and then]!

On the other hand, a possibility of rendering him a little courtesy has opened up. On the occasion of the denied visit, the *N. Fr. Pr.* published a very sympathetic editorial (by Goldbaum), and yesterday I sent it to the Grand Duke.

Will he express his thanks and, to show his appreciation, forward my letter to the Kaiser? After all, that is all I need. Once I have that audience with the Kaiser, a great deal will have been gained.

But I don't believe it. Since I have been receiving so many letters myself, I have known how hard-hearted the recipient of much mail becomes toward his correspondents. And compared to him, I am still young, poor, powerless.

Leçons des choses [Object lessons]! I am getting to know life from many sides.

* * *

Goldbaum! While rummaging around yesterday, I happened to come across the page-proofs of the *Jewish State,* which he had returned to me uncut.

Now he writes Zionist articles for the *Welt* as "Spectator."

* * *

Dr. Mandelstamm of Kiev is trying to induce a few Kiev millionaires to give money for the formation of a newspaper joint-stock company. One million required. My father and I are willing to give 100,000 guilders if the Russians contribute the remaining 900,000.

Following Mandelstamm's advice I am sending a business representative (Steiner) to Kiev.

Steiner wished to have it stipulated that his name would be in the paper on equal terms with mine. This I categorically refused. He will merely be chief business manager—if something comes of it.

But I am already so exhausted that I don't care whether the paper materializes or not. I have been wasteful in managing my physical resources.

If the Russians put up enough money, it might be possible even to force the *N. Fr. Pr.* to capitulate. With three millions I can easily buy it out, and that would of course be the best thing. With the *N. Fr. Pr.* in our hands we could work wonders. *Vederemo* [We shall see].

* * *

On my walk this afternoon, powerful daydreams once again: about a trip to Palestine next Spring. If I establish the newspaper as well as the Jewish Bank in the coming months, then the ship that I charter for the voyage will no doubt cause a sensation in the Mediterranean.

At the head of a newspaper, supported by a new Ottoman Bank, I am certain of a gala reception by the Sultan.

Fantasies!

But the man who brought the daydreams he had while strolling through the Tuileries gardens and the Palais Royal in June, 1895 to Basel and the Congress may yet sail the Mediterranean Sea as a Jew returning home.

But I am as tired as an old man.

* * *

In this week's number of the *Welt,* I had Kellner launch the Jewish *Trades Unions.**

An article in the *Jewish Chronicle* by Mr. Delaforce (who meant something else—namely, the formation of the traditional English *Trades Unions* in every country) had given me the idea

* In English in original.

of setting up, in the form of such *Trades Unions,* the workingmen's cadres for the coming migration.

Kellner didn't quite understand me; but in the discussion which is being started, it will be possible to develop the idea.

November 5

I sent Steiner to Kiev to speak with Brodsky about the paper which is to be founded. Steiner reports that B., whom Prof. Mandelstamm had prepared, has been won for the project.

November 5

Today, a row with Bacher.

Bloch's *Wochenschrift* carried a perfidious article: "Herzl and the *N. Fr. Pr.*"

After we had taken care of our editorial matters, there was the *Wochenschrift* lying on Bacher's desk. He asked whether I had put it there. I hadn't. But why didn't he read it. He did. Meanwhile I looked out the window. I didn't want to leave before he had finished. Then he said: "This is unbearable. You have to choose between us and the *Welt.*"

I said: "I have acceded to your request not to sign my name in the *Welt.* I can't go any farther. If you consider it incompatible, please tell me so formally. I have made a pledge. It is as if you presumed that I would not keep my word. A man depends upon his word. I shall keep mine, no matter what may be destroyed."

At this—he backed down, gave the conversation a turn to more general things, and we argued about the policy of the *N. Fr. Pr.*

He even said good-bye to me with great cordiality.

I won today's battle. Tomorrow it will probably start up again, on account of my article "The Hunt in Bohemia." It is a creeping crisis with a certain end—my end.

November 24

This afternoon, read my *Ghetto* at Countess Kielmannsegg's. The Count (the governor) came in during the second act, saying

he was very busy and could only stay a moment. Then he remained to the end, with growing interest.

It had come about in this way. Ten days ago I decided to give the *Ghetto* to Director Jauner for the Carltheater. It was simply that I expected once again, as so often before in these past two years, to be removed from the *N. Fr. Pr.* Once out of it, I would be boycotted. Not a soul would take anything from me any longer; least of all would a theatre director risk incurring the displeasure of the *N. Fr. Pr.* because of a Jewish play.

I called Jauner to my place nine days ago and read the *Ghetto* to him. He was delighted, laughed, cried. Only, misgivings about censorship! Would be best, he said, if I read the play to the governor's wife. I consented, he spoke with the Countess—and this afternoon I read it. Reading a great success.

Afterwards I spoke with the governor about the Dreyfus affair which, strangely enough, is active again at this particular time—just as it was three years ago, at the time when I was writing the *Ghetto.*

November 29

Badeni is overthrown. I have been to Parliament during the past few days, watching the last mistakes of this amiable man, who began with too much hand-shaking in the Chamber of Deputies and ended by having the police march in—I happened to be a witness to both the first and the last sessions under Prime Minister Badeni.

The day before yesterday and yesterday, the revolution spilled from Parliament out into the street, and yesterday afternoon the Emperor dropped Badeni.

I had to think of what he told me two years ago: "*Je ne foutrai pas le camp* [I won't beat it]! . . ." It is not impossible that many things would have happened differently in Austria if I had accepted his proposition at that time and become a better counselor to him than Privy Councilors Feiberg and Halban, who were around him.

How many acts of cowardice make a battle!

Gautsch, a plucky and pliable official, is his successor.

He is of the Taaffe school and will probably work with the anti-Semites again. I don't think he will last long, and after him will come the clericals. The Jews are making a bad exchange. The *N. Fr. Pr.*, which had headed the lynch-justice campaign against the language ordinances, will no doubt soon bitterly regret that Badeni is gone.

The policy I have to pursue for my movement is not clear to me yet. For the present, wait and see.

* * *

Nordau writes that he is trying to be received by the German Kaiser *in causa* Zionism. If he manages it, he will be the head man in the procession I have created. But it's all right with me. Let the cause grow over my head. I am writing him my consent and asking him also to go to Pobedonostsev and to the Czar. I am writing him further that I want to make him governor of the Jewish Bank. Jealousy is stupid; then, too, I am not "on the make." My present dream: to write a verse play (Renaissance costumes).

Nordau also reports someone came to see him about a loan for the Turkish government. The latter wants 40 million francs and is willing to give in return the concession for the railroad between the Mediterranean and the Gulf of Persia as well as the right to settle 70,000 square kilometers in Palestine. Unfortunately the rich bastards are not available to us, and the Bank does not exist yet.

Nobember 29

It has occurred to me to offer Nordau's loan to the *Jewish Colonisation Association.** I am writing him to see Zadoc Kahn and tell him that I offer to withdraw from the movement if the I.C.A. carries this out.

* In English in the original.

Vienna, November 29, 1897, at night

Dearest Friend:

A letter that arrived this afternoon prompts me to write you once more today.

The matter of the Turkish loan is very important, and the letter gives me an idea of where the resources might be found. *The Jewish Colonisation Association** (Hirsch Fund) is to have its meeting in Paris in a few days. All the gentlemen will be present.

I would now ask you to submit my following proposals to Zadoc Kahn personally. He is the suitable intermediary and also, as far as I know, one of the I.C.A.'s most influential members. The I.C.A. is to handle the matter. The procedure would be as follows:

The Jewish Colonial Bank (2 million pounds sterling) is founded right away. Administrative board: the gentlemen of the I.C.A. The *shares** can easily be placed, and I think I can do so even with my present machinery. With the I.C.A. behind it the matter will be child's play anyway. Next this bank concludes the loan you mentioned to me with the Turkish government. The I.C.A. participates in it in a manner to be defined later, and, as security for the loan it grants to the bank, it receives the lands ceded by the government. This is the rough outline.

In return we offer the following service: we place our entire propaganda machinery at the disposal of the I.C.A., set up the subscription on the broadest base, and I pledge my word of honor to withdraw completely from the direction of Zionist affairs. This last item should convince the gentlemen that I am neither a *politician** nor a financier and that I have no ulterior motives in the proposal.

(Between us, I am already worn out by all the struggles and difficulties.)

* * *

* In English in the original.

Again a *hésitation* as I was writing—letter suspended for the time being. The I.C.A. would not understand the matter yet.

December 1

Received today a letter from the Grand Duke of Baden: the Kaiser cannot receive me, but would be glad to read my account of the Basel Congress.

* * *

Today I am writing to Gaster to set up an administrative board for the Bank for me.

To Zadoc Kahn, to call on Nordau, if I.C.A. is so inclined, regarding the proposal for a Turkish loan which has been made to Nordau.

December 11

Today the wealthy Poznanski from Lodz came to see me. A plain, but intelligent man. He had first sent me the Lodz assistant rabbi Dr. Jelski, who had accompanied him to this city to speak with me. Had he expected me to call on him at his hotel? I sent him word that I was expecting him at my home.

The conversation revolved about general things for a long time. Finally we got onto the subject of the Bank, which he is greatly interested in. He plans to come back tomorrow morning. He would like to found the Bank with 10 million pounds sterling share capital.

One million shares, with a yearly payment of one pound.

* * *

Today I would content myself with Poznanski's joining the movement. That is to say, I have already given the matter so much prestige that no Rothschild is needed for backing any longer.

If P. cannot be had either, the whole thing must simply seek a broader base.

* * *

Letter to Nordau:

Dearest Friend:

Thanks for your letter of the 5th of this month. The *Battle of the Drones* still has not reached me. If possible, I want to write about it in the *N. Fr. Pr.*

I am expecting M. de Galart *d'un pied ferme* [without flinching]. In the meantime, the most important things have happened here.

With the Bank we have reached a turning point in our movement. I must speak laconically.

For two days I have had as a visitor the richest man in Russian Poland, J. K. Poznanski of Lodz. This man is completely sold on the cause. However, he feels that the Jewish Bank should not have two, but five, possibly ten, million pounds sterling in share capital. He wishes to join the syndicate whose function it will be to guarantee the subscription. The other Russian millionaires are as good as certain after he joins. With this the founding of the Bank has taken a giant leap forward. I am sparing you an account of the steps I am taking for this purpose in Eastern Europe. In London Gaster has already started the ball rolling through Seligmann the banker. The syndicate must display names from all countries *qui ronflent dans le monde financier* [which have an impressive sound in the financial world].

Now there arises the Rothschild question. Poznanski—who, however, is prepared to go along without the Rothschilds, if necessary, even in opposition to them—first wants us to try to get the Rothschilds to adopt an attitude of friendliness or, at least, of benevolent neutrality toward the Bank. It is an extremely difficult task, but with skillful leadership it does not seem hopeless to me. Of course, contact with the Rothschilds must *not* be sought directly or in writing. In the course of the campaign they would adduce against us any attempted and rejected advances, naturally only in the perfidious manner of the financiers who have journalistic *bravi* [hatchet-men] at their disposal—for a stab in the back.

A few weeks ago I published in the *Daily Chronicle* two articles in which I demonstrated the possibility of a financial boycott carried on by the Jewish middle classes against the money magnates at some time in the future. The Rothschilds ought now to be given to understand that the projected Jewish Bank could possibly serve such a boycott and could be served by it. If they learn at the same time that the Bank will come into being at all events, they will not treat the matter with aristocratic coolness.

The expansion of capital, which is being planned now, will, in any case, make the Jewish Bank a factor to be reckoned with in the financial world as well. The whole question is whether these people have sufficient imagination to picture right now what will exist three or four months from now, or whether the matter will be suitably presented to their imagination, which has fallen asleep on their money-bags. In this, Zadoc Kahn can be of the greatest help to us.

The matter must be shown to the Rothschilds earnestly. But what do they have to hope or fear from the coming Jewish Bank? If they stir up feeling against the Bank or even reject us in an injurious manner, I shall initiate guerrilla warfare against the House of Rothschild, and if I know you, you will stand by me in this. We shall plot this when the time comes.

But perhaps it will never come. And I would prefer that for political reasons, although I consider these people parasites and am furious at them from my very heart. If, then, the R's neither oppose the Bank nor reject it *a limine* [outright], it can be useful to them in two ways: 1. as Jews, since the Bank is to bring about the solution of the Jewish Question; 2. as businessmen, since the Bank can bring them benefits in many ways. Contrary to Poznanski's view, I would consider it sensible if the Rothschilds did not take any overt part in the Bank. Otherwise people would say that all of *juiverie financiere* [financial Jewry] was gathered there, and the Bank would from the outset have to fight certain antipathies (of course, at the same time it would give the impression of tremendous power), while without the Rothschilds it might give the appearance of being against the R's and

thus inspire sympathy. However, if the R's had some influence on the Bank through representatives, they could safeguard themselves in many ways under this cover. It is an old idea of mine—and the only reason I am telling it to no one but you is that it would make me suspect of *gigantisme*—that the Rothschilds will need such a bank if one day they liquidate out of fear of general hatred, or wish to safeguard their fortune (which appears to have grown beyond the possibility of financial catastrophies).

To what extent the minds of these people are at all receptive to such an idea is naturally beyond my judgment.

However, I think I have presented the state of affairs clearly enough to *you*. And from this there follows, too, the form of your participation, for which I am not bothering to ask you, because I simply presuppose it as the logical consequence of what you have done for the cause up to now. I believe you ought to approach Zadoc Kahn in the way that seems best to you, and with the greatest dispatch. Everything only orally, of course. You be the judge of how to broach the matter to him. He is a fine human being and a good Jew, but also devoted to the R's. He is perceptive and will understand you *à demi mot* [without many words]. He is on good terms with Alphonse R., with all of them. Stir him up, show him all that can be done if he helps us. No material sacrifice is being asked of these miserable *marchands d'argent* [money merchants]. The way the matter stands today, after winning public opinion for our "crazy idea," something that we accomplished with our mere pens and words, we only need the *simulacre* [semblance] of this syndicate of guarantors to make the subscription a tremendous success, thus letting Zionism grow into a real power. Let him bend every effort to help toward that end.

The Jewish Colonial Bank must actually become the Jewish National Bank. Its colonial aspect is only window-dressing, hokum, a firm-name. A national financial instrument is to be created. But if they force us to march off without boots, like the soldiers of the First Republic, we shall take revenge for our distress.

That is all I shall tell you. You understand me perfectly and will put all your energy into it.

One word more about the next round. In April we shall charter a ship (probably making all the arrangements through Cook) and go to Palestine for four weeks. This is not yet for public consumption. I am now getting estimates, calculations of the costs per participant, etc. It will probably come to 1000 francs a head. After we return from this excursion, to which we will also invite a number of important people, the subscription prospectus of the Bank will be issued. This you can tell to Zadoc too, but to no one else for the present, because I must first make various arrangements in Constantinople.

Finally: You write that you have connections with Pobedonostsev. Could you quickly manage through him or other friends in Russia to get the Russian government to permit the creation of Zionist associations and collections for Zionist purposes? I am told that this is a vital question for our movement in Russia. The powerful man now is said to be Minister Goremikin. In Russian Poland, the governor is Prince Imeretinski, and he ought to be won over to our side.

I cannot have this very important letter copied by anyone, nor do I have the time to do it myself. Therefore, I am asking you to send it back to me after you have taken notes of all necessary points in it, because I need it as a document for later. For putting you to trouble, as—God knows!—I am putting myself to trouble, for this I am making no excuses. We are serious at heart.

With cordial regards,

Your loyal
Th. Herzl.

December 18

After consultation with our treasurer Kremenezky I have promised Newlinski a monthly subvention of 200 guilders for the *Correspondence de l'Est*. Newlinski thanked me, quite touched, saying that this support would save him much burden-

some news-agency work. I had had no idea that it would seem like such a lot to him.

He told me what bad shape the Turkish finances were in. The ambassadors are unable to pay their butcher's bills. The Berlin ambassador, Galib, had to leave his post because he was out of money. The Vienna one, Mahmud Nedim, told him (N.) that he could hold out two months more; then he would have to follow Galib's example.

Today Newlinski produced his first article as a correspondent, although his *traitement* [salary] doesn't start until January 1.

My guiding consideration in this subvention was something that Fürth had told me a few weeks ago about the Prince of Bulgaria: that he had begun to take Zionism seriously after reading the earlier articles in the *Corr. de l'Est*. That is typical of these circles.

Berlin, February 4 [1898]

It is indicative of the rush in which I am now living that I can no longer enter the most important things here.

On January 6, following the Vienna premiere of the *New Ghetto*, I came here and intended to describe the peculiar excitement that attended this premiere. I did not get a chance to do it. Either I am busy or I am exhausted. These days I always live in a railroad atmosphere. The train speeds, or the station is deserted.

Not until yesterday, when I had a reunion here in the Palace Hotel with the Turkish ambassador Ahmed Tewfik, whom I had come here to see at the beginning of January, did I feel the necessity of putting down these important events as an especially pressing duty.

Four weeks ago I had two long talks with him. He is a likeable man, moderately intelligent, not unfavorably disposed toward the cause, but in a way that has no value for us. He would like to attract the Jews to Turkey—but without a territory of their own and without autonomy.

We want to supply Turkey with funds; in return, he said, we would be given a "friendly reception."

I told him this was no solution, had no lasting value. It would be the settlement of new Armenians in Turkey.

Incidentally, he declared his readiness to convey to the Sultan a memorandum which I am to work up.

I went back to Vienna and told Newlinski that Ahmed Tewfik did not seem to me to be ripe for the idea. We would have to wait some more until Turkey was even worse off.

Perhaps—and this would not be stupid—Tewfik, for his part, reasons: we Turks must wait until the Jews are even worse off.

To me, of course, this delay is not unwelcome, because I haven't finished with the financing yet. The bank is encountering great difficulties. The bankers are cautious, cool.

In January I had a conference in this city with wealthy Berlin Jews which Professor Stein of Bern had called. That unpleasant episode with Glaser which is recorded in the *Welt* is involved here.

The rich Berlin Jews listened to an explanation of the project. Maybaum, the Protest Rabbi, had appeared, obtrusively and uninvited, at the discussions as well. I "interested the gentlemen," but in the end, after the complete unveiling, they didn't like the bride's nose.

However, the moral impression of my explanations was excellent, according to what the intelligent young banker Dr. Arons told one of the local Zionists.

I should like to get Arons for the Bank.

Then it was back to Vienna. In the *N. Fr. Pr.*, where they had raged at my *Ghetto* before the performance and caused me nervous cardiac pains again, the mood had changed in my favor because of the great theatrical success.

When I was here in January, I had also paid a call on Lucanus, the head of the Imperial Civil Cabinet. I asked him whether I ought to request an audience from the Emperor or merely enter my name. He gave a slightly superior, yet courteous smile: "Leave your card."

I did.

The Emperor is acquainted with the matter; that was confirmed by Lucanus who also told me that it was something fine and great. But "the Israelites won't be willing."

A qui le dites-vous [You're telling me]?!

* * *

Last night I again ran into Ahmed Tewfik here in the hotel when I came from dinner. He asked me to keep him company.

He said the same thing he had said four weeks ago. Why didn't we demand a tract of land in Asia Minor; that would be more feasible.

I rejected that.

Berlin, February 5

Joined Ahmed Tewfik for dinner again yesterday. He was already about to leave when I came into the dining-room, then went back with me and kept me company. We chatted for over an hour. This time, I believe, I won him over.

Before his eyes I built a Constantinople and a Turkey of the future.

"Quand vous serez grand-vizir, Excellence," I said, *"vous me ferez venir à Constantinople et je vous reconstruirai la ville, c'est à dire, je vous ferai les plans* [When you are Grand Vizier, Your Excellency, you will invite me to come to Constantinople, and I will rebuild the city for you—that is to say, I will make the plans for you]."

He was visibly enthusiastic.

Newlinski was right that time. One ought to live with these Turks, perform services for them for which they are very grateful, *et les amener petit à petit à nous aimer* [and gradually get them to love us].

Tewfik even wanted to attend my *Ghetto* premiere today. I had a box reserved for him, and arranged in the play for Wasserstein to substitute "the Khedive" in the line "The Sultan has wrenched his foot."

Unfortunately the Ambassador begged off today, on account of a diplomatic reception. The only reason I wanted to have him in the theatre was so that the newspapers would write about it. *Cela aurait bien fait dans le paysage* [It would have looked good in the picture].

Vienna, February 17

The Berlin critics demolished my *New Ghetto.*

* * *

I am writing to Nordau to get ready to take over the presidency at the next Congress (which, following Wolffsohn's advice, I shall have held in Basel rather than London).

The Congress Office and the Headquarters will be transferred to Paris after the Congress.

With this I am combining a warning to Nordau not to let himself go in such rash remarks as the one in his last interview which is contained in the English papers—namely, that the Roman Curia was inciting to murder on the occasion of the Dreyfus-Zola affair in France. Such remarks can do our movement great harm.

Letter to Nordau: Vienna, February 22
February 22 1898

Dearest Friend:

I see with pleasure from your denial in the *Jewish World* that you did not make those remarks. My only regret is that you did not send a similar declaration to the *Welt* as well. After all, that is what the *Welt* is for. I realize, of course, that you wanted to reach the English readers first. You simply don't know that the Catholics who matter in this instance, the higher church dignitaries, watch the *Welt* but are not likely to know the *Jewish World.*

Although you write that Zadoc and E. R. did not let you hear from them any more, I would still like to ask you to return to

the attack. Gaster reports from London that Sir Edward Sassoon told him that the suggestion to consider the Bank idea must be made to the London Rothschilds by the Paris ones. Then Sassoon would be willing to participate too. You see the actually simple difficulty we are facing: to bring those who have declared their conditional readiness together. I believe that a vigorous and, as it were, hypnotically suggestive procedure on the part of intellectually superior men will suffice for it, provided that they have other kinds of prestige in the world as well.

Therefore I would urgently request you to call on Zadoc again, broach the question once more, and in any case demand a final Yes or No from Rothschild (Edm.). We must make our dispositions. The Bank is the point at which we get out into reality. It will be created: with the aid of the *gros bonnets* [bigwigs] or in opposition to them.

Perhaps by now they already understand what awaits them even in France and tomorrow in England. It is a question of creating a safety-valve—on which they will even make money, *par un triste retour des choses* [by a sad turn of affairs].

If they leave the Zion movement bogged down in the mud, it, too, will turn against them with a vengeance.

All this you will certainly present in the proper way. Only, I recommend that you utilize the present mood in Paris. Tomorrow tranquility will return again, and they will continue to die in their palaces of atrophy of the spine.

* * *

Not mailed, because Nordau writes he is under the surveillance of the secret police.

February 23, at night

Letter to Nordau:

Dearest Friend:

It would have been quite welcome to me if you had also used the *Welt*—at least simultaneously with the *Jewish World*—for

your denial of the interview contained in the *New York Journal*, in which the remark is attributed to you that the Catholic Church was inciting to mass murder in France. After all, that is what the *Welt* is for, and as it is, it registers everything that concerns you with a conscientiousness that probably has not escaped you.

Then, too, a denial would have been more effective from the outset in the *Welt*, which, incidentally, is known in Roman circles.

(By the way, the paper is already costing me a whole pile of money. After a year-and-a-half of hesitation, I had to found it myself, because no one else wanted to do it and our movement was absolutely muzzled.)

I don't believe that Zadoc and Edmond R. merely made sport of you. My judgment is that the brain of the latter works extremely slowly; but I don't consider him capable of craftiness and mockery. Therefore, a second conference, definitive in any direction whatever, would be highly useful, and after the impression which your previous presentation must have made and which immediately afterwards you captured with the vividness of a diary in a letter to me, I am convinced that the gentlemen will be ready for such a conference. Thus I would advise you in the interest of the cause to undergo this *corvée* [drudgery] once more, especially because in London they are only waiting for a word from Paris. I have a right to suggest this *corvée* to you, because, God knows, I myself slave away day in and day out, tackling everything, even tasks and people that I feel the greatest disgust for.

Now, to get to your misgivings about the transfer of the headquarters to Paris, I consider this essential. In the present state of the movement it is not possible to separate the presidium of the Congress from the Executive of the following year. If I tell you this, you can and will believe it. Incidentally, you will be convinced of it in your first week in office. The organization that was patched together in Basel has rough spots on which I have been chafing myself sore ever since. An Executive as the center

of an international organization would simply not be tolerated in Austria. When I tell you—I need a lot of time for it—what battles I have had with the difficulties arising from the laws governing associations, you will laugh and shudder. And even that is nothing yet. It would be the death of our movement if our associations, like those of other nationalities, were ever dissolved. All the cowards would unite into an army against us—behind the night-watchman. Insanity! was the first objection raised against us; High Treason!, the second.

Today it is absolutely impossible to separate the Executive from the annual presidium, because then there would be no authority for the conduct of affairs, on the inside as well as on the outside. Am I expressing myself too legalistically? You will understand it nevertheless.

As for Paris, I certainly do not consider it as unsuitable as you do. After all, I know it too, better than you know Vienna. What was possible for me in Vienna, you will be able to do in Paris. I wish I had the facilities here that you have there. You are—despite Dreyfus trials—in a free country. The proximity of Galicia has no significance whatever in this respect. You have no association with a newspaper? It goes without saying that the *Welt* will be at your full and complete disposal, now as before. You need only to send in your communiqués. You have no Jewish organization? Well, it will grow up around you, as it did around me here. You will create it for yourself.

I believe, therefore, my dear, admired friend, that your misgivings are unfounded. To be sure, I well understand that you have them, for it is a hard and serious task, and after all, we have the affairs of a tremendous distress to conduct, one which can, and undoubtedly will, demand an accounting of us at the Congress each year.

So I cannot see that there are any local difficulties. The only question is whether there is not some personal obstacle in your case. About this, my dear friend, we must have a heart-to-heart talk as men and *B'nai Zion* [Sons of Zion] who, I believe, are as close to each other as can be. Do you perhaps doubt that you

could make such sacrifices of time as I have been making every day for the past two years and a half?

The matter is too serious, too many hopes of poor people ride on every move that is made, or not made, for us to fail to come to an understanding about this. Now, I certainly don't believe that the work of the headquarters will completely occupy you; you see that I, for one, am able to run the literary section of the *N. Fr. Pr.* and to edit the *Welt* on the side. It is a lot of work, and it must be done, but fortunately you are a tremendous worker yourself, and it is only a matter of one year, i.e., up to the Congress of 1899, which you will prepare, just as I prepared those of 1897 and 1898.

I don't know whether I am presenting the matter clearly enough, because, after all, many emotional factors are involved. As for my desire to *rest* for one short year, you will find it understandable, and that also goes for my concern over my work up to now, which, to be sure, is not as great as the effort expended on it. I should like to guarantee the continuation of the edifice, because a little of my blood adheres between the first stones.

February 24

In line with my promise to Nordau in Basel, I want to give him the presidency for this year, even against the will of my friends; but only if he takes upon himself the day-to-day work for the year as well.

For the Congress is merely a golden gate, before and behind which there lies nothing but toil and contention. It is only fair that in addition to the golden honor he also accept the labor.

But I am not sure yet whether he will be the right man for it.

People will not appreciate what I have achieved until another leader takes my place.

I have been steadfast in the worst days, calm in the best.

It takes certain abilities, too: To keep silent when a single word could fire enthusiasm. To keep people's courage up even when one is inwardly discouraged. Always to grin and bear it;

to associate with scoundrels; to be haunted by beggars; and to let oneself be rejected by pretentious boors. These beggars would be like the boors, if they had money, and vice versa. On top of this, envy, treachery, insidious attacks, and no rewards—for of course I have done it out of vanity!

Will Nordau stand this? Will he not be overcome by rage and destroy my work?

March 12

Rivalries are beginning. I still haven't finished the preparations and they already want to depose me. At the conference on March 6 the English Zionists joined with the Basel ones, to be sure, but the next Congress is to decide where the *Central Committee** is to be located. Why is something so obvious stated? Because it is a declaration that the *Vienna Committee** must last only until the Second Congress, then will be the turn of the *London Committee.**

Well, it's quite all right with me.

* * *

In the sessions of the Actions Committee, only everyday details are settled.

Schnirer is too busy to be able to work for the Committee. Kokesch formally takes care of incoming contributions. Mintz sulks frequently. Kremenezky is limited in every way by his position. Still, it would be the greatest injustice to disparage these co-workers of mine. They honestly do what they can. The only thing is that we don't have enough money for a major action.

The *shekel* contributions trickle in, the demands are great.

I never bring up my plans and actions in the meetings, because Birnbaum is taking the minutes as secretary-general—and "gathering material" for his future indiscretions. This is the typical enemy, who, however, cannot be got rid of, because he

* In English in the original.

threatens he would starve. If you don't feed his face for life, he can bring disgrace to the movement yet. But perhaps he will anyway.

* * *

My chief service to the movement is that I am giving it prestige. The funds are certainly available "in principle"—but at the moment not in actuality. The future availability of these funds is making a certain impression even now, thanks to me. For the *shekel*-funds will flow in in ever greater quantities; then it will be no feat to direct the movement. But today, with the lousy few pennies, to give out subventions, attract the hangers-on of power, and what not—that is a feat.

My wish for Basel: to transfer the entire financial structure to England. Months ago, when I asked Col. Goldsmid to act as trustee, he did not want to. Now he is likely to be willing.

* * *

I am tired, my heart is out of order.

March 17

During the last weeks I have been dreaming vividly about a novel. Setting: the newspaper world of Vienna. Three volumes, like acts. Hero: a Jewish newspaperman (something like Dr. Friedjung) of Rabbinical background who turns Germanic. At the university, member of a students' association, German songs, ribbons, black-red-and-gold assimilation.

First volume: The newspaper *à venir* [to come].

He is disgusted by the corruption of the press, wants to create a clean paper, a German one, naturally. But where will the money come from? His small capital is not enough. Finally, a threadbare would-be newspaper impresario (type Eyssler, *Lustige Blätter*) draws up an estimate for him, even brings a few backers. The paper is founded. Curtain.

Second volume: The German Paper.

Splendid start. Publicity. Gang of literati joining in, politicians who want to get themselves boosted. Smack in the middle, the guileless fool who doesn't see a thing. But all doors open to him, because he is against corruption. For a time, all he sees is the backs of bent humanity. Intoxication with power. He fights against the food king who controls all the other papers through shareholding or interest. Description of the power of the press. The turning point.

Third volume: Collapse.

The Germans in Bohemia, etc., refuse to be led by a Jew. The paper declines. Like a gambler gone wild he sacrifices everything to it, first his money, then his principles of purity. The impresario manipulates him cleverly. Finally, scandalous collapse. Dishonored, he leaves Vienna; the impresario takes over the paper, which flourishes. But he has discovered Zion. In the first volume he laughed at the crazy members of Kadimah, after the breakdown (meanwhile they have grown) he recognizes them as solace.

As he boards the boat, with the scorned, forgotten girl as his bride, the curtain falls.

Types: the teasing wedding-jester J. Bauer, etc.

The old sighing journalist, who has discovered talents, made celebrities, advanced careers, and in the end turns out to have helped only ingrates who despise him. He is like the cocotte's decent maid.

In the first volume, the hero hears about a small, crazy band of Neo-Hebrews (Smolenski, Bierer), who strike him as peculiar Asiatics. Now and then, a sound of the group growing in obscurity is heard, until their bright victory chant bursts forth at the close of the novel like a great chord.

The Prague *schnorr-bokher* [beggar student] that Bacher told me about yesterday used to sit down in the Prague students' café: "The best thing would be not to be born. . . . But if one is born, one ought to be born as the son of a rich man. . . . But if one isn't born as a son of a rich man, one should at least have the twenty kreuzers a day for the coffee house." A character!

The Jewish Bohème. Also, the good, frugal, wonderful petty bourgeoisie with its wonderfully worthy women.

March 18

Present relationship to the publishers of the *N. Fr. Pr.* Pleasant with Bacher. Benedikt is in the habit of joking: "With Herzl you've got to be careful. Perhaps he is right after all. When he comes in, I always believe Jesus Christ is entering."

In London Wolffsohn seems to have won the banker Seligmann for the Bank.

When I get the Bank set up, an enormous step will have been taken.

* * *

Today the idea occurred to me to have the Jewish Communities captured everywhere by the Zionists after the Congress. We have to be able to give honorary offices to our adherents and sinecures to the venal. Unfortunately my undertaking requires human beings with humaneness.

March 18

Letter to Zadoc Kahn:

Confidentielle

Reverend Sir:

My dear friend Dr. Nordau has given me an account of his conversations with you.

In his last letter he informs me that you are prepared to discuss the matter of the Bank with Alphonse Rothschild.

More power to you! A great deal depends on it.

Nordau has told you that we are not asking the Rothschilds for any sort of financial support or public connection, but only for benevolent neutrality, and to put one of their representatives, who is known as such to the financial world, on the founding committee, later on the administrative board of the Bank.

One would think that R. must understand what is involved here. Today he will help the national rescue operation by it, tomorrow it can be an inestimable benefit to his own house. I believe the House of Rothschild will have to liquidate in the foreseeable future. It is too detested. This anonymous, intangible Bank may become useful, even for them. I don't want to elaborate on this thought here, since I am usually accused of having too lively an imagination.

At any rate, today you will admit that two years ago, when I first had the pleasure of sharing my ideas with you, I estimated the general situation of the Jews more correctly than most French Jews. Oh God, by now I almost stand there like an old prophet—to whom people would not listen. At that time I said that the "Israelite Frenchmen" would not be spared the change in the weather either.

It is already here. And, believe me, it isn't over yet. Plenty of bad things are still in store, particularly for the big-money Jews. I spent four years in France, at the Palais Bourbon, and today I view those familiar things even more coolly from a distance. One moment of governmental weakness, *et vous m'en direz des nouvelles—de la rue Laffitte* [and you will be telling me news of it—from the rue Laffitte].

However, even without violence in the streets and governmental weakness I consider it possible that in France special legislation will be passed against particular categories of Jews. The *droits de l'homme* [rights of man] are a *vieille guitare* [old hat], and do not forget that in this very France special laws were passed against Frenchmen, not "cosmopolites," and those involved were the Frenchmen most deeply rooted in France, whose ancestors had ruled the land.

Hence I believe that a cautious adherence to our movement—specifically, as the next practical step, the support of the necessary banking facility—also is in the interest of the French Jews.

In any case, the Bank will be founded in the next few months, with financial democracy or with financial aristocracy—I have

qualified and unqualified promises from England, Germany, Russia. The participation, albeit covert, of the biggest House would make the venture solid from the start, and you will understand what great importance I must attach to keeping the deposits of the humblest people entirely free from risk. The leaders of the people's movement must, of course, have nothing to do with money manipulations; therefore the Bank must be delivered up to financiers, and that is a real worry.

I don't know what you intend to say to Rothschild in order to explain to him the *planche de salut* [last resort] of the Jewish people. Do your best; your famous eloquence has never had a worthier subject, although it is only a matter of a bank. I should also be glad to come to Paris for a day, if the man wishes information from me. He is an old man and probably incapable of rising to vigorous new ideas; but perhaps it will not be impossible to explain to him that his money-dealer's life will have a grand conclusion if he helps along here—without any kind of sacrifice.

Of course, I don't have much hope of this, for such hearts are narrow. I am only writing to you because I will not and must not neglect anything. If I were interested in personal success, I would certainly know how to achieve it. If today I attacked the Rothschilds, as a Jew, as someone who by now has influence over many hundreds of thousands of people, it would create the greatest sensation all over the world. I would have public opinion everywhere in my favor, to the extent that it cannot be bought.

And I am not doing it. A *professional politician** would probably proceed differently.

By the Second Basel Congress, to be sure, the matter will have to be decided.

This Congress will attract far more attention even than the first one. What will be said there will probably reverberate throughout the world. Perhaps it is the nobler mission of the new Jewry to astound the world by a fight against the financiers. Perhaps this will be the rehabilitation of our despised name?

* In English in original.

We are a curious people, aren't we, if all this can take place among us.

Be assured, at all events, of my continuing and sincere respect.

Yours faithfully,
Th. Herzl.

March 26

All sorts of little disturbances, *Froschmäuseler** among the Viennese university students who are being incited behind my back by Birnbaum. He plays the part of the misunderstood man and the martyr, and although we were weak enough to create a sinecure of 1800 guilders annually for him out of the paltry *shekel* monies, in return for which he writes three or four letters a week, he is bleeding the students white.

* * *

Kellner, my dearest, best friend, whose visits are bright spots amidst all the difficulties, reminisced the other day about schoolboy days in the *heder*. He was daydreaming in a class when they got to the place in the Bible where Moses sings: Exodus, 15.

I immediately looked up the passage, and it moved me. Suddenly the idea popped into my mind to write a Biblical drama, *Moses*.

The conditions in Egypt, the internal and external struggles, the exodus, the desert, Moses' death. I imagine him as a tall, vital, superior man with a sense of humor. The drama: how he is shaken inwardly and yet holds himself upright by his will. He is the leader, because he does not want to be. Everything gives way before him, because he has no personal desire. He does not care about the goal, but about the migration. Education through migration.

*Translator's Note: An allusion to *Froschmeuseler* by Georg Rollenhagen (1595), a didactic-satirical beast epic in the cause of the Reformation. Rollenhagen's work was based on *Batrachomyomachia* (The Battle of the Frogs and Mice), a Greek parody of the Homeric epic.

Act I. Moses' Return to Egypt. Conditions, wretchedness of the Israelites; Moses, embittered, shakes them up.

Act II. Korah.

Act III. The Golden Calf.

Act IV. Miriam.

Act V. Moses' Death.

Pageantry in the desert: the Ark of the Covenant, then Joseph's bones at the head of the procession.

The aging Moses keeps recognizing Korah, the Calf, always the same processions of slaves. He is exhausted by all this, and yet he has to lure them onward with ever renewed vigor.

It is the tragedy of the leader, of any leader of men who is not a misleader.

* * *

March 26

I am still fighting with a wooden sword, like Tabarin or like children.

I would need one of steel: i.e., a big paper with which one can make policy, do services and favors, establish connections. If only I had the *N. Fr. Pr.* in my hands, I would be able to work wonders.

This way I toil away helplessly and make no headway. It is a terrible thing to be sentenced to impotence with such clear plans, such a distinctly marked road. I am wearing myself out on it. I would need one lousy million to operate a big paper, and for this greatest cause of Jewry it can't be raised. This is what has been going on for two years now. When Badeni was still there, the greatest effects could have been achieved with it. His government—in fact, conditions in Austria—would have had a different complexion today. He wanted to have me in closest proximity to him, and I would never have given him the fatuous advice of his ministers to have the police march into the Parliament. He is gone; and following Gautsch's brief administration, now there is Thun, and probably nothing can be done with him.

Fructus percipiendi [Fruits to be plucked]! Missed opportunities of Zionism.

* * *

Wolffsohn has been to London in order to work on the Bank project. Now he is here and gives me reports.

At first Seligmann the banker felt like laughing, but he turned serious when Wolffsohn developed the idea that Edmond Rothschild should hand his colonies over to the Bank and take shares in return. Then the I.C.A. should get behind the Bank also.

I believe this excellent proposal of Wolffsohn's will advance the matter. Marmorek (the architect) is going to Paris next week. I shall give him the assignment of taking this proposal to Edmond Rothschild.

If the founding of the Bank works out, we shall be over the worst. I must bring the next Congress something. The Bank would be splendidly suited for it.

March 29

Wrote to Alex Marmorek at Paris to submit Wolffsohn's proposal to Edmond R., through Dr. Henri de Rothschild or directly. At the same time I am warning him against Scheid, who, if he gets wind of the matter, will devise some counter-coup in order to save his *revakh* [profit]. In my letter I am strongly emphasizing that the political leaders of the movement want to and will have absolutely nothing to do with the Bank itself.

April 11

All sorts of *Froschmäuseler*.

Birnbaum quietly incites against me, at the University acts the part of the Columbus and martyr of Zionism, while I am the Amerigo Vespucci and the usurper.

At the student's party of the Ivria he said recently that he was

grateful for moral benefactions (he was made an "honorary brother"), but that he was not obligated in any way by material favors (we created a sinecure for him as "secretary-general"; even before there was a kreuzer of *shekel* money on hand, I guaranteed him a year's salary in a letter, on the strength of which he rented furniture, since he was out in the street).

The "Tarnowers" are agitating against the Central Committee and against political Zionism which they have to thank for Edm. Rothschild's entering into a small land-sale deal with their *Ahavath Zion*. For Dr. Salz went from Basel to Paris as "Vice-President of the Congress," without telling me a word about it, and there made some agreement in conflict with the recognizable Basel principle.

Undercurrents even in the Actions Committee. Individuals are offended because they are not "informed" of anything.

Yesterday I brought Schnirer to reason about why I have to work alone, now as before.

The Committee is an unserviceable instrument. Only indiscretions are committed. No one is able to help; for various reasons they are in no position to do so.

Yesterday Schnirer presented an excellent outline for organization to me. *Shekel* unit one crown. The *shekels* are to serve only for administrative expenses. Any surplus goes to the National Fund.

Each 50 *shekel* subscribers form a group. Each ten groups a district. Each ten districts a center. A group, a district, a center, each has a head. The Congress Office deals with the heads of the centers. The associations can continue to exist, but must invest their funds in shares of the Colonial Bank.

I find this outline excellent.

I supplemented it as follows: The permanent Congress Office has its seat in Basel, with a salaried secretary. The Congress elects a board of directors, three men from each of the main countries represented. The board of directors remains in Basel one day after the Congress and makes all arrangements for the year.

There is no Central Committee any more—rather, a model or steering committee which the other regional committees may imitate—if they so desire.

This way the difficulty of "internationality" will perhaps be overcome. We have no international organization, and yet a uniform streak runs through the whole thing.

April 16

Letter to Nordau.

1. Refers to my Easter *feuilleton*.

2. To the Bank matter, Wolffsohn, etc.

3. I wrote you that the confidential preliminary conferences will take place here on April 23, 24, and 25. If it is not too great a sacrifice, I should like immensely to have you here. But only for the deliberations. This is not the right moment for a public lecture. The Viennese local propaganda must not be carried on now, for political reasons. For this we shall reserve the month of November, perhaps even the middle of October. Then you will give the movement in all of Austria a big lift by speaking here. At that time the University will be in session too—right now the students from the provinces are away—and then a great Nordau party shall take place. Now it is only a matter of setting up the agenda for the next Congress, discussing the outlines which we have sketched here* (for the order of business, organization, etc.), as well as instructions to the representatives of countries, preparations for the election of delegates, *shekel* payments, etc.

I don't need to tell you how much I wish I had your advice and your collaboration here, just as I wish to have you by my side at all times, because there certainly are bad hours of *défaillance* [depression]. However, come only if you can stay for the full three days, and if your coming this time does not preclude your attendance in the autumn. In the preliminary conferences there

*I am not sure whether these dry discussions—which, to be sure, are indispensable to the movement—will make the journey here seem worth the effort to you. [Herzl's note]

will inevitably be all sorts of idle talk, because reports have been coming from various countries which we have to listen to. The work so far of the members of the Inaction Committee, particularly of the corresponding members, has totaled zero. What *I* haven't done here, simply has been left undone. Therefore, arm yourself with patience if you come, and don't reproach me for having rushed you here if the preliminary conferences should bring about nothing of consequence. I hope that we shall not have to do without your wishes and suggestions in any case. If you are not coming, please write me immediately everything that seems important to you.

4. After your response to my suggestion that you take over the work between the second and the third Congresses, I naturally can do nothing else but carry on the matter in the same way as heretofore. After all, events have proved you right, for the time being, and after everything that Marmorek has told me, I realize that it would have been a misguided idea to transfer the headquarters to Paris. After my departure from there, things simply seem to have undergone quite a surprising *reformatio in pejus* [change for the worse]. Unfortunately, at the moment I don't know of anybody in England either to whom I could turn over the leadership of the headquarters. *Quand on y a mis le doigt, il faut y passer tout entier. J'y passe* [Once you've put your foot in the door, you've got to go all the way in. Here I go]. I know myself at least: I won't let go until some day I turn up my toes.

April 17

In Vienna the *Welt* has—280 subscribers. Because of this—since party propaganda has so left me in the lurch—I have decided henceforth to promote the *Welt* like an ordinary paper, through posters, etc.

The considerable deficit to date I shall naturally absorb myself. The current circulation—2400 subscribers in all countries—is insufficient to maintain the paper.

April 22

Letter to Nordau:

Dearest Friend:

I have just received an emergency letter from the Berlin Group to the effect that they need you without fail for a speech.

I wanted to save this trump for Germany until the autumn, because of the community campaign. But if you are ready to go right now, don't let the views I expressed yesterday stop you.

If you go to Berlin, I beg you to include in your speech a passage referring to the Jewish Colonial Bank. We are not yet breaking with the *Haute Banque* [big bankers], we are merely giving them an *avertissement* [notification]. I shall soon publish in America a letter in this vein to our partisans. You, like myself, must consider the following: the possibility of an understanding with the big bankers exists even today. A negotiator who has been to London (Wolffsohn of Cologne) is coming to Paris shortly. You will hear details from Marmorek. Only if Wolffsohn fails will peaceful negotiation be at an end. Therefore we must not let loose as yet. Then, too, the Turkish government must not know that the situation of the projected Bank is so doubtful.

But this is the *avertissement* [announcement]: we are even now urging our partisans to subscribe, so that the bank will, *if need be, stand on its own feet,* that is to say, come into being through popular support. Since we are opposed to infiltration, which has no future and is at the mercy of every pasha, subject to every immigration prohibition, the colonization associations are to invest their property in shares of the Colonial Bank; every local group shall accept provisional subscriptions and bring results of these provisional subscriptions (of one-pound shares) along to Basel. Thus there will already be a *noyau* [nucleus] at Basel—according to the reports I get from all over the world, this *noyau* will be substantial enough—and standing on this foundation we shall force the big bankers to go along, or we shall go on alone and at the same time fight against the dogs.

How you are to express this in your Berlin speech I do not

dare to prescribe. It is necessary! Don't let the financial part of it disgust you. We leaders declare and have declared that we never want to nor will have anything to do with the financial management. The movement needs a financial facility; we shall create one for it by stirring up oppressed masses to help themselves. *Qui veut la fin, veut les moyens* [He who wants the end wants the means].

With cordial regards,

Your devoted
Th. H.

April 29

On the 23rd, the 24th, and the 25th the preliminary conferences for the Second Congress took place. The feeling among most of the people originally appears to have been against the holding of the Second Congress. I convinced them that this was necessary, because otherwise the movement would bog down and because we must give it a new Constitution. The existing one looks like an international organization, which it really is not. We have only the disadvantages of this apparent "internationality," and our every step is impeded by the possibility that the movement will acquire an illegal appearance. Any anti-Zionist scoundrel can denounce us.

My idea, which I only outlined in the preliminary conference, is to set up a Central Office in Basel.

There is no liaison whatever between the committees. One committee—at first the Viennese one, of course—acts as the model. What it does is imitated by the others voluntarily and without orders, to the extent that the country's laws, local needs and possibilities permit it.

The heart of the negotiations was the Bank question about which I put through my proposals: beginning the provisional subscription of one-pound shares with a down-payment of 10%.

Pineles made a good proposal for its implementation. The down-payment is to be deposited in the Postal Savings Banks in

the name of the subscriber, and the bank book is to be turned over to the collector for his counter-signature.

Kaminka made confused speeches about the "Hebrew Educational Association," and finally declared (in private) that he would gather an opposition against me.

In general, the mood was the exalted one of Basel. They enthusiastically recognized me as head of the movement. It was all the more depressing, then, when between sessions I went to the office of the *N. Fr. Pr.*, where I am the hireling of diametrically opposed views. This weighs heavily on me and paralyzes my strength; but the "movement" is not in a position to relieve its leader of this miserable burden.

The creation of a big daily paper is the problem which is insoluble for the present. The necessary money cannot be raised. With two million guilders we could get control of the *N. Fr. Pr.* and thus have the suitable instrument. What a crying shame that this amount, ridiculously small in proportion to the cause, cannot be raised. We are still like the soldiers of the French Revolution, must take the field without shoes or stockings.

* * *

I am making great efforts to promote the *Welt*. The deficit is increasing, and I must soon be able to balance the paper, otherwise it will eat up my resources.

* * *

An interesting letter from Alex Marmorek. Zadoc is working ardently for us. Edmond Rothschild is said to be a convinced Zionist, but does not dare to come out into the open. An Indian prince, Aga Khan, who was recommended to Zadoc by Haffkine of Bombay, is said to be a Zionist and willing to speak to the Sultan on our behalf.

May 5

It is part of the *signatura temporis* [character of the times] that now I again go to the office each day "ready to do battle."

The *Welt* is making a drive with No. 19. Ten thousand copies are being sent out; on the street-corners there are posters announcing Wrede's novel *The Goldschilds*. The question is how Bacher and Benedikt will take this. I imagine that they are once more being incited against me by the financiers, and I am poised for the conflict, although a bit excited, too. After all, the break with the *N. Fr. Pr.* is only a question of time now, unless I manage to have it purchased by my partisans.

The *Welt* is eating up more and more money and must soon catch on, or it will fold. I can keep it above water for about another year without ruining myself.

The *Welt* is getting no support from the party; in fact, the idea has popped up that the Actions Committee should subsidize a Yiddish paper, and this would probably provide some competition for the *Welt*.

May 5

Bacher and Benedikt haven't stirred so far. *On dirait méme qu'ils sont aimables* [You'd even say they were amiable]. But something is unmistakably in the air.

* * *

Alex Marmorek reports an interesting conversation he has had with Edmond Rothschild. Aside from the silly carping reasons and egotistic considerations which he adduces, it is noteworthy that Edm. advises a Bank founded with a share capital of—one million francs. Such a bank, of course, would be no menace to the House of Rothschild.

Nous leur liverons un bel assaut [We shall give them a good fight].

* * *

Difficulties in the Actions Committee. The gentlemen are complaining that I am giving them too little information. But if I

issue a call to work, it falls flat. Schnirer has no time. Mintz is peeved because I work with the Marmoreks, who are his personal enemies. When I asked Mintz to take charge of the press preparations for the Second Congress, he asked for time to think it over, because he did not even know whether he would attend the Second Congress.

May 12

Work on the Bank has begun.

What I am doing there is another feat, an innovation in financial techniques. The provisional subscription for a bank the details of which are not even known is really nothing but the establishment of a people's share-issuing syndicate. *Flectere si nequeo superos Acheronta movebo* [If I cannot bend the powers above, I will move the lower world].

Since the big financiers are hesitant, we are appealing to the small pocketbooks right from the outset. If it succeeds, the enterprise will have the advantage that we shall not be in the hands of a few big bankers. The Bank will then belong to the Congress.

This Bank campaign has something war-like in its successive stages: The way in which vague intention, more deliberate planning, first proclamations, mobilization, setting up outposts, skirmishes, and battle merge into one another, one moment with awful sluggishness, the next moment with ridiculous precipitation; the way you are pushed more often than you push; the way you don't really believe in yourself and then suddenly are in the thick of it.

I always have to remember a word dropped by my dear friend L. Kellner, which I greatly resented at the time and which he has since regretted. A year-and-a-half ago, when I wanted to get him elected to the Reichsrat in Galicia, he declined distrustfully, saying that the whole movement was just *"noise"*! *

Yes, everything is noise, I said to him in irritation. In truth, noise is a great deal. A sustained noise is in itself a noteworthy fact. All of world history is nothing but noise. Noise of arms,

* In English in the original.

noise of ideas on the march. People must make noise useful to them—and still despise it.

* * *

Yesterday I had a meeting with the Messieurs Brecher whom we intend to use as bankers for the Austrian subscription deposits.

A little banking house, *self-made men** who still show their humble beginnings. A shabby office, which reminds me of the early days in the Café Louvre, in the little back room which I had photographed as a permanent souvenir. Of the diplomatic *demi-monde* as well, which I dealt with then and am still dealing with now. Yet these folks give the impression of prudence, and it is, as it were, the meager beginnings of our financial solidity. The older Brecher has a son in the firm who has been to law-school and whom the younger Brecher respectfully addresses as "*du,* Doctor!" **

This young man made a rather good impression on me, and while he was talking—to be sure, with a certain financial-legal dandyism—it occurred to me that he could make quite a serviceable director of the Jewish Colonial Bank.

The only thing is, he made the mistake—possibly fatal for his career—of saying that he did not quite share our views yet.

These Brechers are petty banking bourgeoisie. If they have understanding enough to join in with us, they can become great through us.

* * *

This provisional subscription will have peculiar ease and difficulty. The easy thing is that we shall have ready-made publicity at our service. The difficulty, that we shall not be able to say out loud that it is self-help against the big bankers, because we have

* In English in original.

** Translator's Note: Familiarity and formality in the same phrase. Austrian law schools grant doctorates.

to keep in mind that the Turkish government might hear about it and lose its respect.

* * *

I didn't need Alex Marmorek's last letter to know that Edmond Rothschild would turn his colonies over to the Bank once it is in existence—to this Bank whose coming into being he would now like to prevent. Undoubtedly the I.C.A. will capitulate too, once the Bank is there.

Most people don't see the connected events of the future. They only see current connections, not future connections. That is why the difficulties of my movement are so great and why it will look simple when I bring it to fruition. For then the separate strands will be woven together, and the piece of cloth will make no particular impression. That is why I shall reap so much ingratitude, too. What now exists as unused parts, and does not exist as a whole, and would never exist without me, will then be a "current connection" and in the future make no real impression on anyone.

* * *

Kokesch, a member of the Actions Committee, said a few months ago: "No one is going to lend us as much as ten thousand guilders!"

And now I want to raise a share capital of 60 million francs for a Bank whose prospectus I am not even offering.

Naturally, Kokesch is opposed to founding the Bank, just as last year he was against convening the Congress. But in the end he does acquiesce, because he is a good boy and has faith in me.

* * *

If the provisional subscription yields only 800,000 pounds sterling, I shall be satisfied too. This will then give us a basis for the syndicate of guarantors which, to be sure, I could not get

along without under those conditions. The provisional people will then constitute a unit in the share-issuing syndicate, and a few bigger bankers will have to be won in addition. If worst comes to worst, the Bank will be created with less basic capital.

May 21

Hechler is going to Berlin to attend the Church Conference. I again urged him strongly to induce the Kaiser to receive me.

If he manages that, I promised him that he would be sent to Palestine at our expense in the autumn when the Kaiser takes a trip there.

Hechler sensed how much importance I attach to being received by the Kaiser and demanded that I come to the English church tomorrow, Sunday, and pray with him. *Ni plus ni moins* [Neither more nor less].

At this I began to speak about the grass growing in my garden, where we were sitting, without going into his presumption further.

Then, when he had left, I wrote him that he would go to Palestine if he arranged that audience for me.

May 24

Yesterday, "Bank meeting" of the Actions Committee.

One man, Dr. Kahn, had collected 350 shares. All others, nothing! Kokesch had a number of representatives conscripted from the *skekel* bloc list who are to act as collectors. That was all.

I indicated my dissatisfaction to the gentlemen in a few words. That's how it was before the 1st Congress, too.

• • •

Wolffsohn has good intentions, but he is not energetic enough. He requests that there be no more notices in the *Welt* about his travels. He doesn't want to become ridiculous. All those people still don't understand that I am making them great.

May 25

Typical of the "big" Jews.

Wolffsohn telegraphs that Seligmann (Frankfurt) has declined to act as a depository for the share down-payments.

Thereupon Wolffsohn turned to the A. Schaafhausen Banking Association of Cologne (Gentile), which immediately declared itself favorably inclined.

May 25

Spoke with my dear L. Kellner. I told him that if he survived me, he should take care of the publication of this diary of mine.

The diary is to appear in the *Welt* in instalments.

Kellner shall also become editor-in-chief of the *Welt* when I am no more. He knows the most about my intentions.

He is to receive appropriate compensation for his efforts, according to the circumstances of the paper. The paper itself is, of course, the property of my children, because during the period in which I have been working in behalf of the Jews, I have neglected to earn for them.

If my Hans stays alive, he shall become proprietor of the paper when he comes of age and pay his sisters an appropriate allowance from it—provided it yields a profit.

Whit-Monday

Yesterday it was three years since I started the Zionist movement with my visit to Hirsch.

Today it is a worldwide idea.

• • •

Today I wrote to the amiable Hamburger Cohen, who can't do anything in Hamburg (for the Bank), *parce qu'on ne prête qu'aux riches* [because loans are made only to rich people]!

"The meaning of our Bank project is simply that with one leap we want to get out of the *circulus vitiosus* [vicious circle] that

consists in the refusal of the bankers to go along unless the bankers go along.

"They are making our life a burden; that is why our movement must finally break through or croak. To me the matter is too serious for a game, for the serious-minded it has hitherto been too much of a game."

* * *

Hechler is in Berlin, will try to get to the Kaiser so that he may receive me.

I need this audience, then the *circulus vitiosus* will be broken.

* * *

I don't believe, though, that Hechler can fix it. His daily letters from Berlin sound more and more discouraged and close with: *Ora pro nobis* [Pray for us]!

May 31

Hechler has left Berlin *bredouille* [empty-handed]. The Kaiser sent him word that he was too busy.

Hechler thereupon went to Karlsruhe. Superfluously.

June 2

Jelski reports from Lodz that a merchant there had asked Samuel Montagu in London whether he was participating in the Bank.

If one day we take revenge on these big bankers, it will be well deserved.

June 3

Gaster is here. I told him the above facts and plan to discuss with him the beginning of the campaign against the English big bankers.

* * *

The rich and the "Great in Israel" are actually incurring a fearsome responsibility by leaving me in the lurch. I am a very serviceable instrument for the return of the Jews—and they let me wear myself out in fruitless exertions. Perhaps I shall pass without having secured the project, and then it will be lost.

June 5

Hechler is here again and reports that the Grand Duke of Baden reacted favorably when he spoke about me and the *Welt*. The Grand Duke advised Hechler to win over Eulenburg, the ambassador here, for the cause. The Kaiser, he said, listens to Eulenburg. Hechler should tell Eulenburg in the name of the Grand Duke that in the latter's opinion something was involved that might prove to be important for German policy in the Orient.

* * *

I am writing to the Grand Duke:

Your Royal Highness:

Reverend Hechler tells me that Your Royal Highness is still interested in the Zionist movement and suggested that he call on the Vienna ambassador, Count Eulenburg, for the purpose of arranging my audience with His Majesty the German Kaiser.

Only this definite information from my reverend friend Hechler could have encouraged me to write Your Royal Highness once more. Is it not remarkable the way events have developed in the East since about two years ago I enjoyed the distinction of being allowed to make a presentation of the Zionist movement at Karlsruhe? German policy has taken an Eastern course, and there is something symbolic about the Kaiser's Palestine journey in more than one sense. I am, therefore, more firmly convinced than ever that our movement will receive help whence I have patiently been expecting it for the past two years. By now it is clear that the settlement of the shortest route to Asia by a neutral national ele-

ment could also have a certain value for Germany's Oriental policy.

And what element is this? The same that is, *par la force des choses* [of necessity], almost everywhere driven into the arms of the revolutionary parties.

In this respect, too, the events of the last few years have confirmed many of my pronouncements.

* * *

This letter I did not complete or send off, because Hechler, to whom I read the draft, advised me against it. Is it possible that the Grand Duke did not express himself in the terms Hechler conveyed to me? Could be.

June 10

Seventh birthday of my Hans.

I gave him a Zion flag. Shield of David with six stars in the six triangles. The seventh on top.

In the middle field, the Lion of Judah after a drawing of the painter Okin.

June 14

One of the most curious figures I have yet encountered is the Rymanow Rabbi Horowitz, the son-in-law of the Wonder Rabbi there.

He came to see me accompanied by his "secretary," who, however, seems to be a servant and is treated in a disdainful manner. Both wore kaftans. The servant had to remain in the hall.

Horowitz spoke *à coeur découvert* [frankly], was very skeptical about the fanatics, and explained to me the "business" (as he put it) of the Wonder Rabbis and their elegant way of life. He boasted: my father-in-law needs 500 guilders a week, *equipage*, 16 servants.

Yet there was a certain naiveté about it.

He promised to interest all Wonder Rabbis in Zionism. I think it will be possible to direct these people if they are treated appropriately.

If he arranges a meeting of all the Wonder Rabbis, I will go there for a confidential conference with all these gentlemen.

* * *

It was especially interesting the way the fledgling Wonder Rabbi Horowitz explained the power of all these *Rebbes*. The fanatics, of whom he spoke with thinly veiled irony, constitute the core of the "disciples." The second group are the sensible people who come to the Wonder Rabbi because he is at the center of connections and associations. Someone asks him whether he should buy wheat. Someone else has been there before and has mentioned the state of his wheat business. The Wonder Rabbi, being at the focal point, is well informed. Therefore, his advice is really worth its weight in gold. He gives tips, and good ones, because, after all, his reputation depends on them. He makes matches and settles disputes; by all this his power is preserved and increased. Simply *marchands d'influence* [influence peddlers], then. It is a natural explanation. The third group, finally, are those who fear harm from the enmity of the *Rebbe*. If someone has not crossed this *limina apostolorum* [apostolic threshold] in two or three years and the Wonder Rabbi is asked about him, he says: He must be badly off; he hasn't been to see me in a long time, apparently hasn't the traveling expenses!

In short, he can do his "disciples," who are his tributaries, harm or good. It is an institution developed with singular shrewdness in which everything happens in the most natural way.

And the amiable little *Rebbe* of Rymanow told me all this in the friendliest blind trust, although he had never laid eyes on me before. He added that he would make such confessions to no one else. Evidently he takes me for a greater Wonder Rabbi even than the one of Sadagora, his uncle, and thinks that I am carrying on a business this way, too. There was an augur's smile in his

words as he sat before me in his elegant silk kaftan, with the nicely anointed ear-locks and his golden pince-nez.

I didn't disabuse him of his misconception.

June 15

Draft of a letter to Kaiser Wilhelm (in the event that Count Eulenburg receives the Grand Duke's message through Hechler, acts on it, and invites me to request the audience):

Your Imperial Majesty:

His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Baden recently expressed the opinion to one of my friends, as I am informed, that the Zionist movement (whose leader I am) could acquire some importance to German policy in the Orient.

The aim of Zionism—according to the program of last year's Basel Congress—is to create a home, safeguarded under public law, for the Jewish people in Palestine.

If I were granted an opportunity to give Your Imperial Majesty an oral presentation of the political and social overtones in Zionism—as I did before His Royal Highness the Grand Duke two years ago—I believe I could get the brilliant German Kaiser enthusiastic about this glorious project on behalf of the lowliest.

Let me emphasize only one point out of the wealth of reasons in favor of the Zionist idea: the only cultural element with which Palestine can be settled is the Jews. The land is too poor to attract others. For us it is rich in memories and hopes. And Palestine must be settled, for it is the route to Ophir as well as to Kiaochow.

And if, *per impossibile* [as seems impossible] attractive conditions were created for other cultural elements, too, the most bitter jealousy among the nations would arise. Europe, it seems to me, would more readily permit settlement to the Jews. Perhaps not so much because of the historic right guaranteed in the most sacred book of mankind, but because of the inclination, present in most places, to let the Jews go.

Your Imperial Majesty is going to Palestine. It will be a procession of high and symbolic splendor. This journey will astound the peoples of the East and disquiet those of the West. But if we take everything into consideration, the new Imperial journey to Zion may leave lasting traces in history only if it also ties in with the modern Zionist movement.

For a long time I have had the conviction that help will come to us from Your Majesty. Your Majesty can command me at any hour. May it happen soon!

It would be good for the cause if I learned of this favor in advance of Your Majesty's Palestine journey and the Second Basel Congress. But with projects of this kind one must possess one's soul in more patience than men ordinarily do.

With deepest respects, etc.

June 17

Nordau-Marmorek report from Paris that at the last meeting of the I.C.A. Zadoc Kahn almost suffered violence, because he read and supported our invitation to a conference of the colonization associations prior to the 2nd Congress.

Thereupon the I.C.A. declined in an official, matter-of-fact letter to send a representative to this conference. The world press is beginning to editorialize about Wilhelm's Palestinian journey. Unfortunately I am still too powerless in the press to use this occasion to promote Zionism.

* * *

Yesterday there was talk that the Emperor is going to abdicate after the jubilee festivities and that his successor will suspend the Constitution.

It is plain that the Jews will be left out in the revised Constitution. With such an Imperial gift the nationalities of Austria can be pacified. All this I predicted long ago.

June 17

I am writing Nordau and Gaster (in Transylvania) to try to have French and English papers sound an alarm because of Wilhelm II's journey to Zion. Everyone has got to begrudge it to everyone else, and this is how we will get it.

July 1

I am thinking of giving the movement a closer territorial goal, preserving Zion as the final goal.

The poor masses need immediate help, and Turkey is not yet so desperate as to accede to our wishes.

In fact, there will probably be hostile demonstrations against us in Turkey in the immediate future. They will say that they have no intentions of giving us Palestine.

Thus we must organize ourselves for a goal attainable soon, under the Zion flag and maintaining all of our historic claims.

Perhaps we can demand Cyprus from England, and even keep an eye on South Africa or America—until Turkey is dissolved.

C'est encore à creuser profondément [This is still to be thoroughly explored]. Discuss with Nordau before the Congress.

July 6

From my letter to Schauer, who called my attention to an anti-Zionist remark of the Turkish ambassador in Washington:

"I have long been acquainted with the mistrust of the Turks. I anticipated it. *That* is the reason for my opposition to infiltration. It is, at any rate, no short-sightedness in my policy. I can demand a Jewish State in Palestine only while fighting colonization on a small scale. But the latter is apparently brainless—for the critical moment at which Turkey "noticed" the will-to-a-state on the part of the infiltrees would find the colonists unprotected immigrants, while under my policy negotiations can be carried on *before* the boundaries are crossed, thus in a manner far more favorable to us."

July 10

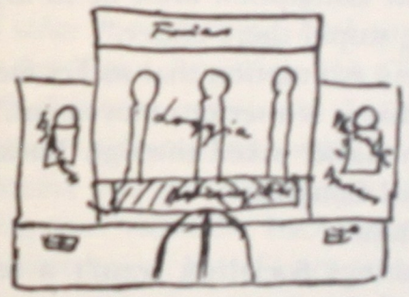
Various opposition to the Congress House in Basel which I want to have Marmorek design.

I hope to overcome this opposition. The Jewish House in Basel will be a landmark of Switzerland, but above all a symbol for Jewry. With nations one must speak in a childish language: a house, a flag, a song are the symbols of communication.

Even Marmorek, to whom I suggested this plan for the building, doesn't quite understand and showed me a sketch of no significance.

After all, in the case of the Jewish House in Basel, neo-Jewish style can be employed for the first time.

I gave Marmorek the following suggestion for the façade of the Jewish House:



The hall is the house. It opens onto the loggia, but is lighted from above like a parliamentary auditorium.

The art form which is most meaningful to me now is architecture. Unfortunately I don't command its means of expression. If I had learned anything, I would be an architect now.

July 12

I gave an interview to the Vienna correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* about the Palestine journey of the German Kaiser. I sought to stir up the attention and jealousy of the other Powers, and said it was our entire hope that we would be regarded as the *pis aller* [last resort]. No power could let any other have Palestine.

At the same time, I intend to irritate the Kaiser a bit by this.

July 31

Yesterday a small engagement with Bacher.

I am now writing editorials for the *N. Fr. Pr.* that are successful. Bacher showers me with compliments, as Benedikt, who is on vacation now, previously did.

Yesterday Bacher said: "I like your editorials even better than your *feuilletons*. Isn't there material for one today?"

I: "There would be one: the German Kaiser's trip to Palestine. But one would have to discuss Zionism in it."

He: "*One* wouldn't have to! *You* would."

Thereupon I opened a discussion of Zionism. He denied the growth of the movement, which, he claimed, was being mentioned as a curiosity at most. He regretted that I was so obstinate, because he liked me and I was an intelligent man otherwise.

I: "Well, then the assumption must be in my favor that I am not doing anything stupid there either."

He: "It is this very assumption that makes me annoyed at you. You can't tell me that it is a serious movement."

I: "The German Kaiser asked through Lucanus for my pamphlet about the Basel Congress."

That astounded him.

I: "In its beginnings Socialism wasn't a serious movement either. Can you deny that it is one now?"

He: "Socialism has changed radically. Marx and Lassalle still thought in terms of a bloody revolution. Today Socialism approaches the gradual transformation of society with bourgeois methods."

I: "Do you think that I expect a realization of my ideas according to program? I am under no illusions about the *plus-petitio* [exorbitance] that is inherent in my demands."

After this I went into a discussion of the question as an international one, saying that France and Russia would not permit the foothold in Palestine which the German Kaiser apparently intends, and that we Zionists probably constituted the *pis aller* for Europe.

He listened to me, shook his head. But this time the fight was a draw.

August 3

Wolffsohn telegraphs that the bankers Seligmann and Marx, who were supposed to come to Cologne for the so-called Bank Conference, have withdrawn their acceptance.

This dirty trick again calls everything into question. I am telegraphing Wolffsohn: Stiff upper lip!

I shall simply launch the Bank at the Congress, which will save us being dependent on the banking bastards.

August 5

Letter to Benedikt (at Scheveningen):

Dear Friend:

First the news you asked me for when we parted: my good child has pretty well recovered. I am starting my vacation today.

Only now am I calm enough to get back to something that we once discussed at the Hotel Impérial: the question of whether the *N. Fr. Pr.* will this year report on the Zionist Congress in Basel. You were going to discuss this with Dr. Bacher, but in the rush of your departure you probably forgot about it.

Without knowing your views Dr. Bacher probably won't make a decision on the matter, i.e., he will not make arrangements to get coverage. However, all other papers, including the Viennese ones, are likely to carry reports this time.

Added to this is the fact that in the near future there will be two conditions which will make mention of the Zionist movement inevitable: 1. the founding of the Zionist Bank with two million pounds sterling, which I have already told you about; 2. the German Kaiser's journey to Palestine. He is going to visit the Jewish colonies there; it is not impossible that on this occasion he will say something about Zionism.

In my estimation, a calm, impartial mention of this movement, which you have underestimated, is advisable at this very time, on the occasion of the Second Congress. Something like what is contained in the 18th volume of *Meyers Konversationslexikon* (half a page).

By this the *N. Fr. Pr.* will in no way commit itself as in favor of my ideas. I certainly don't presume upon you that the *N. Fr. Pr.* should declare itself as a Jewish paper, although undoubtedly both you and Dr. Bacher feel as Jews. If previously you were apprehensive that the propagation of Zionism would deprive you of the right to join in the discussion of the language controversy and other internal Austrian disputes, such an apprehension is no longer justified today.

The *Berliner Tageblatt* used to take a similar point of view, and subsequently carried objective editorials of column length. The *N. Fr. Pr.*, however, will always be able to state that it did nothing toward the dissemination of this idea, even kept silent about it. Zionism has spread its own propaganda and now presents itself to the paper from the outside, like other events.

I personally have not minded being able to perform my literary work quite apart from my political activity. This way, at least, not even the most malevolent were able to say of me that I was a *professional politician*•—a breed that is greatly repugnant to me. And I hope that in the future, too, I shall be able to stay with my *feuilletons* quietly, although I have, so to speak, put a major idea on its feet.

After all, I have also declined seats in the Reichsrat, and I'd rather write plays, even though I want to help the poor Jews.

What serious objections can be raised against our wanting to set up a refuge for the oppressed Jewish masses?

Believe me, everywhere the Zionists program has penetrated it has given discussion of the Jewish Question a tone more favorable to us.

August 8

This letter, too, went unmailed, because today in the composing room I saw an editorial from the pen of Privy Councilor Richter about the Kaiser's journey to Palestine.

Bacher got Richter to write the article I recommended—with the omission of Zionism.

• In English in the original.

August 9

Wolffsohn reports that only 100,000 pounds have been subscribed for the Bank.

Everything depends upon whether the weeks until the Congress bring a substantial increase.

If they don't, this time the atmosphere at the Congress would have to be utilized for the Bank. A tremendously difficult task. The rich boys want to let us freeze. *La revanche sera terrible* [The revenge will be terrible].

I may even announce the boycott at this Congress.

August 11

Today Friedrich Schiff of Paris came to see me in Währing. I reminded him of his remark about my idea when I gave him the manuscript of *The Jewish State* to read, three years ago in the Hotel Castille, rue Cambon. He was ashamed and embarrassed, and said: "I have already been converted. You are right, you are really right."

The baiting of Dreyfus converted him.

And just like this man, who once thought me insane, all the others who called me crazy will come round. But what if I had allowed such people to hold me back? The world would be poorer by an idea, Jewry by this great movement.

How great, come to think of it, was the responsibility of those who wanted to deter me, and how slight the punishment that is befalling them for it.

He is embarrassed for a moment and says: You are right!

August 17

Yesterday, farewell to Bacher, since I am going on vacation. He was very cordial, couldn't repeat to me often enough how hard it would be to do without me. He himself broached the subject of the Congress. I told him that if he changed his mind and wanted

to have the Congress covered, he only needed to send me a telegram and I would make arrangements for him to get a good, objective report.

He groaned: "It can't be done! If you weren't with us, we would certainly have written about Zionism by now, like the *Kölnische Zeitung* and others. It is impossible because of you personally, the dual position you occupy."

I didn't press any further. We took a quite cordial leave of each other. But because I have the impression that he has softened after all, I will write the letter to Benedikt, *mutatis mutandis* [the necessary changes having been made]—since the article about the Kaiser is eliminated.

• • •

Conclusion of the letter to Benedikt at Scheveningen, Hôtel Orange:

So, *un bon mouvement* [a good movement]!

If I'm not mistaken, Dr. Bacher, who is certainly favorably disposed toward me personally, is at heart no longer so sharply opposed to reporting about the Congress.

You will be well informed, too, *je vous en réponds* [I guarantee you this]; you only have to notify me in time. And all this can be done as discreetly as you require it. After all, this is what we learned to read and write for.

One thing is certain: the Congress will this time be even much more magnificent than the first one.

With cordial regards.

Yours very sincerely,
Th. Herzl.

Conclusion: I believe you ought to write or telegraph Dr. Bacher to order coverage of Basel from me. Then the *N. Fr. Pr.* will have registered the movement, as it were, and can henceforth calmly wait and see whether something great, historic comes of it (as I believe it will), or whether it dries up in the sand.

August 25

In Basel again.

Less and less time for impressionistic pictures. Everything has turned into action.

Yesterday I came here from Lucerne with Wolffsohn. On the train he converted me to the idea of establishing the Bank with less than two million pounds, possibly with five million marks. This small Bank can then set up the necessary subsidiaries.

In Basel I was met at the station by many people. This attention was very embarrassing to me.

August 29

The first day of the Congress is over.

Beforehand, all sorts of excitement and weariness, Bank Conference *a non conferendo* [that doesn't confer], agitation by *agités* [the agitated], etc. Moreover, receptions, devotions, admirations. It all vanishes from beneath me in a peculiar way, as though I were going up in a balloon—nor does it give me any sort of pleasure. When I was twenty years old—or later?—we were on summer vacation at some place where there was a green meadow, and in the evenings I used to walk across it, absorbed in youthful dreams. I no longer know the location of this meadow which I still see before me; for ever since I have remembered this peaceful evening as something lost, I have forgotten where it was. Somewhere past Vöslau, I think, maybe Pottenstein; but it could have been Reichenhall. In that case it would have been five years later, when I was working at the courthouse in Salzburg. A green meadow at eventide, a tall tree by my path, a little house—I no longer know whether a farm house or a parsonage—an infinite, fragrant peace over it. There I was longing for the world and happy in my lack of success. This charming meadow occurs to me now when the world is becoming more map-like for me.

• • •

Question is whether the intoxication of the Congress will again pass like that, without leaving any traces. One hope is the Bank.

When I left for my hotel last night at eleven o'clock—we had three sessions, and no time for supper—the anarchist Marcou Baruch, who has been tamed by Zionism, went with me. He said: "*Je regrette que vous mettiez en avant du peuple d'Israël la banque. Je ne le voudrais pas—pour l'histoire* [I am sorry that you should put the bank ahead of the people of Israel. I wouldn't want it—for the sake of history]!"

Otherwise a muddle-head, this fellow did utter the first magnificent words of the Congress.

* * *

The debates yesterday afternoon were depressing.

In the morning I had read off my programmatic speech, and Nordau had given his annual address. He again spoke splendidly, but a bit long-windedly, and actually did not have much that was new to say. He is a terrific speaker.

In the afternoon, the treasurer's report.

Then the nonsense started immediately. Gaster presided with a heavy hand. Oskar Marmorek, to my complete despair, praised the Actions Committee because it had achieved so much—with such small means. And in the gallery sat Newlinski, whom I had sent for with his wife and children, so that he might report to the Sultan how strong our movement was. After that Bernstein-Kohan took the floor and praised us because we had accomplished all this without money, without resources. I sent word to him that he should shut up that instant, otherwise I would leave the Congress. He went on talking nonsense without stopping, referring six more times to our poverty—until I had the session interrupted in order to convene the Finance Committee.

All the speakers wanted details, statements that we cannot give, because they are too small. The movement this year is nine times (Schnirer's figure) bigger than it was the previous year—but it is just that last year it was ridiculously small. This is something that had to be hurdled. Luckily our books, which we submitted to

the Finance Committee, were in splendid order. We were able to show a surplus of 61,000 francs.

The rest is in the *Welt*.

* * *

The opponents who had been announced with a lot of shouting evaporated in the Congress. Landau made himself ridiculous with his opposition; I didn't need to destroy him. Bambus pulled in his horns.

September 2, at Constance

The Congress is over.

A feeling of utter exhaustion. The last session until five in the morning.

I made the mistake of overloading the third day as the final day; hence the excitement of the final night and the successful dirty tricks of the Galician bastards Kohn (little Kohn), Landau, Salz, and Malz. Landau was the noisiest and the stupidest.

It's true that I hamstrung them; but if I had not been so exhausted from that twenty-one-hour stretch of presiding, I would have annihilated them. Now the chairman's words needed for that occur to me. I should have said: Once more there is an attempt from the same quarter to affix a yellow badge of shame to our Congress!

I should have nailed little Kohn like a bat when he was up there on the speaker's platform: Are you a Zionist?

In short, many other things.

One can't foresee everything. Otherwise, we would have had a splendid fourth day with the turn in the Dreyfus affair and the telegraphic reply from the Sultan which I had not counted on at all.

I have to be all the more indignant at the behavior of Schnirer, Kokesch, and Mintz. These people actually wanted to desert me when they noticed the displeasure of the Congress at our failure to make the financial picture public. I let Mintz go, because he had been an uncertain recruit all year anyway. The two others I

induced to stay. Mintz is a born deserter; he has caused me embarrassment enough. Schnirer and Kokesch are decent people, even though their hearts sank into their boots. They live within too narrow horizons. They absolutely fail to understand why I allowed Newlinski to run up a hotel bill of 500 francs in Basel, just as they approved his monthly subvention only with teeth-gritting and mistrust.

These are the instruments I have to work with. They break in my hand, like the wooden paper-knife at that tempestuous session.

• • •

This diary is deficient—I feel it. The stormy aspects are lacking in their secret nature, which I could still get down directly afterwards and then forget. The lifeless aspects are also lacking, and the moods of depression which they cause would be of even greater interest to the future readers of these notes.

• • •

During the Congress I also had a secret contest with the rabbis of the blackest stripe who had come to join the movement. They wanted concessions, which I denied them. I felt that they were yielding and wanted to salvage whatever they could from their defeat. When I made no concessions to them, they went along even without them.

• • •

Big wrangles also about the Bank matter. However, the opposition, with clever Bambus at its head, did not attack our badly-covered position skillfully. When I saw that they chose a point of attack unfavorable to them and fought only for the addition "Palestine and Syria" to Article 2 of the first resolution on the Bank, I forced discussion so as to tire the people out. After I had let them scream on this point for four hours, I abandoned it, because it was not at all important to me. They thought they had

won a victory, and the proposal to found the Bank—the only thing that mattered—went through amid cheers.

The only error in the debate on the Bank was that I allowed a half-hour recess to take place, during which time the physically exhausted opposition was able to fortify itself a bit.

• • •

Today I am traveling with Hechler to see the Grand Duke.

September 3, Bregenz

Yesterday, then, I was with the Grand Duke. It was a charming early-autumn morning when Hechler and I went in the hotel carriage from Constance over to the island of Mainau.

My mood was fundamentally different from the one before the meeting at Karlsruhe. I no longer expected so much from the conversation, which this time was to bring so incomparably much more.

At eleven o'clock we arrived at Mainau Castle, but had to wait a full hour in the pretty salon on the ground floor. Court atmosphere. Heavy lackeys, who still have the army in their bones and try to float over the parquet floor with their peasant feet. Officers in civilian clothes, then a general (Müller?) who was Hechler's successor as tutor to the princes and accosted him. The general said with a touch of humor: "In those days you predicted to us the end of the world as imminent. I held it very much against you. And you see, the world has'nt come to an end yet."

Hechler introduced me to the humorist, but I contented myself with nodding coolly. The general looked at the photograph of the Congress with polite irony, too. Hechler is fine for the entrée, but afterwards one becomes a bit ridiculous because of him.

Then we had to step into an adjoining room, because the Grand Duchess and the Duchess of Genoa were supposed to pass through the salon. Such small humiliations, which are not directed against me personally at all, but against everything that

is not "court," give me back my stiffness which I lose through obliging treatment.

At twelve o'clock we were called to the first floor to see the Grand Duke. He was in civilian clothes, salon coat, white vest, and greeted me with great friendliness. During the entire audience I was able to see his face only in silhouette because he intentionally sat with his back to the window, while I was fully illuminated as though I were to be X-rayed.

The conversation was downright grandiose, highly political. If I were to publish it today, it would be a sensation for all of Europe. The Grand Duke conversed with me in the most candid manner about all of world politics, and from each of his kindly words there shone benevolence toward me and good will for the cause. But he also gave me a magnificent demonstration of his confidence by discussing with me the most secret German political matters and speaking unreservedly about the intentions of the Kaiser.

He began by saying that the German government had made inquiries in Constantinople about the attitude there toward the Zionist movement and had been informed that the Sultan viewed our cause with favor. Later remarks brought out the fact that the inquiry was made through Herr von Marschall who enjoys great favor with the Sultan.

I was able to supplement this information with the news that the day before I had received a telegram of thanks from the Sultan.

The Grand Duke told me that he had made a detailed report about the Zionist movement to the Kaiser. The latter thereupon instructed Count Eulenburg to make a closer study of the matter and report on it.

The Grand Duke now told me on what good terms the Kaiser was with the Sultan. This excellent relationship started with the Cretan question. The friendly turn that Germany rendered the Turks by withdrawing troops from Crete made the very deepest impression. German influence in Yildiz was now unlimited, he said. England has been crowded out completely, to

say nothing of the other Powers. And the Grand Duke added with a smile of satisfaction: "We have accomplished all this without using the fleet or making any special exertions. Germany's wishes receive unqualified consideration. And if our Kaiser drops a word to the Sultan, it will certainly be heeded. But we have to be very careful. In world history, individual steps sometimes take a very long time. One must have patience. First you must wait until the Kaiser returns. If he received you before that, it might do the project more harm than good. You know what comments the Kaiser's journey has elicited everywhere. The so-called Palestine journey, which was originally supposed to have only a religious character, has now become a political one. This follows from the fact that the Kaiser will be going to Constantinople first, whereas originally be intended to go directly to Palestine. Thus he will first be paying a visit to the suzerain of the country. From Palestine he will then go to Egypt, that is, to another vassal state of the Sultan.

Continued on the train:

I remarked that it would be very welcome if I could make a presentation to the Kaiser before his departure, so that he might speak about Zionism in Yildiz *en connaissance de cause* [from acquaintance with the subject].

The Grand Duke asked: "Do you intend to found a state? I believe that would be the only right thing for you to do, if you wish to have legal security. (I had told him that earlier, and also that we don't want to expose ourselves to the whims of pasha government.) A formula could be found by which you keep the overlordship of the Sultan, something like the former Danube principalities. What it would turn into later (he smiled)—say, in a generation—that, after all, we cannot tell today."

I now expounded my oft-mentioned points of view, our relationship to the revolutionary parties, which evidently pleased him. (*Parbleu* [of course]!)

When I mentioned the consequences that Zionism has had in Russia, where the Socialists and Anarchists are being converted to Zionism, because we have given them an ideal, he

nodded vigorously and said: "Pobedonostsev ought to hear that. You should tell it to him."

He saw a major misgiving in the fact that certain groups of Jews would see something anti-Semitic in the partisanship of the German government. Until now, he said, people have regarded Zionism as a species of anti-Semitism. And he mentioned the fact that during the Jewish riots in Algeria Rothschild had threatened the French government that he would leave the country if order were not restored. Thereupon a new governor had been sent to Algeria. He seemed to fear a similar threat of exodus on the part of the German-Jewish financiers.

I tried to set him straight on this. The German Jews would no longer have anything against Zionism from the moment they were sure that no one would interpret it as unpatriotic behavior on their part. An exodus of all Jews was not intended anyway. Assimilation would start in earnest then. And just as the Huguenot families, who are still flourishing in Germany today, have been well assimilated, it would then be the same way with the Jews. Indeed, if a Heine wrote poetry for the Germans then, they would not cast him out as a Jew, but rejoice at his having sung the beautiful German songs.

Just as Chamisso, whose home was Boncourt Castle, is considered a good German poet.

In other ways, too, I drew his attention to the fact that with the Jews a *German* cultural element would come to the Orient. Evidence of this: German writers—even though of Jewish descent—are leading the Zionist movement. The language of the Congress is German. The overwhelming majority of the Jews are part of German culture.

We need a protectorate—accordingly, we would prefer a German one. We cannot do things all by ourselves; people must help us if they acknowledge our endeavors to be just, etc.—the often-said things, but this time said at the right address.

He liked all that. He also spoke about anti-Semitism, entirely in the spirit of Kaiser Friedrich. He called it an ugly movement, first anti-Semitic, then anti-capitalistic, finally anarchistic.

Hechler occasionally broke in with prophetic remarks about *the return of the Jews.** The Grand Duke listened to him with a benign smile, but nodded approval to me when I said:

"Such things are beyond my judgment. I can only speak of what I see."

At this the Grand Duke said: "Yes, let us consider the matter only as a world-historical matter and not as a theological one."

Hechler spoke about the Ark of the Covenant which Henning Melander plans to search for. I asked the Grand Duke whether he had read those articles in the *Welt*. He said yes, and then he said that the Kaiser wished to discuss this Ark of the Covenant if they were so inclined in Yildiz. The Kaiser was extremely interested in the Ark, and its discovery would certainly be an event in world history.

One of the wishes the Kaiser planned to express to the Sultan was for permission to conduct a search for the Ark.

Many other interesting and noteworthy things were brought up. He spoke of the petty intrigues which the Prince of Bulgaria was carrying on now, and of how here, too, Germany had intervened between the little Balkan princes and the Porte; Milan in Serbia was the disquieting element. He said he had to tell me something that I, as an Austrian, would probably not like to hear—namely, that Austria no longer had the influence to intervene in this way.

Then we spoke about Austria—he always with the greatest candor and confidence—and how deplorable the present bungled situation was. The latest proposal was to make Austria into a federation of states.

"That would be the end," I said. "Whom would one place at the heads of the individual states?"

"Archdukes perhaps!" said the Grand Duke.

"I do not believe that would work," I replied. "The situation is different from that in Germany. Germany is stronger as a federation of states, but Austria would be weaker. The unifying bond is lacking. The only one is the dynasty. The archdukes

* In English in the original.

could not be sovereigns, but only governors. A prince must grow out of the soil."

And many more memorable words were spoken, not all of which now come back to my mind. Finally, at a quarter to two, he said with amiable regret that he had to dismiss us now. He gave me a long hand-shake, assured me of his aid and his good will, and said that he had a lively interest in the subject. And when I had already walked a few steps away, he overtook me again and squeezed my hand once more.

I took my leave.

Hechler stayed behind a few more minutes and asked if the fact that this audience took place might be made public. The Grand Duke permitted it. But later I told Hechler, who will convey this to the Grand Duke today, that I preferred to forego the announcement so as to be able to operate in complete secrecy. It would give rise to distrustful discussion if it became known that the Grand Duke is interested in Zionism—just before the Kaiser's Palestinian trip.

* * *

Letter to Bacher, dated Bregenz, September 3:

Dear Friend: (Strictly Confidential)

The Congress is over. I am sorry, and not for my sake, that the *N. Fr. Pr.* has again failed to take cognizance of this event.

In my devotion to you and our paper, which is well known to you, I consider it my duty nevertheless to tell you that very big things are in the offing. The Sultan sent me a telegram of thanks at Basel. The Grand Duke of Baden invited me to visit him following the Congress. Yesterday I have been to Mainau Castle and had a two-hour conversation with him which would cause the greatest sensation throughout the whole world if I made it public. The Kaiser will call on the Sultan in Constantinople prior to going to Palestine.

It is high time for the *N. Fr. Pr.* to register the Zionist movement. I shall once more place at your disposal an article about

Zionism, which I will sign, so that it may not be taken for the view of the publishers. You are aware that I know how to write discreetly.

Kindly direct your answer to Unterach am Attersee.

If you don't wish to accept my suggestion, I still count on your complete silence to everyone, as though I had requested your word of honor in advance.

With cordial regards,

Your devoted
Th. H.

September 9, Unterach

After careful consideration I did not mail the letter to Bacher. Wolffsohn, who accompanied me here, concurs with me in this.

* * *

Yesterday I wrote to the Grand Duke that for reasons of expediency I would for the time being make no use of his permission, conveyed to me by Hechler, to make public the fact that I had an audience with him.

* * *

At the same time I wrote the Vienna ambassador Eulenburg that the Grand Duke had informed me that he had been instructed by the Kaiser to report on our movement. I would like to speak to the Kaiser before his Palestinian trip. If Eulenburg desired further information, I was ready to come to Vienna for a day.

September 15, on the train to Vienna

Yesterday I received this wire from Eulenburg: "Shall be available on 16th, nine a.m., German Embassy. Eulenburg."

I thereupon decided to go to Vienna at once. The German Kaiser is coming to Vienna on the 17th for the funeral services of the murdered Empress and may receive me.

* * *

This time I have neglected entering a great deal about the Congress.

Nordau was charming, amicable, and intelligent. He has reconciled himself to playing second fiddle, and because of this shone all the more. This time, too, he was fully a Zionist, while the first time he had not used the word and the idea as though they were part of him. Last year he only gave a report on Zionism.

He was opposed to suppressing the financial report. He said it was praiseworthy to admit that we were weak and had only an army of beggars and fools. I would risk making myself suspect if an accounting of the money were not given. I stubbornly stuck to my view.

At length he said that he was standing by the shore, watching me fight the waves in the middle of the river. (True!) I was swimming well and vigorously. But if he saw me in danger, he would jump in after me and pull me out.

September 16, Vienna

This morning, with Eulenburg.

When I arrived at the Embassy Palace, the Count has just been summoned to the Emperor at Schönbrunn, because it was reported that the Prince Regent of Bavaria had had a stroke.

I had to wait for an hour, together with Hechler, who had received permission from Eulenburg to convert a small salon into a Palestine museum for the benefit of the Kaiser, who arrives tomorrow. While mounting his charts, Hechler started perspiring and finally threw off his coat. He went on working in his shirt sleeves. At last everything was arranged: temple models, maps, plaster casts of ancient relics, etc.

About half past ten the Count returned, apologized, and after inspecting Hechler's curiosities, he launched into an amiable conversation.

He is a tall, elegant man, on life's downward slope. Somewhere around 55, but he still seems to have a future. Imperial Chancellor, perhaps?

He gives the impression of complete self-possession. You have a man before you who is locked tight like an iron safe. He looks you full in the face, and yet there is nothing to be read in his cold, blue eyes, in his wrinkled face with its grey, pointed beard. Suddenly the iron safe opens, although he has not moved a muscle. The change lies only in the expression of his hard, blue eyes, which can become soft. And on bidding me farewell, while a moment before he had given me a full and friendly look, he suddenly locked himself up again.

He opened the conversation by expressing two misgivings: the soil in Palestine was lacking in humus, and the Turks would view the immigration of two million people with disfavor, indeed, suspicion.

For the Sultan—he gave me a deep look—was downright criminal with fright.

He spoke at some length and with assurance, although he evidently is not yet acquainted with the project.

Then I took the floor and said all the things I have already said so often, in *The Jewish State*, *The Basel Congress*, etc. They were new to him and visibly fascinated him.

He asked what I actually wanted the Kaiser to do at Constantinople; did I want him to tell the Sultan to give us the land and autonomy?

No, I said, the Kaiser should only put in a word recommending that the Sultan enter into negotiations with us. After all, the matter was very complicated. We were not really interested in getting permission to immigrate. We would take the country only on the basis of autonomy.

The blue eyes repeatedly deepened as I spoke. He became perceptibly warmer.

He had promised me at the outset that he would try to persuade the Kaiser to receive me in East Prussia, where he was going on a hunting party, for he was to accompany the Kaiser there.

It was unlikely that the Kaiser would receive me tomorrow in Vienna, for he would arrive at one o'clock and leave again at nine in the evening. During those few hours he would have a

great deal of excitement, and he also had to confer with Bülow, with the Imperial Chancellor, and with others. I thereupon made the suggestion that perhaps I could go along on the Kaiser's Imperial train and make my presentation to him *en route.*

Eulenburg thought it over and said he intended to bring it up tomorrow, if the opportunity arose.

But I think I made the strongest impression on him when I said: "Our movement exists; I expect that one or another of the Powers will espouse it. Originally I had thought that it would be England. It lay in the nature of things. But it would be even more welcome to me if it were Germany. The Jews of today are predominantly German in culture. I am not saying this because I am at the German Embassy right now, but because it is true. Proof: the official language of the two Basel Congresses."

The mention of England, in which I have been mistaken thus far (but which might still come through after all), was the *coup final* [clincher].

All of a sudden he declared that he would welcome my speaking with Bülow tomorrow. The latter was coming down from the Semmering; he would not be attending the funeral services and might be able to see me.

I put myself at his disposal, saying that I would be waiting at the *Welt* tomorrow morning from ten o'clock on.

When I was at the door, the blue eyes again closed down like iron, with the lids still open.

I held the outer, he the inner, door-handle as I went out. When I pulled it shut somewhat slowly, I felt a stronger counterpressure from inside the room.

In the afternoon the Actions Committee met at my home. I gave them a report. The two Marmoreks greeted my success enthusiastically, Dr. Kahn was curious, Schnirer and Kokesch took it almost as a matter of course.

Once a poor stock-exchange *galopin* [errand boy] suddenly made 50,000 guilders. During the first hour he nearly went crazy with joy. By the second he said: "50,000 guilders! *Hasst ä Tusch* [Some big deal]!

* * *

As a reward for his past *management,** Hechler gets his traveling expenses to Palestine—1000 guilders, to start with.

He is such a good old soul, modest and humble. He did not even ask for it. It does my heart good to make the old man's secret wish come true.

September 18, Ischl

Yesterday was a noteworthy day, one that might have become a day of destiny for the movement. Would the Kaiser receive me?

I slept late, wasn't a bit nervous, and didn't arrive at the office of the *Welt* until the stroke of ten, having come from my home in the "Cottage" section. They had already phoned from the German Embassy that I was to come there at eleven.

At eleven o'clock I drove up. The doorman told me Count Eulenburg was not in. I replied that I wished to see Herr von Bülow, which surprised the lackey. On the staircase a footman met me: "His Excellency is expecting you."

Bülow received me in his living quarters, with trunks open—he had just arrived. He greeted me with captivating kindness, saying he had read many of my writings, was happy to make my acquaintance, etc.

At this I grew weak. I had confronted Eulenburg, who had received me coolly, with resoluteness, and my words had been iron-like and clear. In Bülow's presence I unfortunately became a vain writer and strove harder to make polished *mots* [phrases] than to talk seriously to the point. This was simply a fit of weakness caused by his ingratiating behavior. After the conversation I had the delayed reaction *d'avoir été bercé et roulé* [that I had been properly taken in].

Bülow doesn't give the impression of being a Prussian, but of

* In English in the original.

something like a North German Austrian: smooth, obliging, at times almost sweet, more *vieux jeu* [the old style] of diplomacy than the new iron kind of Bismarck's era. He is tall and slim, but not stiff; a friendly face with rather gentle eyes and a small blond-grey moustache, otherwise clean-shaven; the bearing of an old lieutenant who resigned his commission early because his gaiters bored him. Evidently has artistic leanings, too. (Eulenburg had mentioned the day before yesterday that he had.)

From this it may be concluded what a brilliant wind blows from the summit. The Prussian court appears to be more concerned with art than people suppose.

Our conversation unfortunately was more of a chat than a tightly organized political conversation. It also jumped from one thing to another; the anti-Socialist aspect of Zionism was gone into in the greatest detail—"flirted with" would be more correct; on the other hand, little was said about the Oriental-colonial and political aspects.

Bülow was already informed about the Second Congress, and he asked why the *N. Fr. Pr.* had kept silent and the *Frankfurter Zeitung* had written in such an unfriendly tone. I explained that it was due to the fear on the part of the Jewish-liberal papers that the anti-Semites would question their patriotism.

It was regrettable, I added, that our movement was actually becoming known only through jokes and caricatures; but if one had strong enough nerves, this too was a good way, after all, to popularize the idea.

He nodded with a smile.

I then expounded my theory about draining off the surplus Jewish masses. He agreed with me that through this immigration the lot and the situation of the remaining Jews would improve. There were also plenty of Jews whose departure would certainly not be welcomed. But they would remain in any case. In fact, he did not believe that I would get many adherents from Central and Western Germany to come along; only from the East, and perhaps also those who felt the tightest economic squeeze and who would then be led by a few idealists.

He, too, confirmed what Eulenburg had already told me: that the Kaiser was by no means an anti-Semite, which he was decried as being. He was merely against the destructive Jews.

This brought us to Socialism. I made my position clear—that it was folly on the part of Jews to join the Socialist movement, which would soon rid itself of them. Then, too, Jews were not Socialists at heart. I mentioned something that I had recently read: Pre-Mosaic Egypt was a Socialist state. Through the Decalogue Moses created an individualistic form of society. And the Jews, I said, are and will remain individualists.

He liked that, too. He quoted Heine, who had talked about "egalitarian louts." * The Jews, said Bülow, would never put up with that equality stuff. He had once discussed the Socialist state of the future with a Socialist leader. It would be like a field of poppies in which every taller flower would be beheaded. Such a state would be boring and devoid of talent, too.

Was all this courtesy to a visitor, or honestly meant? Both Eulenburg and Bülow expressed themselves about the Jews in such a way that if their words were made public they would get the reputation of being the most extreme philo-Semites.

Quite a few details of this conversation, which flitted about restlessly, have already escaped me. When I quoted Bülow the Grand Duke's words about his being considered the most qualified person to make an unobjectionable presentation of such a difficult and delicate subject as Zionism, he bowed and was quite touched; and at that moment he was the weaker of us two.

But presently he regained the upper hand when he said: "If only we were that far along, the key-word of the situation would be found. Whether you or I or another, wiser man says it makes no difference. As I see it, the main difficulty lies in managing to give the Sultan that advice to enter into negotiations with you. It would surely make a big impression on him if the Kaiser were to give him such advice. But we would have to see to it that others do not find out about it, otherwise the entire combination may be upset."

* Translator's Note: Heine called America the land of the *Gleichheitsflegel.*

I gathered that he was not in favor of my being received by the Kaiser either in Vienna or on the train. He didn't come right out with it, but I sensed it, despite his geniality. Had I been too talkative and given him the impression that I couldn't keep my mouth shut? Or are their intentions toward us already so serious that they have to carry out this plan with caution? I shall not find out until later.

With regard to the Socialist aspect of the question, at any rate, we saw eye to eye. He was impressed when I mentioned the fact that at the University of Vienna we have taken students away from Socialism. Some might believe they will set up the Socialist state of the future "over there"; but that was not my view. We might be able to arrange some matters better than in our old society, but on the whole, things would probably have to remain much the same. If I thought otherwise, I would *really* be a Utopian.

Again he had his charming smile: "Yes, it would then be the *polis* [city-state] of Plato!"

We had chatted for about three-quarters of an hour. A servant entered and put something in order. At this Bülow suddenly asked me to excuse him: he had to go to the station to meet the Kaiser.

And before I had had a chance to unfold the entire matter, our conversation came to an abrupt end. He dismissed me with the utmost amiability. I managed to give him Erter's article from issue No. 37 of the *Welt* and told him that according to this article there was even less of a legal case for the French claims to the Orient than for claims which might be made by others. He quite shared this view and promised to read the article. Finally, I begged him to introduce me to the Kaiser, if possible, even though it were only in the train on the return journey. I should be pleased to hold myself at his disposal in some baggage-car. Again he nodded. He never says no—nor yes either.

Then I left, and knew even on the stairs that nothing was going to come of it—either because I had committed some blunder, or because he does not consider it expedient.

I immediately summoned my good Hechler, so as to salvage whatever could be salvaged from the situation.

Hechler then waited in the doorkeeper's quarters at the Embassy during the entire dinner (which followed the funeral of the Empress). He sent his card to Count Eulenburg, saying he was below stairs and at his command. But no call was sent to him.

I myself waited at the *Welt* for a call, from five o'clock on. I put a crape band around my hat and bought black gloves, so as to appear at the station in the proper court attire. It got to be eight o'clock—half past eight—a quarter to nine. Then Hechler called me on the phone. The Kaiser had just left with Eulenburg for the station—without remembering me.

I was rather disconcerted and drove to the Westbahn terminal in order to take the train to Ischl. Hechler accompanied me. We agreed on what he should say to Eulenburg today. I planned to write Eulenburg from Unterach. At Ischl I received a wire from Colonel Eiss, saying that the German Embassy had telephoned to ask whether I was still in Vienna. He had replied: No. Should he call me back from Ischl? Unnecessary, they said; the message would be put in writing.

Does that mean that all is not lost yet?

At any rate, I have the promises of Eulenburg and Bülow that the German government intends to assist us in Constantinople.

Vederemo [We shall see]!

September 21, on the train at the Lake of Zurich

When I left Unterach last night, no word had come from Eulenburg. Therefore I must assume that I evaluated the situation correctly after my conversation with Bülow. I shall not be able to see the Kaiser.

To make one last attempt, I plan to write the following letter to Eulenburg from Paris:

Your Excellency:

My devoted thanks for listening to me in Vienna, promising

me your help, and giving me the opportunity of speaking with Herr von Bülow. Unfortunately the conversation with the latter remained incomplete, since His Excellency had to leave for the station to meet His Imperial Majesty. Our discussion had not progressed beyond those points which would indicate that our movement can fight and weaken the revolutionary parties.

Originally I had believed that this alone would gain us the exalted protection of His Majesty. But according to the remarks of His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Baden I may assume that the further course of our movement in the Orient, if we should succeed in initiating an organized exodus of the proletarians to be settled, would engage the interest of German policy. Actually it is an element of German culture that would come to the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean with the Jews.

I beg Your Excellency not to interpret it as immodesty on my part if I once more present my request for an audience with H.M. It is of the greatest timeliness. I do not wish to reproach myself later with not having appreciated this important moment. One word from the Kaiser can have the greatest consequences for the shaping of things in the Orient. I should particularly like to direct the attention of His Majesty to some things which I have already briefly indicated to Your Excellency:

1. The relief for the internal situation of the different countries if those parts of the Jewish population that are considered superfluous are diverted. At present they are supplying the revolutionary parties with leaders and lieutenants.
2. In the natural course of things each country would relinquish only as many Jews as it can spare. In each country, the drainage would come to a standstill along with anti-Semitism itself. For the stimulus to emigrate, which, as it is, is lacking or only slight in the upper economic strata, would then be eliminated.
3. For Turkey, the influx of an intelligent, economically energetic national element would mean an unmistakable strengthening. Therefore, the advice which the Kaiser would give to the Sultan would be the advice of a friend. The latter should enter into negotiations with the Zionists, which would for the time being involve no obligation and be kept completely secret.

   Turkey would have direct benefits (a large payment of money on our part, and possibly a further improvement of her finances) as well as indirect benefits, through the general increase in commerce.
4. The return of even the semi-Asiatic Jews under the leadership of thoroughly modern persons must undoubtedly mean the restoration to health of this neglected corner of the Orient. Civilization and order would be brought there. Thus the migration of the Jews would eventually be an effective protection of the Christians in the Orient.
5. The needs of all of non-Russian Europe call for the creation of a direct Southern route to Asia: that is, a railroad from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf. The Jews could and must build this great road of the nations, which, if undertaken differently, might call forth the most serious rivalries.

For all these reasons I venture to ask for a hearing from His Majesty, even before his departure for Constantinople.

In the internal situation of France I now find a peculiar, completely unexpected corroboration of my arguments. I lived there for four years and am somewhat acquainted with the country. Nevertheless, this time I am quite taken aback by the increase of disorganization in a short time. Thus France must acquiesce to every *fait accompli* which does not irritate it almost to the point of insensibility.

What I am saying here quite plainly and seriously will, I hope, find its way to the genius of the Kaiser through the kindness of Your Excellency.

The journey to the Holy Land is now grandly conceived as a pilgrimage on the part of His Majesty. But it can turn out to be more; it can attain to the signficance of a historic turning-point in the Orient, if the return of the Jews is initiated.

And precisely this greater end would remain concealed for a while. It is the same as in the mountains, where a water-shed is not immediately noticed either. But then the waters flow differently.

Commending the cause which I represent in all humility to Your Excellency's benevolence, I remain, with deepest respect,

Yours faithfully,
Dr. Theodor Herzl.

With it, a second sheet:

Since a letter addressed to Your Excellency might attract the attention of the local post office, I am arranging for it to be mailed in Cologne. My address, until September 29, inclusive, will be: Hotel Castille, rue Cambon, Paris; then, until October 1: Doelen Hotel, Amsterdam; from October 2 until October 5, inclusive: Burlington Hotel, Cork Street, Piccadilly, London, W. Then, Vienna again. A message will probably reach me most inconspicuously through the German Legation in the cities concerned. I would be very happy if I received orders to travel from London to His Majesty. However, it goes without saying that I am available earlier, or later, at any place whatever.

September 24, Paris

I am writing the letter to Eulenburg at the Hotel Castille, in the same room and at the same table where I wrote *The Jewish State*.

* * *

Day before yesterday I was at Nordau's, yesterday at Zadoc Kahn's.

Just talk.

September 29, on the train to Holland

Obviously there is no helping the French Jews. They make a fire with their beds. They seek protection from the Socialists and the destroyers of the present civil order.

Zadoc was of good cheer, because it no longer involves Dreyfus, but Zola, and Picquart.

The Hague, September 30

The French Jews are absolutely unavailable to us. Truly, they are not Jews any more. To be sure, they are no Frenchmen either. They will probably become the leaders of European anarchism.

* * *

I also had a farewell conversation with Nordau. He said he was unable to put himself at the disposal of the movement to the extent he would like to. He would jeopardize his position with the *Vossische Zeitung* and his livelihood. Unfortunately true. It is a crying shame that we cannot support a propagandistic talent like his.

Nordau views my achievements with the Grand Duke and Bülow with skepticism. He thinks nothing at all of Bülow's obliging attitude. He feels that Bülow only wanted to have a chat with an interesting man who has recently been in the news.

* * *

Nordau showed me a letter from Gaster imploring him to come along to London, since I simply would not be dissuaded.

Strange behavior on the part of Bentwich and Gaster, who invited me in Basel to come to London at the beginning of October and now are against it.

I have only one explanation for Gaster's letter: he wants to cushion my appearance with that of Nordau. The rally shall not be held for *one* man. Two men are less than one, thinks Gaster, who seems to be concerned about *supremacy*.*

However, Nordau doesn't feel like playing a supporting role, and he isn't going to London.

* In English in the original.

The Hague, September 30

Traveled again through the fragrant Dutch countryside. But not as I once did. In 1885 I was a callow dreamer who saw only the surface of things.

Today the country has a different message for me.

I see a city suddenly rising from the plain, without mountain, river, or sea—without motive, so to speak. This is The Hague.

A proof that will-power makes cities rise.

If I point my finger at a spot, and say: here shall be a city—a city will come into being there.

All Holland is a proof of what men can extract from the most unfavorable soil.

A young man in love sees his beloved under every woman's hat.

In the same way, to me everything is now an allusion to, and a memory of, my idea.

The Hague, October 1

Yesterday Kann, whom I came here to see about the Bank, took me to the painter Israels. A short, agile, smart old little Jew. He is just painting David playing the harp before Saul. I explained Zionism to him and recruited him. He thought the idea beautiful.

October 2, 6 o'clock in the morning

What happened yesterday I shall record *en route*.

I am now writing to Eulenburg:

Your Excellency:

Please accept my humblest thanks for your very kind letter and all that it contained.

I shall leave London on Wednesday evening and go directly to Berlin; I shall report to Your Excellency immediately upon my arrival, since I can stay in Berlin only till Friday evening. My Berlin address is Palast Hotel, Potsdamer Platz.

With deepest gratitude and respect, I remain

Your Excellency's humble servant,
Dr. Th. H.

October 2, on the steamer between Flushing and Queensborough

Yesterday the following took place. In the morning I went with Kann from The Hague to Amsterdam where I had directed my mail. I did not expect, or only *vaguement* [vaguely], that Eulenburg would answer me.

At the Doelen Hotel I was told that a gentleman had come there, looking for me, two days ago. Since I had written to no one but Eulenburg and my family that I would be staying at the Doelen Hotel in Amsterdam, I immediately guessed something.

The surmise became a certainty when I received Eulenburg's note, the coda to his long letter. I immediately drove to the German Consulate, where I was received without the *morgue officielle* [official arrogance]. The secretary told me that I had been expected since yesterday. However, could I prove my identity? "Because that could cost us our necks." I established my identity in more of a psychological than a documentary fashion, since I had no papers of any kind on me. My passport was at The Hague. I persuaded them of my identity. The Vice-Consul was even more amiable when he handed me Eulenburg's letter.

I read the letter in the carriage, and at first was almost dazed by it. The colossal achievement which it represented at first had an unpleasant effect on me. I saw at once the grave consequences which this can have for me at the *N. Fr. Pr.* If, after the expiration of my leave, I go to Palestine instead of reporting for duty at the office, this could quite simply cost me my job. On the other hand, I cannot disregard the Kaiser's wish, which really is a command. Eulenburg writes that the Kaiser would be disappointed if he did not see me in Jerusalem. So there is no hesitating. *C'est l'engrennage* [I'm caught in the toils]. I cannot do otherwise, I must put even my position at stake.

Wolffsohn was waiting for me at The Hague. I did not immediately tell him and Kann what was in the letter. *J'étais littéralement bouleversé* [I was literally bowled over]. I rode my

bicycle, alone, to Scheveningen, relaxed through the physical exercise and the view of the beautiful evening sea. A sunset in reddened clouds, some cloud-drama of unknown melody and plot which was taking place between the lustreless sky and the shimmering sea, in bloody catastrophes, unintelligible but gripping.

During the day I had seen many other beautiful things. The brownish-green, softly fragrant landscape between The Hague and Amsterdam. The deep green of the shrubs, the brown, oily, sluggish canals, the wandering wings of the wind-mills—a whole enchanting world of muted color. In Amsterdam, the exhibition of the collected Rembrandts, including "The Night Watch," which was well hung this time and glowed with color. Also paintings by Maris, who is strangely reminiscent of Corot and Lhermitte. The prettiest picture, however, in the Jewish Quarter. Three Jewish children, a tiny boy between two little boys, went staggering arm in arm along the side-walk, pretending they were tipsy, and humming the Dutch national anthem. It was Saturday, the shops were closed, the Jews in their *shabbes* dress; and I said to Kann: Ten years from now, the children in the Jodenbreetstraat and in all the Jewish quarters of the world must be singing the Zionist anthem.

Not until later in the evening, after dinner, did I let Wolffsohn and Kann know the contents of the Eulenburg letter. First I asked Kann how devoted he was to the cause; and when he avowed his complete devotion, I made both of them give me their word of honor and their hands, and read them the letter. Since it mentioned a deputation, I was justified in informing the two men I intend to take along.

They were both astounded. We had been speaking of bank matters. I said to them: I must now establish the Bank under any circumstances.

Kann said he could participate only if it was something solid. I replied that of course I preferred a good, solid bank, honorably conducted by reliable people. But I should have to deal with the other sort too. It is like a bridge. I come roaring along with

a locomotive and cars. There is a stream I have to cross. If there is a good bridge—so much the better. But I would get across even if the bridge was bad. They should help me to build a good, solid bridge.

Kann, who was wavering a bit, seemed to have been stiffened by this.

Then I went to bed and slept on the matter; and when I awoke at five in the morning, I knew as usual what I had to do.

I sent Eulenburg the above letter not in the form of a letter, but as a telegram to Wolffsohn's partner Bernstein in Cologne, and he is to re-telegraph it.

In Berlin I shall try to dissuade Eulenburg from having the Kaiser receive me in Jerusalem. Instead, he should receive me privately in Berlin. This is my view today, though it may be susceptible of clarification and in need of it. By Wednesday, however, I shall perhaps have considered the matter, surveyed it from other angles, and may recognize the trip to Palestine as a necessity.

As of today the matter still seems premature. Still, it will serve to hasten the completion of the Bank.

How swiftly we shall go ahead from now on is really incalculable.

Too bad that I am a wage slave of the *N. Fr. Pr.* Everything would be different if the tramps with whom I have so often struggled for my existence were different.

What obscure, indescribable battles I have had to fight over every little step I took will never be suspected or appreciated by the ungrateful Jews, who will show enmity toward me soon after success has come.

* * *

One effect of the letter from Rominten is that tomorrow evening in the East End I shall speak more moderately, because unfortunately the participation of the moneyed Jews will be necessary after all.

I was planning to lash out at them.

October 3, London

While crossing the magnificent sea, I discussed many things with Wolffsohn on deck. He feels that I may be of even greater value to the *N. Fr. Pr.* after Palestine.

After sleeping on it once more, I myself now incline to the view that maybe the trip won't break my neck after all.

* * *

Last night here I received a telegram from Hechler, to whom the Grand Duke had given a detailed telegraphic account of the Imperial matters already known to me.

This morning I received a telegram directly from the Grand Duke, saying that he had sent me *important news** to Vienna.

I am answering him: I most humbly thank Your Royal Highness for the great favor. I shall be there in good time.

Very respectfully yours,
Herzl.

* * *

Tonight is the *mass-meeting** in the East End. I slept badly, have heart palpitations of a disagreeable kind; and since I have prepared no speech, I am worried that I may be *au dessous de tout* [at the bottom of the pile].

October 3, 6:45 in the evening

In the afternoon, *va et vient* [coming and going] at the Burlington Hotel. Candidates for the directorship of the Bank presented themselves.—The majority of the "Bank Committee" is opposed to its immediate establishment. Bentwich *retires,** as Col. Goldsmid *retired* when there was supposed to be some action.

I am insisting on it: the Bank *must* be created now. The expenses of registering and establishing it will be borne by Wolffsohn, Kann, and myself.—

* In English in the original.

Between times I had Sidney Whitman introduce me to the Bishop of London at the Athenaeum Club. Now I am supposed to leave for the East End and make a speech before 8000 people, and in the excitement of the last few weeks I have had no time to prepare myself.

I am not at all well today. Palpitations, shortness of breath. And so I go on riding across Lake Constance.*

October 4, morning

Yesterday's *mass meeting*** in the East End was attended by ten thousand people. My speech (in German) got much applause, but was oratorical only *de chic* [for style], and not good. Today I know some things I should have said. *Mots* [words] that would have had wings, etc. The usual thing.

Very picturesque among my *supporters*** was the Catholic Father Ignatius. In his black pleated monastic habit, with his medieval evangelist's pulpit gestures, his beautiful, clear profile, his spirited speech, he was a joy to listen to and to look at. I admired him like a show-piece, while he praised me as if he were talking about someone else. The enthusiasm that I inspire leaves me quite cold.

Finally, a certain Herman Landau, an ugly *Mauschel,* came forward to avenge his friend Montagu, whom I had attacked. He brought a jarring note into the meeting, and after the floor had been taken away from him, he screamed that we were trying to take money from poor people in order to start our Bank.

Then the banker Seligmann, who had recently stabbed us in the back, asked to be introduced to me, and made a sweet-and-sour face.

I left on foot with Sidney Whitman. But we had to take a carriage after all, when the crowd of our followers on the main street grew too big.

* Translator's Note: An allusion to the ballad, based on an old Swabian legend, *Der Reiter und der Bodensee,* also known as *Der Reiter über den Bodensee,* by Gustav Schwab (1792-1850). A traveler on horseback unwittingly rides across frozen Lake Constance. When he reaches the other shore safely and is told of the peril he has run, he drops dead.

** In English in the original.

October 5, in the morning, London

At the Burlington Hotel it is like at a bank. Big conversations in our drawing room. Cohen of Hamburg is on the side of the Englishmen who don't want to establish the bank right now, but first a transitional corporation. Wolffsohn and Kann-The Hague, my confidants, want to go ahead immediately. Still, yesterday morning I inclined toward the view taken by timid Cohen, an amiable, cautious adviser. But Cohen made the mistake of taking me to the banker Rafaels. Rafaels, who seems to be a blockhead, knew nothing whatever of our movement. And Cohen asked him for advice. This turned me against Cohen and brought me back to the immediate establishment of the Bank. We went to see the Solicitor of the Bank of England, in order to ask his legal advice. He said we could found the Bank with seven shares. We have 200,000.

Book Six

Begun in London

October 5, 1898

October 5, London

Last night the Bank project took a remarkable turn.

We had called a meeting of the Colonization Committee at the Burlington Hotel for yesterday evening. Gaster, Bentwich, de Haas, Greenberg, and Seligmann the banker were to attend. Others who were there were Kellner, Wolffsohn, Cohn, Kann, and Heymann. I treated Seligmann very coolly, hardly spoke to him—and the reason for this was the perfidious letter opposing the Bank which he had published in the *Jewish Chronicle*.

Gaster opened the discussion with petty details of the Colonization Committee. I let them talk. When they were discussing the question of how to pay the secretary of the committee and talking about the shilling difficulties, Seligmann took the floor. He said he wished to tell us from where we could get the funds. Instead of the Bank we ought to found a *Jewish Colonisation Society*.* It would be possible to win the good will of the "big" bankers for such a society. He was speaking unofficially, to be sure, but he thought that such a society would easily raise not two, but five, million pounds. He intended to discuss this with Montagu and others. Our Bank would lead to catastrophes, *à la Union Générale*, etc.

I immediately sensed the victory that lay in this proposal, and answered him, holding up to him the entire list of sins against our movement committed by the bankers, argued down his misgivings about the Bank, and threatened him with war and boycott if the big bankers came out in opposition to our Bank.

He laughed out loud. But his laughter was too loud to be only mockery. There was also fright in it.

Then I told him that I was ready to drop the Bank project if the *land society** he had suggested came into being. I gave him a Berlin address for a reply within two days. I said, however, that

* In English in the original.

we would go ahead working for the Bank, because I had no confidence in the good will of the big bankers. And the matter could no longer be carried on in dilatory fashion.

October 6, on the train to Berlin

To me this incident is only one more proof of the necessity for the Bank. If it instils fear in the big bankers even before its establishment, it will accomplish all the more tremendous things once it exists.

* * *

Between Dortmund and Hanover I conversed with a fellow passenger, the London Zionist and tobacco-dealer Mayer, about the soil outlook in Palestine. He has been there, has set up tobacco plantations, and finds the land first-rate.

* * *

What under the sun am I not going through in this movement!

A noteworthy thing was the English *promoter** scenes in the Burlington Hotel. The would-be directors that applied, all the comings and goings of the visitors. The worried dissuader Cohen from Hamburg, the sly little South African Heyman, who doesn't know yet whether there will be a profit for him in it, and if so, how much. Because of this attitude of his Heymann will have to be jettisoned at the next opportunity.

In contrast, Wolffsohn, and next to him young Kann from the Hague, have been excellent, steadfast, loyal, adroit. For this both of them shall be made great.

Also, the scenes with the English Solicitor Freskville, in appearance like the fine picture of an old man in a *castle*,* and many other things were very curious.

The impressions pass by too fast.

* * *

* In English in the original.

On the crossing from Dover to Ostend I spoke with Wolffsohn about how obvious and easy the founding of this Bank, which is now costing us so many sacrifices, will be considered later. We three, Wolffsohn, Kann, and I, are advancing the founding costs. I have subscribed to the largest number of shares (2000), also the largest number in proportion to my means, although the project certainly will not and must not yield me any profit.

And we are being abused by scoundrels *à la* Herman Landau on orders from other scoundrels like Montagu and Rabbi Adler.

* * *

Tomorrow I plan to write the following to the Grand Duke:

Your Royal Highness:

Even before I am acquainted with the full scope of things in the offing, I feel impelled to repeat to Your Royal Highness, even though only in brief summary, my most respectful thanks which I have already taken the liberty of telegraphing from London.

I cannot begin to express what comfort and reassurance I derive in the sometimes very bitter hours of the work I have started from the thought that the kindly hand of Your Royal Highness helpfully hovers over our work. The name of the Grand Duke Friedrich of Baden, which is venerated and loved by the German people, will be blessed by other millions as well when the time comes when one is allowed to say who was the first prince who took an interest in the deliverance of the poor Jews.

Today I shall call on Ambassador Count Eulenburg in this city, and I hope to learn from him the arrangements with which Your Royal Highness is already acquainted in any case. It goes without saying that I shall be in Palestine in time.

Berlin, October 7

This draft was not sent off, because I learned from Eulenburg today that the Grand Duke was coming here.

Therefore I am wiring him as follows:

To His Royal Highness,
Grand Duke Friedrich of Baden,
New Palais, Potsdam.

I have learned from Count Eulenburg, on whom I called at Liebenberg, that Your Royal Highness is coming here. For this reason I am staying here one day longer.

This very day I was going to send off a letter with my most respectful thanks for all the favor I have experienced from Your Royal Highness. As a precaution I preferred not to write from abroad.—Now I would be very happy if I were accorded the privilege of being received by Your Royal Highness tomorrow, in order to request your exalted, kindly counsel at this new turn in affairs.

Your Royal Highness' respectful servant,

Dr. Theodor Herzl
Palast Hotel.

Berlin, October 7

On arriving here last night I was disappointed at not finding the expected message from Eulenburg. I considered asking him by telegram whether or not I should come to Liebenberg. I decided simply to wire him that I was coming out today by the first express. And it was good that I did. For meanwhile a letter from him was on the way, telling me to expect him here at the station or in my hotel. The latter obviously a mere gesture of politeness. However, I preferred to talk with him out there, if only because that way I learned in good time of the Grand Duke's arrival.

I almost missed the train this morning. The hotel porter had forgotten to call me. So, after waking up, I lay in bed for a long time and, as usual, planned everything beforehand, thinking it was not yet seven o'clock. Finally I looked at my watch. Eight! The train was due to leave the Stettiner terminal at eight-forty. I jumped up, and in fifteen minutes I was ready and had breakfasted and was rushing to the station. I promised the driver double fare. Luckily I still made the train. A lovely autumn morning enveloped the Mark which is by no means such a sandy desert as people say it is. So we too shall convert the sandy deserts of our country into a beautiful Mark.

At Löwenberg the Count's dog-cart was waiting for me. The coachman surveyed me haughtily when I asked whether he was waiting for a Dr. Herzl. He had been told only: a tall gentleman with a black beard. I am probably the first Jew he has ever driven. Nevertheless I managed to draw the stiff youth into an almost friendly conversation. A refrain from one of Spielhagen's novels kept running through my head: "Hinrich Scheel drove the horses." For here I was right in the midst of Spielhagen's world, the landed gentry, who had been spoken of in the circle in which I used to live, among scoffing Jewish liberals, with nothing but hatred, fear, and derision. The noteworthy thing about the episode is that I am by no means coming to them as a submissively fawning assimilationist, but as an upstanding Jew. This Hinrich Scheel had probably never driven a Jew before. When I asked him about distances, from Potsdam, etc., he explained them to me by the time it takes the Dragoons and the Yellow Uhlans to cover the ground. Hinrich Scheel—who, incidentally, is going to Vienna as the Count's coachman—thinks in terms of Dragoons and Yellow Uhlans. Huntsmen, too. He said that hunting had been going on for three days now. A few of the gentlemen were still in the castle. The Count himself would probably go to Berlin this evening.

This morning a few gentlemen had gone out after pheasants. In the sunny fields, an occasional bird flew up; I lacked a shotgun and the skill for them. These birds have evidently been reproducing themselves from time immemorial, for the benefit of noblemen who on fine autumn days go out to kill them.

On the fields, which are now being turned over, here and there small groups of peasants. Potato harvest. A living poem of the Mark.

In a brief half-hour we were at Liebenberg. A beautiful manor house, to which a new wing is being added. I had no chance

really to look around. Two footmen were waiting outside the gate. One of them announced me to the Count. In the hall, hunting weapons and trophies. The whole, *grand style.** The Count came out at once. He was in hunting costume, and it seemed to me the first thing he did was to take stock of my clothes. I had carefully considered what I should wear, and had taken my grey frock-coat and trousers, although under different circumstances the light-colored lounge-suit would have been more appropriate. The light-colored suit would have been informal. However, I certainly did not want to give the impression that I considered myself a guest. I was coming on business, a shade less *habillé* [dressed up] than if it had been in the city—that is, grey rather than black.

I believe he found me suitably dressed.

He led me into the great hall where the whole family happened to be gathered: his mother, wife, daughters, sons and their tutors. I only had time to glance quickly at the very elegant tableau and was unable to take in any details. A billiard table did strike my attention, as well as a breakfast table, a few beautiful old pictures—and the autumnal park shimmered through the tall French windows of this ground-floor hall. Eulenburg briefly introduced me to the whole party and invited me to take a stroll with him—a bit of *le tour du propriétaire* [the proprietor's tour]. But even though he permitted me a glimpse of the magnificence of his estate he nevertheless did so in a grand manner, for he is in every way a grandiose *gentleman.** Naturally, as a member of a race which he considers a higher one, he feels superior to me. But how can I resent it when I consider the wretched way in which precisely the "higher" Jews—that is, the kind he has contact with, if any—behave toward our idealistic cause? Incidentally, he does seem to acknowledge the fact that one can associate with the Jew Herzl.

Since I am not forcing myself upon him socially, and indeed

* In English in the original.

had made it quite clear at the outset that I intended to go back just as soon as we had completed our business, his air of superiority could not shock me. We got down to business.

To begin with, he reported: "I have already written you everything of importance, at the Kaiser's order. The Kaiser is very warmly inclined toward the project. I succeeded in making him take this attitude, or else there would simply be no point to it. He has to be greatly interested in a matter, otherwise he soon loses sight of it, which is understandable, because such a great variety of things happen. To be sure, I had already mentioned it at Vienna, but there we did not have the proper leisure for it. Afterwards, at Rominten, it was different. There I was able to return to the subject repeatedly, and I did."

I interjected: "It is one of the many different remarkable dispensations that we should have found an absolutely ideal advocate in Your Excellency."

He gave a gratified nod. "That is true. My standing with the Kaiser is such that I am able to speak to him differently from, and more than, many others. Very few people can go as far as I. There is always one point or another beyond which a man does not dare to go; then he withdraws. I have been able to bring the matter up again and again, and I have succeeded. Fortunately for your cause I have also been able to win over Bülow, my best friend and a most outstanding statesman. By the way, the world will yet see quite extraordinary things from Bülow."

I remarked: "Bülow does not seem to have exerted himself very much in Vienna. I had the impression that he was none too willing."

The Count: "He restrained himself—which is understandable at a first meeting. One is cautious, does not let oneself go immediately. However, the main thing is not what he said to you, but what he said to me when I tried to persuade him. I convinced him."

I spoke a few warm words of thanks. At this Eulenburg remarked, while looking at me steadily with his steely eyes: "Per-

haps the moment will come when I shall claim favors from you."

I declared: "Henceforth you will find in me a devoted and grateful man."

He said: "I am glad that you feel that way about it."

I: "Your Excellency may count on me. Perhaps you will permit me to give you proof of it at once."

He made a motion of refusal with his hand. "No, not right now. The occasion may arise some day, but this is not the time."

I begged him to be assured of my devotion at all times.

I am skipping about a bit in retelling this conversation, just as it comes back to me. After all, during all these talks I must concentrate my presence of mind on bringing up the right things. That is why I am always weak in reproducing them later. My own impressions are less strong, because I use all my psychic energy to make strong impressions.

He said that I should go to Constantinople in any case. Perhaps the conversation there would be sufficient, and I would not have to go on to Palestine.

I called his attention to the fact that it was not just a question of myself, but of a deputation as well. I would not be able to use residents of Palestine for the deputation, because they might get into trouble with the authorities if they associated with a foreign sovereign over the Sultan's head.

He said that it was nevertheless the Kaiser's wish to receive a deputation of Zionists in Jerusalem.

I remarked that in any case I was the only one who could present the people. I intended to take along a man from Cologne, one from the Hague, and one Viennese in addition to myself. I did not want to include any Englishmen now, for political reasons. Russians might be harassed upon their return because of it. Altogether, Russia was the great problem. It is true, I said, that up to now our movement has been tolerated and our numerous associations have been left in peace. But this has been so only because there has been no talk of any intercession on the part of Germany. There is no way of telling what the situation will be once the German sponsorship becomes known.

Eulenburg's comment on this was that, in his opinion, nothing need be feared from Russia. "The Czar's intentions are obviously idealistic, as evidenced by his peace proposal." (At this, a hint of irony in his steel-like eyes.) "If worst comes to worst, our Kaiser could write him a letter and win him over to Zionism. Since Russia has no objections to the departure of the Jews, no obstacles will be placed in the way of the cause."

I mentioned the extraterritorialization of the Holy Places, in the well-known way.

Eulenburg seems to anticipate difficulties only from England and France. With regard to the latter country, I was able to give him information gratifying to us. France was now undergoing a severe crisis. Law and order were being championed by liars. The country was too weak to take any action in the political arena.

Eulenburg further told me that the Kaiser had already got quite used to the idea of a protectorate. The Kaiser did not doubt that the Sultan would receive his advice favorably, since he was convinced of the Kaiser's friendship. And the Kaiser had also said that he could justify his espousal of the Jewish cause to his own people!

Wonderful, wonderful!

So the intervention, the protectorate, of Germany is a *fait acquis* [actuality]. Nor does it detract from the colossal import of this accomplishment that Eulenburg told me at a further turn in the conversation: "We can only desire it. How it works out later is in God's hands. We cannot know today whether we shall be able to pursue the matter to its conclusion.

"Germany will not go to war for the sake of the Zionists."

When we had set out from the manor-house, a footman came after us with a telegram. Eulenburg read it, then called to the servant, who was standing by at a distance, to take the telegram to the castle, and put the paper on the ground for the servant to pick up; meanwhile we walked on, through the garden into the woods, and then back.

After we had talked for a half-hour, I mentioned the two tele-

grams from the Grand Duke, especially the one sent to me directly at London and mentioning *important news.**

"He wired it *en clair* [openly]?" asked the Count, shaking his head.

"Yes, *en clair*."

"He is coming here tomorrow, probably to bid the Kaiser farewell. It was in the telegram I received just now. I am invited to luncheon. This will give me a chance to speak to both gentlemen about your business. After the meal; when one sits back comfortably and chats."

Then I said that I would stay over for a day in order to thank the Grand Duke.

And we left it with the understanding that I would keep myself at their disposal at the hotel tomorrow in case I was summoned.

A game-keeper with two dogs straining at the leash came into view. The Count had been showing signs of impatience for some time now. I declined his invitation to eat a second breakfast, which had been set out especially for me, on the pretext that I was anxious to get back to Berlin.

The Countess was charming on closer contact, when I said good-bye, and shook hands with me very amiably, although we had not spoken together. The Count finally instructed the coachman to take me to the station by a lovely roundabout route. A waving of hats, and then Liebenberg lay behind me.

Hinrich Scheel drove the horses. But this time, I think, with greater respect, for he had seen the Count stand in the gateway until my departure.

Hinrich Scheel was silent.

* * *

Following Eulenburg's advice, I only left my card at Bülow's.

Something else occurs to me: I pointed out various considerations. Actually, I said, there were two forms of effectiveness. If a widely-publicized demonstration is the object, then of course

* In English in the original.

a reception of the deputation would be the best thing. But if it is desired to lay the actual ground-work in secret—thus, "long-range effectiveness," as it were—then it would be better merely to receive me here or in Constantinople. I was, of course, at their disposal in either case.

Eulenburg said that since a protectorate was involved, the matter could not remain concealed for very long.

Therefore he thought it best to come right out with it, immediately and demonstratively. The world would then have to come to terms with it.

Here I recognized the Prussian. This is the forthright grand old style. Open and above-board! This way they have accomplished everything.

Berlin, October 8

The protectorate! Many will shake their heads over it. But I believe the only right course is to accept it gratefully, now that it has been offered. For surely no one among us has dreams of a monarchy, since I have none.

To live under the protection of this strong, great, moral, splendidly governed, tightly organized Germany can only have the most salutary effect on the Jewish national character. Also, at one stroke we would obtain a completely ordered internal and external legal status. The suzerainty of the Porte and the protectorate of Germany would certainly be sufficient legal pillars. The only question is whether it should be "and" or "or," suzerainty and/or protectorate? We shall see how this develops.

In any case, the big-money scoundrels will no longer be able to behave as they have up to now.

* * *

I am racking my brains over what Eulenburg could have meant by "favors." Whatever they may be, he will get them—no matter when, no matter where, no matter how. Everyone who comes

into contact with me shall get the opposite of the proverbial opinion of the Jews.

* * *

Today I am sitting in the hotel and waiting.

It is now high noon, and I have had no sign of life whatever from either the Grand Duke or Eulenburg. They are now at table in Potsdam and must be talking about me. If my calculations are correct, I am bound to be summoned to Potsdam this afternoon. I have laid out everything; black frock-coat, shirt, neck-tie, shoes; and I am having my hat blocked.

But I also made such preparations on the day of the Empress' funeral in Vienna, and I was not called.

To be sure, if the matter is now being taken as seriously as Eulenburg says and writes, and as the Grand Duke telegraphs *en clair* [openly], it is absolutely essential that I be called to Potsdam. I would be completely mistaken in the Kaiser if, after luncheon, he does not simply give orders to summon me. Perhaps the Grand Duke will have me sent for?

At all events, tense moments in the serial novel of my life.

In the evening I must definitely go to Vienna.

October 8, 1:15 p.m.

The expectation is becoming more and more tense.

I am putting on my No. 1 patent-leather boots, so as to lose less time dressing when the command arrives.

I was at the hotel clerk's desk a moment ago when one of Bülow's servants came and left the latter's visiting-card for me. From this I infer that Eulenburg has spoken to him during the morning and that things are going well.

* * *

Strange ways of destiny.

Through Zionism it will again become possible for Jews to

love this Germany, to which our hearts have been attached despite everything!

Berlin, October 8, 4:20 p.m.

At half-past three the following telegram arrived from the Grand Duke:

"To Dr. Theodor Herzl, Palast Hotel, Berlin; despatched at Potsdam, Oct. 8.

My letter to you left Mainau for Vienna on the fifth, but am glad to be able to see you here, if you are willing to come very early tomorrow morning, say, eight o'clock. Stadtschloss, Potsdam. Friedrich, Grand Duke of Baden."

I replied:

"To His Royal Highness Grand Duke Friedrich of Baden, Stadtschloss, Potsdam.

Shall be there at eight o'clock tomorrow morning. Most respectfully, Dr. Th. H."

* * *

This delays my departure by another day. I can't go to Vienna until tomorrow evening. The whole party of travelers will be delayed. All my arrangements, ordering of clothes, etc., will be impeded. But *que faire* [what to do]? I must definitely find out all the details here first.

October 8, 5 p.m.

I am now waiting for Eulenburg who, according to the timetables, ought to arrive here from Potsdam at four-thirty in order to make the 6:06 train to Löwenberg. Provided that he is returning to Liebenberg via Berlin. After that there is only one other train from here to Löwenberg, at ten o'clock. To be on the safe side, I shall leave word with the desk clerk that I shall be at the *Königliches Schauspielhaus* [Royal Theatre] until ten o'clock, so that I can be summoned by telephone if Eulenburg comes later.

* * *

I have often thought of withdrawing from the movement as soon as I achieve something decisive. I would then say: No reward would be too high for what I have done for the Jews. But even the smallest reward would give rise to the assumption that I have done it for the sake of some advantage. Now, it would be a terrible disgrace for the Jews if someone were to reproach me with such a thing. To forestall that, I am taking my departure, and this is the last service I am performing for the Jews.

My mind always does hurry ahead of events. But now the latest developments give me an idea that goes even farther: that I shall be in no position to act thus. For the German government, which is making agreements with me, will want me to remain so I can keep them!

October 9, in the evening,
on the train returning to Vienna

The car is shaking badly, and that is a pity. For tomorrow in Vienna comes a great whirl of fresh events, and I shall have no time to make entries.

And this has been a tremendously interesting day. I was up by half-past five—no rest day or night.* Careful *toilette*. At seven o'clock I was at the Potsdamer Bahnhof. Going up the steps ahead of me was—who? Bülow. *Grand salut* [Big greeting]! Then again on the platform where he was walking up and down with a general. However, I quickly got into a compartment, so that he would not think I wanted to intrude. If things went well, I was sure to see him again during the course of the day anyway.

On the trip out there I was quite calm, without the least excitement within me. On arriving at Potsdam, I did not look around for Bülow, but immediately took the first cab and drove to the nearby palace.

The sentinel at the gate, the ensign of the guard, and finally a flock of servants directed me to the Grand Duke's wing. I had to wait for a quarter of an hour in the ante-room, rather disregarded by the *valetaille* [servants] who carried on their conversation about silver and laundry without paying any attention to me. I turned my back to them and looked out at the impressive *cour d'honneur* [grand courtyard] of the Prussian Versailles.

* Translator's Note: *Keine Ruh' bei Tag und Nacht*, a phrase from the German version of Leporello's opening aria in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*.

The activity would be a good subject for a *feuilleton*. A great, splendid order. All sorts of lackeys and maids, a whole hierarchy of horses and carriages.

At eight o'clock sharp, the head footman issued an order, which was relayed from one to another of several servile spirits, to announce me to the Grand Duke. And he, the kindly soul, did not keep me waiting long. I was immediately conducted to him through three or four sumptuous salons. He received me in an exquisite study, wearing a general's uniform. I don't even remember all the kind words with which he greeted me. I only know that I love and venerate this wise, good, and great man. Never in my life have I met a man so truly aristocratic through and through, never have I believed that princes like him exist.

After he had asked me, with his customary courtesy, to be seated in an armchair facing him, he opened the conversation. I thanked him for all he had done. He waved it aside, smiling gently. His letter had been sent to me at Vienna on the fifth. Now he wished to give me an oral report. "The Kaiser," he said, "has been thoroughly informed about the matter and is full of enthusiasm. That word is not too strong; he has taken to your idea quite warmly. He speaks of it in the liveliest terms. He would also have received you by now, for he has confidence in you; but it is now deemed better to receive you at Constantinople and at Jerusalem." (Apparently the Kaiser was conveying this message to me through him.) "Things seem to be going well, too. A good report has come from Herr von Marschall, and that in itself is a success. The Kaiser believes that in any case the Sultan will receive his advice favorably. For during the Cretan crisis the Sultan had occasion to assure himself of the Kaiser's good will. The Kaiser has now undertaken to mediate and he intends to go through with it. He is enthusiastically in favor of it."

The good Grand Duke repeated the word several times—as though intentionally, so as to make me feel quite hopeful. And so I told him quite confidentially about the various difficult hours I had had to go through. There have been times, I told him, when I could have lightened my burden by saying that the Grand Duke of Baden was in sympathy with our cause. But I had always kept silent. And it was just as well. For the cause would have had more authority, but also more enmity, if people had known that a man who had seen and taken part in so many great affairs was in favor of it.

He said: "Yes, it is just as well if the personal element is not too much in evidence. Even, and especially, in the hour of success there are always people who begrudge it to a man. What difficulties we had effecting the unification of Germany! Many a man who later benefited by it would not participate."

I listened to his allusions to that great epoch, made in confidence and yet with aristocratic restraint. It was one of those moments when one pinches oneself to make sure one isn't dreaming. Here was one of the greatest men of the greatest period of Germany speaking in this way with me, a plain journalist.

We then turned to some of the specific obstacles. I mentioned Russia as the greatest. There we would have to come to a clear understanding about the extraterritorialization of the Holy Places, the *extra commercium* [removal from the trafficking of nations]. Then all that remained would be to take the poor Jews out of the country. Surely no one would object to this out of sheer cruelty.

He said: "In Russia one must be prepared for anything. Let me just remind you of how the Germans in the Baltic provinces were treated. In that case persecution was carried quite far—as far as Siberia."

The situation in England appeared more favorable to him. He agreed with me that the English Church favored our idea, even though English statesmanship had not taken up the matter. He was glad to hear that I had spoken with the Bishop of London.

We then talked about France and her present situation. He listened attentively to my report which culminated in the conclusion that France was too weak to resist a *fait accompli*.

He remarked that the conditions were moving toward a dictatorship, and called my attention to the fact that the younger Napoleon, the Russian general, was in Paris now. He could be expected to make a *coup de main* if he won over the generals. I said that this man was too little known in France; on the other hand, the Duke of Orleans would have more chance, at least in the provinces. Paris was strictly Socialist.

After that he said: "The generals are in agreement among themselves. In case of war they would no longer act together. It would be different only if we provoked things—only then would they be united. But let us hope that we shall not live to see such eventualities."

And he spoke with the greatest frankness about the French general staff. In the Dreyfus affair, the rotten system was rebelling less against the acquittal of the innocent man than against the exposure of the embezzlement and fraud of the secret fund. Boisdeffre's hurried resignation was probably connected with the three millions of the *fonds secrets* [secret funds] which they could not account for.

The Grand Duke is convinced of the inefficiency of the French army. Of course, many things have improved since 1870, but things have gone to rack and ruin nevertheless.

Then the conversation turned to the expansion of the German navy, of which he is a warm proponent. He expects a great deal from the newly-founded Naval Association, which aims at the popularization of proposed marine legislation in the country. He further told me that he had had research conducted to find out to what extent domestic industry participated in the expansion of the navy. It had turned out that not a penny of the expenses was leaving the country . . . And these German ships then served to secure new markets for the entire domestic economy and to increase the greatness of the Empire. After all, it

was not a matter of world dominion, but of the economic welfare of the people. He reminded me of Venice and what it had accomplished by its sea power.

With admiration I listened to these exalted, mature thoughts, surrendering to their calmness without even being acquainted with the details. I suggested to him that he disseminate these views among the people in some easily grasped and entertaining form, and placed my pen at his disposal for this. That would be the most effective propaganda against the Socialists.

Then we got back to our project. I said I would not make it public in any form, but leave it to the German government to release whatever seemed suitable to it. The presentation of the matter would require a great deal of caution and skill. I would remain silent.

Thereupon he thought it desirable for me to speak with Bülow that same day at Potsdam, and advised me to wait for Bülow at the Hotel Einsiedler.

He thought that this would be a suitable form of presentation: With the consent of the Sultan, the Kaiser would take the migration of the Jews under his protection.

We had talked for about an hour and three quarters. He concluded the conversation with kind words. When I thanked him for everything with feeling, he said he regarded it only as the fulfilment of a duty. I should not hesitate to turn to him whenever I needed him. By now I must have noticed that he was no ill friend to the cause.

Long and warmly he pressed my right hand, from which I had forgotten to remove my glove, as etiquette would have required.

The lackeys outside were amazed at the long audience and made low bows. That's nothing new to me.

* * *

Then I checked into the "Einsiedler," opposite the palace, and wrote to Bülow, asking whether he would receive me. I had breakfast and looked out the window. A splendid group of officers, for the Flag Festival. And up the street came cadets,

littler and littler ones, the future officers of this inexhaustible Germany, which wants to take us under its protection.

Fully dressed I threw myself on the bed of the small room which I had taken for a short time.

At noon a reply came from the palace: Minister-of-State Bülow requested me to come to room No. 149 of the palace at about one o'clock.

I went. They were just making preparations for a dinner. Lackeys and officers' orderlies in droves. Glanced into an Imperial *office*.* It all could scarcely have been any bigger.

Bülow's servant was awaiting me outside Room 149, at the end of the long palace corridor. I was immediately ushered into a small rococo apartment: ante-chamber, salon, bedroom, in bright colors.

Bülow was in the salon, but not alone. A short, crooked old gentleman, bedecked with decorations, a yellow grand-cordon across his court dress, sat with him. Both arose and I was introduced—to the Imperial Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe.

I understood at once: a trial of the heart and reins.**

Hohenlohe looked at me with his dim, blue, old man's eyes in anything but a kindly fashion. From him, too, I heard the first anti-Semitic remark in these exalted circles:

"Do you think that the Jews are going to desert their stock exchange and follow you? The Jews, who are comfortably installed here in Berlin?"

I replied: "Your Highness—not Berlin West, but Berlin East or North—I don't know exactly where the poor Jews live here —will go with me."

All of Hohenlohe's objections were *terre à terre* [on a low level]—somewhat in the vein of Agliardi during that talk in the nunciature in Vienna. The Catholic objections, so-to-speak.

He also asked what territory we wanted to have, whether as far north as Beirut, or even beyond that.

I said: "We will ask for what we need—the more immigrants,

* In English in original.
** Translator's Note: *Prüfung auf Herz und Nieren* (Psalms 7, 10).

the more land. It will, of course, be purchased from its present owners in accordance with civil law."

Hohenlohe: "Who are these?"

I: "Arabs, Greeks, the whole *mixed multitude** of the Orient."

Hohenlohe: "And you want to found a state there?"

I: "We want autonomy and self-protection."

Hohenlohe: "What does Turkey say to all this?"

Je le croyais mieux renseigné [I had believed him better informed], and replied: "The Grand Duke told me that favorable reports had come in from Herr von Marschall."

Bülow, who had been sitting in the corner of the sofa next to Hohenlohe's armchair, with his lips pursed tight and his eyes deliberately vacant, interjected: "I don't know anything about that. I've seen nothing from Marschall on the subject."

I did not allow myself to be disconcerted, and said: "I have reports that the sentiment is favorable. I recently telegraphed to the Sultan and he replied."

Hohenlohe then asked a few skeptical questions about the number of those ready to migrate, and the funds available. I referred to the various funds which would combine when things reached a serious stage. One of these funds, I said, amounted to ten million pounds.

Bülow, who had been listening *en poupée rose aux yeux de porcelaine* [like a pink doll with china eyes], now remarked: "That's a lot! . . ." And, half turning to Hohenlohe: "The money might do the trick. With it one can swing the matter." **

Hohenlohe was silent.

Earlier, when I was taking a seat opposite him in a rococo armchair, he had taken his white-plumed two-cornered hat from the table between us and put it on the little side-table, so as to have a good view of me.

Now he picked up his hat, said to Bülow, "Let's go to that

* In English in original.

** Translator's Note: These two sentences are reproduced in the Berlin dialect in the original.

dinner now," and got up; we also arose. He gave me his hand and went out.

Bülow too was suddenly in a great hurry:

"See you in Constantinople, doctor!" And he adjusted the gold shoulder-cord of his blue court-dress.

"Where will the Kaiser receive me? In Constantinople and in Jerusalem?"

"In any case only once!" said Bülow.

I said: "Shall I, then, submit at Constantinople the address which I am to deliver at Jerusalem?"

"Yes, oh yes!" And he was already in the next room, where I heard him call out in an irritated voice, "Neumann! Neumann!" Evidently the valet. His Excellency was, or pretended to be, in a rush to get to "that dinner."

Back again through the long corridor; in the *office** one could see even more feverish preparations for "that dinner."

When I was downstairs and was walking alongside the palace, a brilliant suite of officers was just coming from the park and toward the ramp of the palace. The Kaiser!—who has certainly spoken about me a number of times today and is quite enthusiastic, according to the Grand Duke.

But why the depressingly cool behavior of Hohenlohe and Bülow?

There are two explanations for this.

Either they are at odds with their Imperial master, but do not dare as yet to stand up to him. So for the present they treat the matter with dilatory coldness, in order to trip it up at the proper moment and bring the whole thing to the ground.

Or is it merely the official face of diplomacy? This is how they probably always sit back in sofa corners and armchairs, with eyes which practically suck dry the person they are watching. This is how they probably always display the utmost indifference—even toward matters which fill them with the greediest excitement. I believe this is the *vieux jeu* [old style] of diplomacy.

* In English in the original.

If Bismarck had concerned himself with the matter while he was Chancellor, he would no doubt have dealt with me differently. He would have attacked me differently—I would have defended myself differently. *Cela aurait été un plus bel assaut* [That would have been a grander onslaught].

But how strange that the Imperial Chancellor *du jour* [of the present] is obliged to enter into negotiations with me—and with obvious repugnance at that—regarding which the dethroned Bismark did not even answer me three years ago; it may have seemed that crazy to him.

Today the German government concerns itself officially with a matter which Bismark did not think worth so much as a chat or a letter in reply.

Hohenlohe and Bülow are certainly cold and unfavorable. But how does it happen that the good Grand Duke spoke of a success involving Marschall, which Bülow knows nothing about?

How does it happen that Eulenburg tells me Bülow is won over, when the latter, or at least Hohenlohe, shows himself uninformed?

Perhaps the explanation for Bülow's coolness is his ignorance of how much the Grand Duke and Eulenburg have told me about the Kaiser's attitude. After all, this, more than anything else, is what counts.

Of course, I also must not forget that the most splendid intentions of this Kaiser of genius often are subsequently corrected, denied, and modified by his counsellors.

He was forced repeatedly to change his policy toward Social Democracy. In other cases, too, he was not always able to carry out his best decisions. Therefore, caution!

However, I believe that even if worst comes to worst our idea, as the jilted darling of the German Kaiser, would be taken up by others, for this adventure can only contribute to its advancement.

October 10, morning, on the train, nearing Vienna

Supplement to the Bülow-Hohenlohe conversation:

Bülow: "In any case it would be the first eastward migration of the Israelites. Until now they have always moved westward."

I: "Not at all! This time too it's toward the west. It is simply that the Jews have already circled the globe. East is west again."

At which both smiled.

Throughout the conversation I was *en pleine possession de moi-même* [in full control of myself]. Not flustered for a moment.

Vienna, October 11

Addendum to the conversation with the Grand Duke.

He spoke about Rome. "We may have nothing good to expect for our cause from Rome. A Protestant empire is odious to the Jesuits down to their souls—their black souls. Now, our empire as such is not Protestant, to be sure, but embraces all creeds. Yet it is a fact that a Protestant is at its head, and this is what bothers them. Therefore we must expect opposition from that quarter in Palestine, too."

October 11, Vienna

Immediately upon my arrival in Vienna I had Marmorek convene the Actions Committee. Marmorek himself declared he could not go on the trip, because he might lose a lot of money on a building he had started for his father-in-law. Later he asked for time to think it over.

* * *

At noon at the *Neue Freie Presse*.

I spoke first with Benedikt. He was still antagonistic, but wavering deep down inside. He said he had carefully read the reports on the Congress and was beginning to see the light. We had given up a great deal of our original program. He does not

believe in the Bank and is afraid I could compromise myself with it. "If you raise two millions pounds, you can hang me."

"Will you put that in writing?" I said.

"Vienna, October 10. If you raise that two million pounds, you can hang me."

He made a droll gesture toward the desk, as though he meant to sign it.

Then with Bacher, who was grinning uncertainly.

I showed both of them the telegram from the Grand Duke calling me to Potsdam. Naturally I told them nothing further, but prepared them for something big that was in the air.

They both tried to worm the secret out of me; but they did not succeed.

* * *

In the evening, the A. C.—Schnirer, Kokesch, Marmorek—met at my place. I gave them a report.

Kokesch suggested that the presidium of the Congress go to Palestine as a deputation. I accepted this proposal and immediately sent an urgent telegram to Nordau and Gaster, asking them to go to Brussels today where Wolffsohn would give them further information. At the same time I wired Mandelstamm, asking him to go to Tarnopol where we are sending Marmorek.

In the course of the day negative replies came. Nordau can't come until the beginning of next week. This is a way of saying no if one is urgently summoned at once. Gaster wanted to be wired first what it was all about, and since Wolffsohn didn't give him any information, a difficult problem came up in Gaster's congregation and he couldn't get away.

The most willing of them was Madelstamm, I believe. But it would have taken him two days to get a passport, and therefore he wasn't able to go across the border.

* * *

Foreseeing these refusals I had already provided an alternative: The Actions Committee is to go. I was going to take Schnirer

and Marmorek with me. But then Kokesch, the least suitable one, sulked because I did not choose him. Schnirer pointed out that for him it was a matter of subsistence because he lived from hand to mouth. The traveling expenses alone wouldn't be enough. He would also lose wages and must provide for his family. We quickly decided to compensate him. Marmorek has a big construction job which he cannot leave. Despite this he came round and promised to go with us. Wolffsohn telegraphed that Bodenheimer wanted to go along. That would make six of us, of whom Kokesch is quite superfluous. They want to leave only Kahn here, to carry on the daily business.

* * *

After the A. C., Newlinski came to see me. I plan to send him to Rome while I am in Constantinople and Jerusalem, to prepare the ground for me. On my way back I intend to go to Rome.

He thinks the most that could be achieved would be something negative, at best a few indulgent words in an encyclical. But something would have to be done for the Peter's Pence, too.

Entendu [Agreed].

I promised him (by agreement with the A. C.) two thousand guilders for his trip.

During working hours at the office today, a row with Bacher and Benedikt.

I said to Bacher: "I have been invited by the Kaiser to go along to Palestine."

The news actually depressed him.

"Don't you find that interesting?" I asked him.

"I foresee difficulties for the *Neue Freie Presse* arising from this. After all, he invited you as a Zionist."

"In any case, not as an editor of the *N. Fr. Pr.* You need not write anything about Zionism in the future either. For you the best thing would be if you let me expound the matter in the paper.—But suit yourself."

Then with Benedikt, who looked away wildly, shyly, and enviously. I presume that they are cooking up something; perhaps

they are going to disclose my confidential information to the Foreign Office.

I asked them to get me a recommendation to the Austrian ambassador at Constantinople through the Foreign Office.

Bacher referred me to Benedikt. The latter, back to Bacher.

Benedikt lied: "Calice has been our enemy for the past two years, since the time you were there with Newlinski. He wrote a secret letter about you to the Foreign Office, which Dóczy conveyed to us."

"Well, I wanted to grab Dóczy by the throat; you kept me from it."

Incidentally, I need Calice like a hole in the head.

Et sur cela bonjour [And with that, good-bye].

October 12

The two greatly excited me again yesterday.

A strange psychological phenomenon that Bacher causes me more anguish than Imperial Chancellor Hohenlohe!

In his presence, strangely enough, I still feel like what I once was: a shy journalistic tyro, although he certainly does not impress me intellectually.

October 14

On the Orient Express, on the way to Constantinople. Nearing Sofia.

Great hubbub in the last hours before the departure. Headquarters: my home.

After a lot of back and forth it was decided that Schnirer and Seidener the engineer would go along from Vienna.

* * *

The day before yesterday I called on Ambassador Mahmud Nedim Bey. One hour of absolutely empty talk. To my request to give me introductions to Constantinople he replied with an Arabian tale: A gardener came to a wealthy man and begged him

for a loan. The rich man refused gruffly. Half a year later the poor man came and brought him a basket of fruit by way of thanks. The rich man was astonished and thought it a mistake. "No," said the pauper, "I owe you a debt of gratitude, because you did not put me off, but gave me a flat No. That way I lost no time and turned to someone else who helped me."

In the same way, he, too, did not wish to put me off. He must not recommend me, otherwise people would think he had been bribed. But if an inquiry came, he would make a favorable report.

Since that was all I had wanted from him in the first place, I was quite content.

I said: "I hope, Your Excellency, that I, too, will return in half a year with a basket of fruit."

* * *

Yesterday, prior to my departure, I read *Unser Käthchen* [*Our Katie*] to the actors in the Burgtheater. There, too, I wanted to establish a *fait accompli*. Who knows how much longer I shall be with the *Neue Freie Presse*. And by now I know people well enough to realize that they would also punish me for the loss of my position.

* * *

Yesterday I did not bother to go to the office, so as not to let myself be excited again by Messieurs Bacher and Benedikt. I sent the "Steward's Key to the Literary Section" (the key to my desk) to Bacher with a few joking words of excuse.

* * *

Taking leave from my loved ones was quite hard this time. I could very well stay in my beautiful house, with my lovely children, whose rosiest childhood is passing without my enjoying it; who are growing up without my observing the delightful details of their development. And I am undertaking such a long journey, one that may not be without danger. I have even been

warned that an attempt on my life might be made in Palestine. The warning came from Ben Yehuda, through Dr. Werner.

But it is my duty to go.

It affected me deeply at parting that my good parents cried. They would be the only inconsolable ones if I did not come back. It would be no comfort to my poor old parents that I would then be a figure in world history.

They both blessed me when I left them. May God keep them healthy and grant us a happy reunion!

* * *

In the waiting-room in Vienna I saw the Berlin ambassador Ahmed Tewfik, accompanied by Mahmud Nedim.

Yesterday evening, after dinner, I chatted with Ahmed Tewfik for hours. I believe he is not favorably inclined. But I mean to make him benign.

* * *

The Austrian ambassador, Calice, is also on the train. At first I didn't recognize him. He is the source of the Dóczy slander. I didn't want to recognize him either. But then, in the afternoon, he passed me in the smoking-room and smiled at me. At this I greeted him.

October 15, on the train, nearing Constantinople.

Yesterday evening, after dinner, I chatted for two hours with Ahmed Tewfik in the smoking-room. I got him to talk, so I could inquire *incidemment* [incidentally] about the Sultan's relationship to the Kaiser. For Mahmud Nedim had given me a skeptical answer to a similar question. He had said that in the Cretan question Turkey had not got very much out of Germany and Austria. They did withdraw from the concert of the Powers; but he wished they had stayed in it and defended Turkey.

Ahmed Tewfik, on the other hand, was delighted with the Kaiser and with Germany. The Sultan and the whole Turkish

people, he said, were filled with gratitude for this great friend. They regarded the importation of German culture to Asia Minor as a major boon, etc.

Naturally, this information pleased me greatly, for it betrays the kind of disposition that we need for our cause.

* * *

With Wolffsohn and Bodenheimer we converse in code, so as not to be understood. The code words are "the old man" for the Grand Duke, "the nephew" for the Kaiser, etc. My good Wolffsohn, who goes along with everything, finally went so far in his precaution as to say "the J. S." for my pamphlet about the Jewish State.

* * *

All the fellow passengers recognize me and whisper. An English clergyman, Mr. Biddulph, a charming person, introduced himself to me *en route*, saying he was a Zionist.

* * *

Discussed with Bodenheimer the demands we will make.

Area: from the Brook of Egypt to the Euphrates. Stipulate a transitional period with our own institutions. A Jewish governor for this period. Afterwards, a relationship like that between Egypt and the Sultan. As soon as the Jewish inhabitants of a district amount to ⅔ of the population, Jewish administration goes in force politically, while local government (communal autonomy) always depends on the number of voters in the community.

These are Bodenheimer's ideas, in part excellent.

A transitional stage is a good idea.

* * *

At the station we were met by Danusso and that servile Greek, Konstantinides.

No sooner had I arrived and changed than I drove to Yildiz

Kiosk in order to announce my presence. All the scenes already familiar and therefore lacking the interest of those first days two years ago. It was raining, and the city, which could be so beautiful, looked even filthier and more down-at-the-heel than it had then.

When I drove to the hotel from the station in a carriage, Zia Pasha passed on the old bridge; he recognized me and gave me a long, searching glance.

In the hotel, the sycophantic activity. Fawning frauds.

In Yildiz Kiosk, crowds of idle servants. I had myself announced to the Second Secretary, Djevad. He was not in. Why didn't I come back tomorrow (today)? I left Newlinski's letter of recommendation, which says that I have come *pour déposer mes hommages au pied du trône de Sa Majesté Impériale le Sultan* [to place my respects at the foot of the throne of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan].

Then I went to the Chief Master of Ceremonies, Munir Pasha. He wasn't to be seen either. For him, too, I left a letter from Newlinski of the same contents, introducing me as the head of the Zionist movement.

I am not a bit interested in seeing these gentlemen. It is only a matter of *acte de présence* [putting in an appearance], lest they make false assumptions.

Meanwhile I had sent Bodenheimer to the German ambassador, Marschall.

He and Wolffsohn came back soon after I had returned to the Hôtel de Londres from Yildiz. Both of them downcast.

Bodenheimer described the course of his mission as follows: "I got to the Embassy and sent Marschall my card on which I had written that I had an important disclosure to make to him in behalf of Dr. Herzl. He received me coldly, and after I had told him that you were requesting an audience from him he said, 'I don't know Dr. Herzl.' Thereupon I declared: 'Dr. Herzl is the leader of the Zionists and has been in touch, in person and in writing, with Count Eulenburg. It concerns the reception of a deputation by his Majesty the Kaiser.' At these words I

noticed that Marschall was taking on a more conspiratorial expression. But he replied: 'I cannot receive Dr. Herzl now, because in half an hour I shall go to the Dardanelles to meet the Kaiser.' Thereupon I took my leave. If you still want to see Marschall, you must go to the Embassy immediately."

I decided not to go, for, since he was on the point of leaving, I would in any case have been *une figure piteuse* [a sorry figure]. Still, it is a blow that Marschall, on whom I had counted *deficiente* [in the absence of] Bülow, has such a negative attitude, doesn't even know me, or claims not to.

Later it occurred to me that Bodenheimer might have said the wrong thing by mentioning Eulenburg. For Eulenburg presumably was one of the "men in the background" of whom Marschall spoke when he "rushed into print."

* * *

The evening passed with disagreeable thoughts. We went to the Petits Champs theatre for one act. Two years ago the troupe of *La Morosina* was at this out-door theatre. Now there is a Yiddish theatrical troupe, presenting *Gibor-Hail*.

A depressing impression. Since this pitiful art, such as it is, represents the top achievement of our jargon-speaking masses, their present level must be recognized as a most sadly low one. *J'ai été écoeuré* [I was disgusted].

* * *

For dinner there showed up, in addition to Danusso, Lionel Bey Bondy, the *ad hoc* correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse*, a Bohemian-Jewish opportunist of the Catholic faith and in Turkish services. He had read in the evening paper (the work of the Greek Konstantinides) that Dr. Herzl, "the director of the *Neue Freie Presse*," had arrived here. Did I perhaps wish to report on the Imperial journey in his place? Maybe he wanted to find out other things, too, because he is in and out at Yildiz. I reassured him, saying I was on a trip for my health with my friends and did not have any reportage in mind.

Then, when he bragged about his "intimate friends" Tahsin Bey (currently the Sultan's first favorite) and Nuri Bey, I asked him to bring me together with these two. I know that I was demanding something impossible these days, and did it only according to my principle of *pluspetitio* [making exorbitant demands], since great lords must always be given the opportunity of granting something to someone or of denying it.

* * *

Overnight I slept on the next plan. Tomorrow I shall have a letter delivered to Bülow, saying that I have to see him the very same day, because otherwise the deputation could not be on the scene in good time. As a last resource, if Bülow fails me, which I expect with near-certainty: a wire to Karlsruhe asking for the telegraphic arrangement of an immediate audience with the Kaiser. This is the *ultima ratio* [last resort].

* * *

Also overnight: Bodenheimer's transitional stage is simply impossible. We can demand only the creation of an organic germ cell—a Jewish land-company for Syria (with *chartered** sovereign rights)—and, if all goes well, get it.

Detailed legal proposals would provoke an immediate brusque refusal from the Turks. Therefore, a return to my idea of a *Jewish Company*.

October 16

The formidable armies were born of cowardice.

October 17, Constantinople

I think I am now once again riding over Lake Constance.

* * *

Nothing happened all day yesterday. In the morning, letters. In the afternoon, a visit to poor, good Mrs. Gropler at Bebek.

* In English in the original.

She lies in bed and waits for her disintegration. Yet she is charming and intelligent. I promised her to come to see her each time on the day after my arrival in Constantinople.

A beautiful evening with southern colors on the Bosporus.

October 17

Now that Marschall has failed us, the great problem is how to get to the Kaiser. I shall try to get a letter into his hands through Court-Marshal Eulenburg. I am also writing to Bülow and telegraphing to the Grand Duke for aid.

Letter to Court-Marshal August zu Eulenburg:

Your Excellency:

I have received a written message at Amsterdam, and later a verbal message at Liebenberg, from His Excellency the Ambassador Count Philipp zu Eulenburg that His Majesty the Kaiser is willing to take the cause of the Zionists under His Most Gracious Protection and wishes to receive a deputation in the Holy Land. I have learned likewise that Your Excellency will most kindly prepare the reception of the deputation.

I now permit myself to present to Your Excellency the enclosed letter for His Imperial Majesty, begging you to take note of its contents and to submit my letter to His Majesty at your earliest convenience. Time is extraordinarily pressing, and if everything is to be in accordance with His Majesty's wishes, which have been conveyed to me by His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Baden, an expeditious treatment of the matter will be necessary.

Begging Your Excellency to accept the expression of my deepest respect, I am

Your very obedient servant,
Dr. Th. H.
Hôtel de Londres, Pera.

* * *

Letter to the Kaiser:

Your Imperial and Royal Majesty,
Most Gracious Kaiser and Lord:

After the disclosures which His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Baden was gracious enough to make to me last Sunday at Potsdam, I venture to direct to Your Imperial Majesty the most humble request to grant me an audience, even though brief and confidential, here in Constantinople. The reasons for this request are as follows.

The reception of a Zionist deputation in the Holy Land will undoubtedly supply the public opinion of Europe with material for discussion. If this discussion is accompanied by a *fait accompli* —one that need not be announced in its full extent—any intervention on the part of others, which may be intended as hostile, will come too late, and everyone will have to acquiesce in it. Precisely at this time France is inwardly so weakened that it cannot make a move. To Russia the Zionist solution of the Jewish Question means an enormous relief; in addition, the problem of the Holy Places will simply be eliminated.

Nor is an effective objection to be feared from English policy, since the English Church is known to be on our side.

Everything depends on the form of the *fait accompli* which is to be created.

In my modest estimation, the permission for a "Jewish Land-Company for Syria and Palestine" under German protection would suffice for the moment. This land-company would gradually establish the other, more specific organs of implementation. The*

* * *

* Translator's Note: The break at this point corresponds to the original.

To His Royal Highness,
Friedrich, Grand Duke of Baden.
Karlsruhe.

That was all. By way of precaution, the telegram I had in mind was not sent off, following a consultation with Wolffsohn and Bodenheimer.

* * *

*observation of the general political situation will then determine when and where, at what moment and to what extent, the German protectorate can be given a greater public emphasis.

Even if His Majesty the Sultan does not immediately realize what aid the Zionists would bring to his impoverished, decaying state, he will accept Your Imperial Majesty's advice in a personal discussion as to how his administration and finances could be regenerated. Once this moment of personal contact is past, the intrigues, which so proliferate in the Orient, will begin to hold sway again.

Tomorrow morning at ten o'clock a Russian steamer leaves for Alexandria; it is the last boat that I can take if I am to be in Palestine in time to present to the Kaiser in the land of Israel the delegation of European Zionists which has been ordered there. If, therefore, Your Majesty wishes to grant me the favor of giving me a secret hearing prior to the public gesture, the available time is limited. I could come to the German Embassy inconspicuously and there await my orders.

God's designs hover over us in these world-historic hours. There is no fear if He is with us.

With the most profound respect, I remain
Your Imperial and Royal Majesty's most humble servant,
Dr. Th. H.

* * *

* Translator's Note: Thus in the original. The sentence broken off on the previous page continues here.

Letter to Bülow:

Your Excellency:

I have the honor of most humbly informing you that I am keeping myself at your disposal here. Unfortunately I can stay here only until ten o'clock tomorrow morning, because this is the hour at which the Russian steamer sails for Alexandria, the last ship I can still take if I am to be in Palestine in time to present to His Majesty the Kaiser the delegation of European Zionists which has been ordered there.

I should like to request Your Excellency to be kind enough to inform me when and where the deputation will be received. There is also the question of determining exactly the contents of my address to His Majesty.

Begging Your Excellency to accept the expression of my deepest respect, I am

Your most obedient servant,
Dr. Th. H.
Hôtel de Londres, Pera.

October 18, Pera, 10:15 in the morning

I just made a clean copy of the letters, a bit excited. In the letter to the Kaiser I made a slip on the 3rd page; it should have read "when and to what extent." In my nervousness I wrote "moment" instead of "extent." I was afraid I would have to write the whole thing over—unpleasant when the time presses so. Then I helped myself by inserting "where": when and where, etc.

* * *

Wolffsohn, my most reliable man, has now left by coach for Yildiz, together with Danusso and a dragoman, to deliver the letters.

This morning Schnirer and Seidener arrived.

Bodenheimer is a bit of *la mouche du coche* [a busybody].

* * *

I am preparing my clothes for the audience—*quitte à les remballer* [at the risk of having to pack them again]—and having my hair cut.

October 18, 1898,
eight o'clock in the evening, at the hotel

After the audience with the Kaiser, which I will enter tomorrow *en route*.

I had arranged with the Kaiser and with Bülow that this very evening I would submit the draft of my address in Palestine.

Draft:

Your Imperial and Royal Majesty!
Most Gracious Kaiser and Lord!

With deepest reverence a delegation of sons of Israel approaches the German Kaiser in the country which was our fathers' and no longer belongs to us. We are bound to this sacred soil through no valid title of ownership. Many generations have come and gone since this earth was Jewish. If we talk about it, it is only as about a dream of very ancient days. But the dream is still alive, lives in many hundreds of thousands of hearts; it was and is a wonderful comfort in many an hour of pain for our poor people. Whenever foes oppressed us with accusations and persecutions, whenever we were begrudged the little bit of right to live, whenever we were excluded from the society of our fellow citizens—whose destinies we have always been ready to share loyally—the thought of Zion arose in our oppressed hearts.

There is something eternal about that thought, whose form, to be sure, has undergone multifarious changes with people, institutions, and times.

Thus the Zionist movement of today is a fully modern one. It grows out of the situations and conditions of present-day life, and aims at solving the Jewish Question on the basis of the possibilities of our time. Indeed, we believe that we may finally

succeed now, because mankind has grown so rich in means of communication and technical achievements. Enterprises that would have seemed fantastic as recently as half a century ago are commonplace today. Steam power and electricity have altered the face of the earth. Humane conclusions should be drawn from this as well.

Above all, we have aroused the national consciousness of our scattered brethren. At the Congresses of Basel the program of our movement was formulated before all the world. It is: The creation, under public law, of a home for the Jewish people.

This is the land of our fathers, a land suitable for colonization and cultivation. Your Majesty has seen the country. It cries out for people to work it. And we have among our brethren a frightful proletariat. These people cry out for a land to cultivate. Now we should like to create a new welfare out of these states of distress—of the land and of the people—by the systematic combination of both. We consider our cause so fine, so worthy of the sympathy of the most magnanimous minds, that we are requesting Your Imperial Majesty's exalted aid for the project.

But we would not venture to do so if our plan contained anything that could offend or encroach upon the ruler of this land. Your Imperial Majesty's friendship with His Majesty the Sultan is so well known that there can be no doubt as to the intentions of those who are turning to Your Majesty for the most gracious transmission of their desires.

We are honestly convinced that the implementation of the Zionist plan must mean welfare for Turkey as well. Energies and material resources will be brought to the country; a magnificent fructification of desolate areas may easily be foreseen; and from all this there will arise more happiness and more culture for many human beings.

We are planning to establish a Jewish Land-Company for Syria and Palestine, which is to undertake the great project, and request the protection of the German Kaiser for this company.

Our idea offends no one's rights or religious feelings; it breathes long-desired reconciliation. We understand and respect

the devotion of all faiths to the soil on which, after all, the faith of our fathers, too, arose.

Oct. 19, '98
On board the "Imperator Nicholas II"

(This is as far as I got, for it was already 8:45 and we had to hurry to the harbor to embark for Smyrna-Alexandria. Therefore, in all haste, I wrote at the end that I would add the conclusion in Palestine.)

I accompanied the draft for the address with (roughly) the following letter to Bülow:

Your Excellency:

I beg to enclose herewith the draft for my address to His Majesty. I have spent a very bad night with all sorts of pains in my heart and am virtually incapacitated for work. I shall append the conclusion later. I am leaving at ten o'clock, shall be at Smyrna on Thursday morning, at Piraeus on Friday, at Alexandria on Sunday, Port Said on Tuesday, Jaffa on Wednesday. Any messages should kindly be sent via the Legation of the city concerned, where I shall call immediately if a line is left at Thomas Cook's Office. Above all, I request most respectfully that word be sent me at Alexandria as to when and where the deputation is to present itself to His Majesty, and also as to whether Palestinian Zionists are to be added to the deputation (which consists of five European Zionists). I would have to know this as early as Alexandria, in order to make the necessary arrangements.

If the proposed draft of my address is not satisfactory, I shall make the desired corrections in Palestine.

Begging Your Excellency to accept the expression of my deepest respect, I am

Very sincerely yours,
Dr. Th. H.

October 19,
3 o'clock in the afternoon

On board the "Imperator Nicholas II" in the Sea of Marmara.

Only now do I have a chance to record the events of yesterday. I am sure some of them have already escaped me. The long-prepared conference with the Kaiser did find me a bit nervous. I can remember all the little things about it better than the substance of it. It is like a photograph taken with an unsteady hand. The picture is bound to be a bit blurred. Above all, I don't quite clearly remember the course of the conversation. The Kaiser, to be sure, made a deep and strong impression on me. Afterwards I tried to capture this impression in the form of a metaphor and could only hit upon the following: I felt as though I had entered the magic forest where the fabulous unicorn is said to dwell. Suddenly there stood before me a magnificent woodland creature, with a single horn on its forehead. But its form surprised me less than the fact that it existed. I had previously imagined the appearance, but not the breath and life of this creature. And my astonishment grew when the one-horned creature began to speak in a very friendly human voice and said, "I am the fabled unicorn!"

This is how the day went yesterday.

Having laid out my frock-coat, etc., so as to be ready in a jiffy when the call came, I went to lunch, but ate and drank little, so as to be alert and brisk when the expected moment arrived. Wolffsohn came back from Yildiz Kiosk at half-past twelve. He had done brilliantly. Without knowing the languages, without either Turkish or French, he as well as Danusso and the dragoman of their carriage had got through the guards of Yildiz Kiosk and reached the quarters of Court-Marshal Eulenburg. He had sent the latter his card, on which he had written: "Of Dr. Herzl's party." Eulenburg came out at once, called him inside, closed the outer and the inner doors after looking around carefully, and took my two letters.

"It's a good thing that you are here already. I shall immediately give the letter to His Majesty. . . . How long has Dr. Herzl been here?"

Wolffsohn replied: "For a few days."

Eulenburg noticed that he was holding another letter in his hand. "Have you anything else? I might transmit that also."

Wolffsohn: "It is a letter to His Excellency von Bülow."

Eulenburg quickly returned it: "Deliver this one yourself." He saw him to the door and out, and then turned him over to an adjutant who conducted him to Bülow's door. Bülow came out grumpily, took the envelope, tore it open, and shouted at him: "That will be all."

Wolffsohn said: "Good-bye, Your Excellency."

Bülow snapped: "Good-bye!" And disappeared.

* * *

After Wolffsohn's report—confirming Bülow's animosity and Eulenburg's friendly attitude, which I had already divined—I waited with greater certainty for a word from the Kaiser.

After lunch I tried to take a siesta, but sleep wouldn't come. Then I chatted a bit with Wolffsohn and the others.

Suddenly, at a quarter past three, the hotel clerk came in excitedly: "There is someone downstairs with something for Dr. Herzl from His Majesty."

I slipped into my grey frock-coat, and the gentlemen left the drawing-room. But it was only a messenger or a secret-service man, who presented me with a slip of paper which read:

"Theodor Herzl to report at 4:30 to His Majesty. Yildiz."

I pencilled a receipt on the slip: "Dr. Herzl, received at 3:15."

The gentlemen were quite excited. I was conscious of no shock, but I had been considerably unnerved even before that. I gave Seidener my hand for him to feel that it was quite steady. I asked Schnirer merely to feel my pulse. He found it to be 108, which is very fast for me. But I believe it had been that fast even before I received the message. Schnirer asked me whether I wished to take some bromine. I inquired when it would produce

an effect. In half an hour. So I did without it, because by then it might not be necessary any more.

Careful *toilette*. The color of my gloves was particularly becoming: a delicate grey.

I had Wolffsohn accompany me, and installed a dragoman (a sly-looking Jew who appears to have police connections) on the coach-box. Wolffsohn took along a clothes brush.

We drove through the bedecked streets of Pera. A lane of curiosity-seekers. All the windows occupied. Our carriage, too, attracted quite a bit of attention, but it still could not arouse as much interest as the imposing state-coaches with courtiers in gala dress and gold-braided officers. Yet I thought to myself that perhaps none of these coaches-of-state was carrying so much world history through the streets as the ordinary hackney cab of my *arabaji*.

In front of the German Embassy the crowd was denser. The Kaiser's escort was waiting there, his flag was flying from the roof and his carriage was standing in the driveway. So I would be reaching Yildiz before him. In order not to arrive too early, I had my driver stop for a few minutes near Dolma Bagjeh. Marvelous colors on the Bosporus. Off shore lay the trim yacht "Hohenzollern."

At 4:15 we passed through the upper gate of Yildiz Kiosk. The Jewish dragoman had to remain behind. A gate-keeper took the seat next to our *arabaji*, and we drove into the gardens of Yildiz. These grounds are, I believe, permanently off-limits to the public. We went on for five or six minutes. Magnificently large, although not particularly well-kept grounds. On our left, a very high mysterious wall—behind it the flowers of the harem bloom and fade.

At five minutes before 4:30 we drove up in front of the new little palace, built especially for the Kaiser. Grim-looking soldiers outside the gate. On the stairs and in the halls, an immense number of Turkish and German servants, along with much-beribboned officers and Turkish courtiers.

None of the German court people was there. They were all

still at the Embassy. Rather unnoticed, I withdrew into a corridor. I looked so insignificant that the German footmen conversed quite unconstrainedly right next to me. They cracked their lackey jokes. When I came in, I had told the functionaries only that I wished to see Court-Marshal Eulenburg. They had told me to wait. At a quarter to five I grew anxious: was there not some mistake—or even a bit of hidden malice? Perhaps I had been given the Kaiser's message incorrectly: I should have been at the Embassy at four-thirty, as I had offered to be in my letter. Who knows, perhaps the Kaiser was superstitious, and if the appointment fell through, maybe he would no longer want to have anything to do with me.

In my concern I turned to the Turkish adjutants. All they knew was that the Kaiser was expected. After leaving the Embassy he was first scheduled to visit the German school.

The only result of my inquiry was that I was invited to enter one of the ground-floor reception rooms—which, however, I could not leave again. It seemed to me as though I heard my name repeated by the officers in the main corridor, and I had the impression of being closely watched . . . Once Wolffsohn passed by the doorway, but didn't see me. Later he told me that someone had come up to his carriage and asked him if he was here with Dr. Herzl of the *Neue Freie Presse;* then four people had stood around his carriage and kept guard over him until our departure. When the Kaiser arrived and Wolffsohn left the carriage and took off his hat, someone crept up from behind and peeked inside his top-hat—to make sure there was no bomb in it.

Meanwhile, I kept growing more and more uncomfortable in my salon, which had become a guard-room. I had already given up the audience as lost. Then, at 5:15, a stir. The guard of honor outside the building came to attention. Cavalry men hove into sight at the foot of the steep, winding road. Behind the horsemen, the Kaiser's carriage; at his side, the Empress.

I was not sorry that the windows of my room gave no view of the splendor of this procession. It might have made me more self-conscious. I wanted to step out into the hall—but some flunkey

blocked my path and with an unmistakable gesture motioned me back into the room.

At this point there is a blank. I believe I told someone to inform Count Eulenburg at once that I was here. Five minutes later I was called. An elderly gentleman stepped up to me in the hall.

"Dr. Herzl?" he asked.

"His Excellency, Count Eulenburg?" I asked.

He gave me his hand and pointed to the stairs leading to the upper floor. I think he also said, "You will go with Herr von Bülow to His Majesty!"

I went up the stairs rather calmly. At the top there stood, most splendidly, the aide-de-camp on duty, a gentleman of Prussian elegance, who watched my ascent *l'oeil narquois* [with a quizzical expression]. Still, he seemed to be satisfied with my coat, the crease of my trousers, and my patent-leather shoes, for when I mentioned my name, he clicked his heels:

"Count von Kessel!" and gave me his hand. Somewhat fatuously, I repeated:

"Dr. Herzl!" Whereat he flashed a brief smile of superiority.

I now stood at the head of the staircase. Count Kessel was staring intently over my shoulder; so somebody worthy of notice must have been standing behind me. However, I did not turn around. Presently that somebody came round the corner, so that by half glancing to the right I was able to see who it was.

A white dress—the Empress! She had been standing with Bülow behind a column and had watched me ascending the stairs. I bowed, she gave a slight acknowledgment and disappeared.

Count Kessel stood at the center door, opened it a little, looked in, and spoke to someone. Then he motioned to me and held the door open.

I walked in briskly. The Kaiser, in a dark Hussar uniform, approached me. I stood still and made a deep bow. He then came up to me, almost as far as the door, and gave me his hand. I believe he said he was very pleased—or something of the sort—to meet me.

I said: "Your Imperial Majesty, I am very happy about this distinction."

He then went back around the table, moved an armchair in place for me, made a gesture of invitation with his hand, and seated himself with his back to the writing table, crossing his legs with the Hussar boots, like someone who is making himself comfortable for a lengthy conversation. Bülow had entered behind me, and we sat down together. Like myself, he held his top-hat between his knees throughout the audience. I forgot to take off my right glove, as etiquette would have required.

While waiting I had been a bit uneasy as to whether my morning-coat was appropriate or whether tails would not have been correct. Bülow's morning-coat reassured me.

When I had come in, the Kaiser had looked at me grandly with his great sea-blue eyes. He has truly Imperial eyes. I have never seen such eyes. A remarkable, bold, inquisitive soul shows in them. However, he obviously is not indifferent to the impression he makes on others, particularly the first impression. He is exactly as tall as I am, and my first impression was that he is embarrassed about his withered arm. And that he thinks to himself: You, who are coming from the outside, from a world that knows me only from pictures or merely sees me rush past in the whirl of splendid royal parades—aren't you disappointed at seeing before you a Kaiser who has one arm shorter than all other men?

Accordingly, I kept my gaze on his fine, frank, genial and yet bold eyes, which fairly bewitched me.

I had expected that he would begin with a stream of conversation, and thus hadn't fully recovered my breath when he invited me to speak.

"Where shall I begin, Your Imperial Majesty?"

"Wherever you like," he said, a bit ironically, and leaned back.

So I repeated the substance of the letter I had sent him yesterday, in a rather shaky voice and with my heart pounding against my ribs. It annoyed me to think that the unsympathetic Bülow

was surely watching my embarrassment with amusement. Still, I didn't say anything stupid. My uneasiness lay only in my tone. But when I had propounded the matter of the land company and the German protectorate, the Kaiser nodded quickly and contentedly, as is his wont—more with his eyes than with his head. It is most characteristic. He looks at you squarely and strongly—the Kaiser!—and when a remark or turn of phrase appeals to him, his magnificent eyes, with his lips tightly closed, say: I got you—you're my man—that's fine with me.

There are innumerable portraits of him, but because this approving glance, a most original, powerful flash, cannot be painted, people don't know what his eyes are like.

He soon took over the conversation and explained to me why the Zionist movement appealed to him. Unfortunately I was a preoccupied listener and, besides, had to concentrate all my energies on preparing my replies, so that not all the details have stuck in my mind. He always referred to the Jews as "your people"—and in a tone that was not exactly friendly. He did not doubt that with the financial and human resources at our disposal we would succeed in carrying out the colonization of Palestine. While he said this I was a little inattentive, since I had to make a mental note of the effectiveness of my three years' work in making the obscure word "Zionism" a *terme reçu* [household word], one that the German Kaiser used readily in talking to me.

"There are elements," he said, "among your people whom it would be quite a good thing to settle in Palestine. I am thinking of Hesse, for example, where there are usurers at work among the rural population. If these people took their possessions and went to settle in the colonies, they could be more useful." (This was roughly the sense of his remarks.)

That he should identify the Jews with a few usurers annoyed me; and suddenly my irritation restored my composure, and I made a brief speech attacking anti-Semitism which, I said, had stabbed the rest of us right to the heart. We had been deeply hurt.

Bülow noticed that I was making an attack, and parried my thrusts. He said that the Jews had recently shown themselves ungrateful to the House of Hohenzollern, to which, after all, they owed a great deal. The Kaiser's grandfather and father, and His Majesty himself had always shown themselves gracious toward the Jews, and now the Jews were to be seen among all the opposition parties, even the anti-monarchical ones.

"Singer!" murmured the Kaiser, who had been listening to Bülow with an expression of approval. Bülow hinted that the Kaiser felt offended.

I explained that we were taking the Jews away from the revolutionary parties.

The Kaiser remarked that he thought the Jews would support the colonization of Palestine if they knew that he was keeping them under his protection, and that therefore they would not really be leaving Germany.

Bülow added: "And let us hope that they would be grateful for it!" But he called my attention to the fact that the rich Jews were not in favor of my ideas. "The big newspapers are not for it either, particularly your own. You should certainly try to win over one or another of the great papers."

I said: "Your Excellency, this is a mere matter of money. As a man of letters, I regret having to say this."

Bülow's point in raising this objection was, by the way, unmistakable. He wanted to indicate to the Kaiser that I had no power behind me. Bülow said everything in opposition, with the exception of the little word No, which he obviously does not dare to say, since the *voluntas regis* [royal will] is Yes. Bülow says, "Well, yes . . . ," "Yes, but . . . ," "Yes, if only. . . ." All masked No's.

However, I felt my argument strengthened as the Kaiser visibly supported me with nods and glances.

Presently I came to the favorable feature of the moment, the internal weakness of France.

At this point the Kaiser took over with verve.

"I read in the *Neue Freie Presse* today about the projected

coup d'état. You know the conditions. What do you think of Prince Napoleon's chances?"

"Your Majesty, I believe he has none. The country does not know him."

"But it does," interjected Bülow, "he is a Russian officer."

I rejoined: "Yes, but Russian prestige has declined greatly since the disarmament proposal."

The Kaiser laughed with his eyes—almost audibly, I am tempted to say.

"They have calculated," I added, "that the conversations of Kronstadt and Toulon have cost them eight billions."

The Kaiser now laughed aloud. "That's a lot. A crazy people, anyway. How hard I've tried to put some sense into them. All in vain. Now I've finally given it up. There is no helping those people. The only thing they see is the Gap in the Vosges." He clenched his right fist and imitated the theratening gesture of the French in the direction of the Vosges. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

I remarked that the army had suffered greatly because of the latest Dreyfus incidents. And suddenly we were *en pleine affaire Dreyfus* [deep in the Dreyfus affair]. The Kaiser—I think to Bülow's mild horror—spoke frankly and freely about the Affair. I advanced no opinion one way or the other; but soon it became completely clear that they considered Dreyful innocent! It was something absolutely colossal.

"What kind of people are they," cried the Kaiser. "Do they really think I am crazy enough to write such letters to anybody at all? Hanotaux put 27,000 francs on the table for those forgeries. They were offered to him, and he, the Richelieu, the great statesman, thought they were genuine—or pretended he did. Why, it's incredible! The matter got about through Princess Mathilde. Hanotaux declared in her salon, before a gathering of army people, that he had letters from me in his possession. Of course, she immediately saw the impossibility of it and told him so."

At this point my recollection is uncertain. If I am not mistaken, the Kaiser said: "And then she bounced him out." This, at any rate, was the sense of his words.

Bülow said: "The mendacity of these people is remarkable. Didn't one of their ministers declare that Dreyfus' innocence was known to the government? I forget which one it was."

"Viger," said the Kaiser. "This old red radical Brisson, astonishingly enough, is the only honest man left among them; he wants to bring out the truth."

I told about Bourgeois, the master mind of the Cabinet, who let Cavaignac run upon the sword that was held in front of him.

Again the Kaiser laughed with his eyes and said: "The other day I was with a number of my colleagues . . ." (I think he said: in Vienna, at the funeral of the Empress. I didn't immediately understand whom he meant by "colleagues" until he continued:) "The King of Rumania told me something he had found out in a roundabout way from a French officer. Namely, that embezzlements are at the bottom of the whole business. For a long time now, the French General Staff's secret funds have been stolen. Captain Dreyfus, too, was offered 20,000 francs. He would not take it and said: I don't need the 20,000 francs. What am I supposed to do with 20,000 francs? So they had to get rid of him, since he knew what was up. And this is why Esterhazy and Du Paty de Clam were kept. More and more officers who had taken money became implicated, and now they are shielding one another . . . I often wonder what is to become of that country. It is valuable, after all. The French spirit constitutes the spice, the pepper, for the other cultures—the Attic salt. Of course, too much pepper is no good. But what is going to happen to France?"

"Your Majesty, I think that it will crumble from within," I said. "It is fine indeed in literature and arts, and it is the refinement of decadence. That the French are seeking a war I do not believe. The ruling class has the greatest interest in not wanting a war."

"Yes," said Bülow, "a war would remove them in any case, the

present republicans. Victory like defeat would bring a monarchy."

With this *truism** I agreed, of course.

The Kaiser said: "From all appearances in France it does seem to follow that a republic is not the best conceivable form of government."

I spoke about the present parliament in the vein of my treatment of it in *The Palais Bourbon,* and asked the Kaiser whether I might send him this book.

He said yes with his large eyes.

Then he said: "I also think that they will keep quiet, if only because of the Exposition. That is when they want to get money from everybody."

"A real Frenchie," I said, "can't stand a German, but he gladly takes his cash."

"They won't get to see mine," said—I think—the Kaiser; but perhaps it was Bülow. I think, but am not sure, that this answer was given. Nor do I know in what connection I answered the Kaiser's question about the coming development of France as follows:

"People will always go to France in order to have a good time."

Bülow interjected jokingly:

"Yes, cafés and *Beisel* [joints], as they call them in Vienna."

Now and then the Kaiser glanced at his watch, which he wears strapped to the wrist of his short left arm. To think how much these Imperial minutes are worth, especially on such a day, the first day of his visit to Constantinople!

The conversation flagged for a moment after this French interlude. I used the pause to get back to our muttons:

"And that is why France cannot offer any objections to our project." And for Russia it also meant a solution, etc.—the familiar points.

The Kaiser said with a touch of humor, in which, however, there was only free-and-easy sympathy and certainly not heartlessness:

* In English in original.

"Yes, your people have had a pretty bad time of it in Russia during the past couple of hundred years."

"Pretty bad" was what he really meant; the expression he ironically used said just the opposite. But this phrase, too, has escaped me.

I then proceeded, and unfolded the entire plan before him, accompanied by his nods. I believe I presented all the arguments: Russia's Siberian railroad, a Pandora's box with untold ills for Europe; *the shortest line to India,** etc. Everything, everything. He listened to me magnificently, at times with visible strain and effort when I touched upon the complicated forms of the loans we could arrange for Turkey. Finally I said:

"I don't know—maybe I'm extremely stubborn about it, but the thing seems completely natural to me!"

He looked at me grandly: "To me, too!"

Bülow interposed: "Yes, if only the people here are willing; perhaps the Ministers ought to be . . ." With his thumb and index finger he made the gesture of counting out money. "Well, here they all take."

The Kaiser rejected this with a light movement of his hand and said:

"But surely it will make an impression if the German Kaiser concerns himself with it and shows an interest in it."

(It was then that I had the magic-forest sensation of encountering the fabulous unicorn which said with a human voice, "I am the fabled unicorn.")

The Kaiser continued: "After all, I am the only one who still sticks by the Sultan. He puts stock in me."

He had glanced at his watch again and arose. But when he saw that I had something to say, he asked: "You have another question?"

Already on my feet, I brought up the specific questions about the audience in Palestine, my address, etc.

The Kaiser said: "Write out your address and give it to Bülow.

* In English in original.

Then I shall go over it carefully with him. . . . Just tell me in a word what I am to ask of the Sultan."

"A *Chartered Company**—under German protection."

"Good! A Chartered Company!" And he grandly gave me his hand, which is strong enough for two, squeezed mine good and hard, and went out first through the center door.

Outside stood Count von Kessel.

* * *

Insert:

At an earlier point in the conversation— I believe, after we had mentioned the distressing situation of the Jews in the East, the Kaiser said:

"But things will probably get worst of all in France. In that country anti-Semitism is likely to become strongest. For there the Church is behind it, and the Jesuits won't let go once they start a thing like that. Herr von Rothschild seems to know this too, for he is having his art collection shipped to London."

* * *

After the Kaiser had left the salon, I went out with Bülow. He gazed after the Kaiser who was striding with an elastic step down the corridor with Kessel, and said to me: "That is a monarch of genius!"

Then we descended the stairs together, and Bülow said eagerly: "You must see Marschall and talk things over with him. Let him give you exact information. I think the Turks are now unfavorably disposed."

I naturally promised him to go to Marschall at once and not to write my Address until afterward; but I thought to myself that he was not giving me this advice out of benevolence. Actually, I don't want to be unjust, not even to the unfriendly Bülow. He has very great responsibilities and would pay for it if matters went wrong. Under the Constitution, it is he who will have

* In English in original.

to endorse the project; hence he is not merely entitled but even obligated to observe extreme caution.

The courtiers and officers, and especially the lackeys, were astonished when they saw the previously disregarded, unknown Jew in civilian clothes come down the stairs—after a private one-hour audience with the Kaiser—in the company of the Minister of State and engaged in animated conversation with him, with Bülow whispering along in easy familiarity. I finally arranged with Bülow that immediately after my conversation with Marschall I would prepare my Address and send it to him.

Then I left. The colorful cluster of Turkish officers gave me none too friendly looks. In fact, unless my hasty look as I went out deceived me, in the glances of some of them I saw hatred—or was it envy? Did they already know, had they already guessed, what my business was with the Kaiser? Or were their servile souls piqued at the conspicuous distinction I had been accorded?

I stepped into my carriage, where Wolffsohn had been waiting in the greatest agitation, and we drove off through the Yildiz gardens. I only told this good fellow briefly that the audience had been fine and that we would be received in Palestine. For after Marschall's negative behavior we had begun to doubt it, and had not even bought our steamship tickets for Alexandria.

As we drove out through the Yildiz gate, the festive illumination of the city had already started. An exquisite sight, for which, however, we lacked the proper attentiveness. We were too excited.

First I drove to the German Embassy. As I had expected, Marschall was no longer there, having gone to Yildiz for the gala dinner. All along the road, in fact, we had been passing guests on their way to the affair. I gave the Embassy clerk my card, with a corner folded down.

Schnirer, Seidener, and Bodenheimer were waiting at the Hotel de Londres, themselves greatly excited. Since Danusso was also present, I called them into the next room, gave them a summary account, and asked them to take the fat Italian down

to the dining-hall with them. I was quite exhausted from the great psychic strain, and still had to compose that difficult and important Address. I had some tea, but still didn't pull myself together enough to finish the speech.

I kept trying until eleven o'clock, while Wolffsohn was packing my trunks for me. Then I sought to make myself sleepy by drinking a bottle of Bavarian beer, and I did sleep until four o'clock in the morning. Then I got up, lit all twelve candles in my bedroom, wrote for half an hour, and then went back to bed, exhausted. At six o'clock I got up again and finished as much of the Address as I could by half-past eight, when I sent it off to Bülow, with a covering letter, by the German post.

In the meantime, Wolffsohn had "managed" our departure. All I needed to do was drive to the harbor and board the ship.

Glorious sunshine at the harbor of Constantinople. I also experienced a certain sense of relief when I felt the deck of this Russian ship under my feet. For I did not, and up to this time do not, know how the Turks will regard the matter, which has now become something to take seriously. On approaching Smyrna I even thought it possible that the local Turkish authorities, informed of my presence, would bestow their more or less benevolent attention upon me. Even now, on October 21, out on the Aegean Sea, I am still quite uncertain as to what may be in store for us. Yesterday at Smyrna I sent for the local newspapers to learn whether the news agencies had reported on my audience. I wasn't able to find anything.

That my audience cannot long remain secret and that the diplomatic world is in a great uproar over it by now I think I may assume without delusions of grandeur. *Enfin, nous verrons* [Anyway, we shall see].

At any rate, today I already constitute a troublesome personage to many a party interested in the Holy Land, and I don't know whether some plot is not being hatched against me in Palestine. From what quarter? I can't even make the most far-fetched guess.

But I am not telling these anxieties of mine even to my travelling companions. I am obviously approaching the climax of my

tragic enterprise. If the expedition to Palestine is successful, the very hardest part of it will be done. Everything else will then be simply a matter of execution, something which can be accomplished by others, too.

The days I am now living through are critical days of the first order. Only when I am again on a ship headed for the Italian coast will I have the feeling that this new ride across Lake Constance is behind me.

* * *

I have written down these recollections of the great day, October 18, on shipboard on the 19th, 20th, and 21st. I do feel now that I have set down all the most important things, and that the day with the Kaiser has been preserved for posterity, to whom it belongs.

October 21

One more recollection. Most of the time the Kaiser looked me full in the face. Only when I spoke of the new overland route to Asia—Mediterranean, Persian Gulf—did he stare into space as though lost in thought, and the thoughtful expression on his fine, serious face revealed to me that I had fully gripped him.

October 27, Rishon-le-Zion, 6:00 a.m.

No entries were made during those sunny days at sea. They were halcyon days. Everything worth noting moved past my unclouded spirit without leaving any traces. And yet there were noteworthy things: the ship that took us to Alexandria, that floating cosmopolitan city which contained all sorts of things, from a cattle market to a French salon; Smyrna, picturesque filth and *varia miseria*, assorted misery in red, yellow, blue colors; Jews—Ashkenazim and Sephardim—from all over the world, cast up in this Asia Minor town. And once again over the wine-colored sea, past the epic isles of the Greeks, to the Piraeus, which was a disappointment. Up through the dust to the Acrop-

olis, which likewise says so much to us only because classical literature is so powerful. The power of the word! Then raced through Athens in a matter of minutes, but that seemed enough for this modern city.

Evenings on shipboard, long talks with the French writer René Bazin. My judgment of the French was not a gentle one. I told him, among other things, that a powerful literature can also disseminate weak ideas throughout the world. On the other hand, powerful ideas (such as the 18th century ideas about reforming the state) can also spread a feeble literature all over the world. But present-day France, I said, has neither great ideas nor great writing.

The Frenchmen Bazin, Lamy, Mille, etc., took down their impressions throughout the voyage. I did not. Now I am sorry I didn't; but the soul, too, must have its fallow season in order to become fertile again. And I have so many projects ahead of me that I can forgive myself for not making a literary harvest from my journey.

Hot days in Alexandria and Port Said. Alexandria shows how a clever European administration can draw a habitable, comfortable city even out of the hottest soil.

At Port Said I greatly admired the Suez Canal. The Suez Canal, that shimmering thread of water stretching away toward infinity, impressed me much more than the Acropolis. Human lives and money, it is true, were taken and squandered on the Suez Canal, but yet one must admire the colossal will that executed this simple idea of digging away the sands. In Panama this will had grown senile; this, and not the natural obstacles, evidently wrecked that second project.

The last two nights of our voyage, which we spent on a smaller vessel, the "Russia" (sailing from Alexandria), it was unbearably hot in the cabin which the five of us shared. I was up on deck by three o'clock in the morning. The last night I even slept *à la belle étoile* [under the open sky] from midnight on. At night and in the morning the sea was wonderfully still and shimmered in variegation. When it grew light, we began to peer toward the

Jewish coast. Toward seven o'clock the first bit of land, two dots of mountains on the right, was sighted by Wolffsohn. We approached the land of our fathers with mixed feelings. Strange what emotions this desolate country stirs up in most people: in the old German pastor from South Africa, in the Russian *muzhik* in the foul-smelling steerage, in the Arabs who have been traveling with us from Constantinople, in us Zionists, in the poor Rumanian Jewess who wants to join her sick daughter in Yerusholayim and who has reason to fear that she will be turned back on account of her Rumanian passport. Incidentally, our companion Seidener is in the same situation with his Russian passport.

Thus the landing shaped up as rather uncomfortable, when Jaffa hove in sight. In any case, I had made my plans for the eventuality that the Turkish port authorities refused to let us pass. I drafted a telegram to the Kaiser informing him of the trouble that was being made for us. But it turned out differently. When we were on the big Cook landing-boat, which I had asked the Rumanian woman to board also, I learned that German police would be at the pier. I jumped ashore, and while the Turkish police were snooping about our *tezkerehs,* I took the German official aside and told him that we were here on the Kaiser's orders; the five white cork-helmets should be allowed to pass through at once. This was done. I turned the Rumanian woman over to Mme. Gaulis, the wife of a French journalist, who was sitting in the next boat; she was to pass off the Rumanian as her servant. Mme. Gaulis did so, the poor old soul clung to the Frenchwoman's skirt and thus slipped through the cordon—so happy at being in Palestine where she was going to visit her mortally ill daughter. What forms happiness takes!

And we were in Jaffa!

Again poverty and misery and heat in gay colors.

Confusion in the streets, at the hotel, not a carriage to be had. I was already on a horse, to ride to Rishon, but dismounted again when Dr. Joffe procured us a conveyance.

We drove—in the terrible heat—first to Mikveh Israel. This

is an excellent school of agriculture. Bunting over the gate in honor of the Kaiser, who will pass by here tomorrow on his way to Jerusalem. I will try to persuade him to visit the institution.

From Mikveh, through the countryside neglected in Arab fashion to the much-praised Rishon-le-Zion. For a poor village this is a fairly prosperous place. But if one has imagined it as more than a poor settlement, one is disappointed. Thick dust on the roads, a bit of greenery.

The administrator received us with a frightened air, obviously dared to be neither amiable nor unamiable. Fear of Monsieur le Baron hovers over everything. The poor colonists have swapped one fear for another. We were shown through the wine-cellars with elaborate ceremony. But I have never doubted that with money one can set up industrial establishments no matter where. With the millions which have been poured into the sand here and stolen and squandered, far different results could have been achieved.

Meanwhile, news of our arrival had spread through the village. A deputation came to invite me to the Beth Ha'am. We were welcomed by music which, unfortunately, was only well-intentioned. Again a lane of faces such as I have seen in London, Berlin, Brünn, everywhere. Someone made a speech in which he tried to harmonize their obligations toward the Baron and their love for me, a harmony just as impossible as the one the conductor tried to achieve between the violin and the flute. The big drum had to cover up everything. I also spoke a few words, advising them to be grateful to the Baron, although his aims were different from mine.

Then I inspected the house of a colonist who had made good. Large rooms—habitable, anyway. But faded faces.

Next I saw the house of some day-laborers. Wooden plank-beds and squalor.

Finally I spoke to the physician of the colony, Dr. Mazie. He gave it to me straight. Fever! All of the colonies suffer from fever. Only large-scale drainage operations and the elimination of swamps, he said, could make the country habitable.

This is also my view and intention.

It will cost billions, but create billions of new wealth! Such Arabs as are immune to the fever might be used for the work.

Jerusalem, October 29

Conclusion of my Address to the Kaiser:

This is the fatherland of ideas which do not belong to one people or to one creed alone. The farther men advance in their morality, the more clearly do they recognize the common elements in these ideas. And thus the actual city of Jerusalem, with its fateful walls, has long since become a symbolic city sacred to all civilized men.

An emperor of peace is making a great entry into this eternal city. We Jews greet Your Majesty at this exalted moment, wishing from the bottom of our hearts that an age of peace and justice may dawn for all men. Including ourselves.

October 29, Jerusalem

Sent the Address to August Eulenburg with the following covering letter:

Your Excellency:

I have the honor most humbly to submit the enclosed Address of the Zionist Deputation. I beg Your Excellency to be kind enough to inform me, when returning the manuscript, of the changes desired by His Majesty the Kaiser, or else to convey his gracious approval to me. I shall read it as bidden when the audience takes place.

At the same time may I request that I kindly be notified of the day and hour appointed for the reception of the deputation.

Begging Your Excellency to accept the expression of my deepest respect, I remain

Your humble servant,
Dr. Th. H.

October 29, Jerusalem

I must add what has happened since the day before yesterday, when we left Rishon-le-Zion. We drove away from Rishon in the morning. About half an hour's distance from there is the Jewish hamlet of Wad-el-Chanin. There we were met by the entire population; singing children; an old man presented me with bread, salt and wine from his own vineyard. I had to visit almost all the homes of the colonists.

We drove on. A cavalcade came galloping toward us from the settlement of Rehovot: about twenty young fellows who put on a kind of *fantasia,* lustily singing Hebrew songs and swarming about our carriage. Wolffsohn, Schnirer, Bodenheimer and I had tears in our eyes when we saw those fleet, daring horsemen into whom our young trouser-salesmen can be transformed. *Hedad!* they cried, and dashed away cross-country on their little Arab horses. They reminded me of the *Far-West** cowboys of the American plains whom I once saw in Paris.

At Rehovot, an even greater demonstration; the whole village awaited me in rank and file. The children sang. With the resources of the poor, a princely reception.

Back in the brooding heat to Jaffa, which I reached exhausted. My good Hechler had arrived. I related what had happened since our last meeting and asked him to tell Count Eulenburg that I would await the Kaiser the following morning on the highway outside Mikveh Israel.

Early yesterday morning I drove out to Mikveh Israel. I was already unwell, but with an effort managed to stay on my feet. The picture of the trainees at their farm implements was a pretty one. Among the curious the somewhat baronially arrogant Rothschild administrators turned up also. I told Niego, the director of Mikveh, that I would introduce him to the Kaiser, should the latter recognize and speak to me. Niego begged me to refrain from doing this, because it might be regarded as a Zionist demonstration and could harm him. I was there as the

* In English in the original.

guest of Mikveh and therefore should not introduce him, the director. Actually, this was a mild reprimand, but I did not resent it from the otherwise amiable man.

At nine o'clock a commotion on the highway, which was lined with a *mixed multitude** of Arab beggars, womenfolk, children, and horsemen, heralded the approach of the Imperial procession. Fierce-looking Turkish cavalry came galloping toward us at full tilt, rifles at the ready and shooting even more threatening glances all around. Then the outriders of the Kaiser. And there, among a grey-clad group, including several ladies, the Kaiser himself.

I gave the schoolchildren's choir of Mikveh the signal to intone "Heil Dir im Siegerkranz." ** I stood beside one of the ploughs and took off my cork-helmet. The Kaiser recognized me even at a distance. It gave him a bit of start; he guided his horse in my direction—and pulled up in front of me. I took two steps forward; and when he leaned down over the neck of the horse and held his hand down to me, I stepped up quite close to his horse, stretched up my own hand, and stood before him with my head bared.

He laughed and flashed his imperious eyes at me.

"How are you?"

"Thanks, Your Majesty! I am having a look at the country. And how has the journey agreed with Your Majesty so far?"

He blinked grandly with his eyes:

"Very hot! But the country has a future."

"At the moment it is still sick," I said.

"Water is what it needs, a lot of water!" he said from above me.

"Yes, Your Majesty! Irrigation on a large scale!"

He repeated: "It is a land of the future!"

Perhaps he said some other things which have escaped me, for he stopped with me for several minutes. Then he held down his

* In English in the original.

** Translator's Note: "Hail to thee with the victor's wreath." a song by Schumacher and Harries (about 1790), widely sung as a royal salute to the tune of "God Save the King."

hand to me again, and trotted off. The Empress, too, had ridden forward a bit and gave me a nod and a smile. Then the Imperial procession moved on to the strains of "Heil Dir im Siegerkranz" from the children's throats.

I noticed the Kaiser drawing himself up more proudly in the saddle and saluting his hymn, as, back in Breslau, he had saluted the statue of his grandfather.

Among those riding behind him I recognized Court-Marshal Eulenburg, who greeted me affably.

The spectators at Mikveh Israel were quite dumbfounded. A few of them asked who it was. They simply wouldn't believe that it had been the Kaiser. The Rothschild administrators looked timid and out-of-sorts.

Wolffsohn, that good soul, had taken two snapshots of the scene. At least he thought he had. He patted his kodak proudly: "I wouldn't part with these negatives for ten thousand marks."

But when we got to the photographer's at Jaffa and had the negatives developed, it turned out that the first picture showed only a shadow of the Kaiser and my left foot; the second was completely spoiled.

Then we took the train in the frightful heat to Jerusalem. Just the departure from the Jaffa station took an hour. Sitting in the cramped, crowded, scorching compartment was torture. While crossing the dismal, desolate countryside I developed a fever and grew more and more feverish and weak as we rode further into the Sabbath. For, because of the delayed train, and to Wolffsohn's extreme chagrin, we found ourselves traveling into the Sabbath. The moon was full when we arrived in Jerusalem. I would have gladly driven the half hour's distance from the station to the hotel; but the gentlemen made long faces, so I had to resign myself to walking to the city, weak with fever though I was. I tottered all over the place on my cane; with my other arm I braced myself alternately against Wolffsohn's and Schub's arm.

In spite of my weariness, Jerusalem by moon-dust with its

grand outlines made a powerful impression on me. Magnificent the silhouette of the fortress of Zion, the citadel of David.

The streets were crowded with groups of Jews strolling in the moonlight.

I was very sick before falling asleep. I took quinine and vomited after it. Then Schnirer rubbed me with spirits of camphor, and slept that night in my narrow little room.

Wolffsohn was beside himself with excitement. Maybe he had already given me up.

In the morning I awoke feeling better. But I'm still quite feeble today. It is now evening, and I have not stirred from the house all day. I only look out the windows and conclude that Jerusalem is magnificently situated. Even in its present decay it is a beautiful city, and, if we come here, can become one of the most beautiful in the world again.

From my hotel window, this afternoon, I saw the Kaiser pass through the triumphal arches, first the Jewish and then the Turkish. He is said to have stopped a little longer at the Jews' arch. I haven't been to the Jewish arch, because there are two factions here. One wanted me to deliver the communal address to the Kaiser. The other apparently wished me to stay away entirely—me and my Zionism. Since, as I was informed, the *Hakham Bashi* of Constantinople has proposed to the Chief Rabbi here that I be put under the great ban, I preferred not even to go near these carping Oriental objectors.

October 31, Jerusalem

When I remember thee in days to come, O Jerusalem, it will not be with pleasure.

The musty deposits of two thousand years of inhumanity, intolerance, and uncleanliness lie in the foul-smelling alleys. The one man who has been present all this time, the amiable dreamer of Nazareth, has only contributed to increasing the hatred.

If we ever get Jerusalem and if I am still able to do anything actively at that time, I would begin by cleaning it up.

I would clear out everything that is not something sacred, set up workers' homes outside the city, empty the nests of filth and tear them down, burn the secular ruins, and transfer the bazaars elsewhere. Then, retaining the old architectural style as much as possible. I would build around the Holy Places a comfortable, airy new city with proper sanitation.

* * *

Night before last the good Hechler arrived here and came to see me.

I told him: "If I have anything to say at the next vacancy of the Jerusalem English diocese, you must become *Bishop of Jerusalem*." *

He resisted the idea.

I repeated: "Bishop of Jerusalem!"

* * *

The local Jewish Community is like the rest of them. It turned out that the man who brought me their supposed invitation had lied. After leaving me he went to the communal leaders and told them that I would very much like to await the Kaiser under their triumphal arch. Thereupon the leaders declared that—there were no more available spaces.

Yesterday the Sephardic Rabbi Meir was among the visitors who have been calling on me at the Marx house. He explained the attitude of the local Grand Rabbis to me: they don't want to incur the displeasure of the Turkish government.

Amused, I said: "In order not to cause the gentlemen any embarrassment, I shall also omit paying them a visit."

* * *

We have been to the Wailing Wall. A deeper emotion refuses to come, because that place is pervaded by a hideous, wretched,

* In English in original.

speculative beggary. At least, this is the way it was when we were there, yesterday evening and this morning.

* * *

Yesterday evening we visited the Tower of David. At the entrance I said to my friends: "It would be a good idea on the Sultan's part if he had me arrested here."

A touching view from the decayed battlements on the city melting away in evening mists.

Earlier we had walked—rather quickly—through the *Via Dolorosa*, because it is said to be an ill-omened place for Jews. Seidener, who used to live in this city, absolutely refused to accompany me. I would have considered it cowardice not to go, and so I did walk along the street of the Holy Sepulchre. My friends restrained me from entering the Church itself. It is also forbidden to set foot in the Mosque of Omar and the Temple area, otherwise one becomes subject to excommunication by the rabbis. This is what happened to Sir Moses Montefiore.

How much superstition and fanaticism on every side! Yet I am not afraid of any of these fanatics.

* * *

We were in a Jewish hospital today. Misery and uncleanliness. Nevertheless, for appearance's sake, I had to testify in the visitors' book to its cleanliness. This is how lies originate.

From the gallery of an ancient synagogue we enjoyed a view of the Temple area, the Mount of Olives, and the whole storied landscape in the morning sunshine.

I am quite firmly convinced that a magnificent New Jerusalem could be built outside the old city walls. The old Jerusalem would still remain Lourdes and Mecca and Yerusholayim. A very pretty, elegant town would be quite possible beside it.

October 31

Today the Church of the Redeemer will be consecrated by the Kaiser. I avoided his procession while on our way to the city. At Mikveh it was good, here it would be bad, to stand in his path.

• • •

1:30 p.m.

Again hours of intense, uncomfortable expectation. Since the night before last, when Wolffsohn delivered my letter to Count Eulenburg in the Imperial encampment, there has been no word.

The five of us hang around, not knowing when we are to be received. The Kaiser is scheduled to go to Jericho today and will not return until day after tomorrow. Question is whether he will receive us today or the day after tomorrow (the last day). In fact, the more faint-hearted among us are beginning to ask: will he receive us at all?

Who knows what international intrigues are now being played over our heads. We have no newspaper here, in two weeks no news of what has been happening in the world.

• • •

Despite this general despondency of my four friends, I just gave them a bit of instruction for the reception: the order in which they are to stand, their deportment, etc.; I also tried to prepare replies for the questions the Kaiser might ask. I told them to keep in mind that the Kaiser was a powerful figure, but still, only a human being. They should be humble, of course, but nevertheless remember that they were representing the renowned Jewish people at a historic moment.

I further inquired whether their clothes, linen, neckties, gloves, shoes, and hats were in order.

Then I sent off Wolffsohn to reconnoitre why we had received no word. He was to go to Hechler, and the latter to Eulenburg out in the encampment.

And I am waiting.

• • •

Three o'clock

Wolffsohn returns from Hechler all excited.

Hechler told him the Kaiser was leaving tomorrow morning direct for Berlin, as grave events were taking place. France had declared war on England.

The whole thing seems incredible to me.

Meanwhile a Russian consular official is here at the Marx house with the same rumor.

I still believe it is a case of exaggeration or a fantastic rumor. Perhaps both reports come from the same source.

Hechler also told Wolffsohn that during today's consecration ceremonies the Kaiser had beckoned to him twice, whereupon he reported for an audience. Half an hour from now he will be with Eulenburg, after that with the Kaiser, and he will ask the latter whether he has forgotten the Zionists.

Wolffsohn is now going to Hechler again.

• • •

6:30 p.m.

Hechler was here for an hour, drank tea, and told us about his *contretemps* [mishap].

He had arrived at Eulenburg's tent where he was told that the Count was expected back momentarily. Hechler rushed out in order to notify Wolffsohn that it would be a while longer. When he returned, Eulenburg had been there and left again. For half an hour our good Hechler sat in Eulenburg's tent and waited. Then, trumpets, the noise of departure. Who was leaving? The Kaiser. And Count Eulenburg? With him. So Hechler marched off *bredouille* [empty-handed].

At 5:30 he drove back to the Imperial encampment. Now Wolffsohn and Schnirer have gone out there to wait for Hechler.

This uncertain waiting has by now completely demoralized us.

Hechler told us that the Kaiser would not be leaving for Jericho, but for Beirut. So the war scare seems to have been a fabrication after all.

November 1, Jerusalem

At 7:30 yesterday evening Wolffsohn and Schnirer came back from the encampment with the following report:

Hechler saw Eulenburg, first spoke about this and that, and then asked when the Zionists would be received. Eulenburg said: "Tomorrow or the day after."

The Kaiser is not going to Jericho, but is staying here a while longer.

* * *

I am very sorry that I allowed my companions to dissuade me two days ago from writing to the Kaiser and asking him to receive me as soon as possible, because I had to return to Europe without delay; my ship would be leaving on Tuesday.

The gentlemen were afraid of forcing the pace. They don't know my reason: I want to leave the country immediately after the audience, before the Turks regain their senses and perhaps make trouble for me.

Now the chance is lost. There won't be a safe vessel sailing for Port Said before next Tuesday, and it is highly doubtful whether there is a chance connection which would enable us to be in Port Said or Alexandria by Saturday.

I made a great mistake in letting myself be dissuaded.

Overnight it occurred to me to send the Kaiser some photographs of the colonies and take this opportunity to remind him of the audience. I have now sent out someone to buy a piece of costly fabric as a covering for the pictures. Wolffsohn will take the packet to Eulenburg, to whom I am writing the following note:

"I have the profound honor to hand Your Excellency herewith a few photographs of the Jewish colonies already established in Palestine, with the request that the pictures be submitted to His Majesty the Kaiser.

"May I take this opportunity to inquire whether the day and the hour of our reception have already been fixed? Directly after the audience we should like to depart for Europe, where pressing business calls us.

"With repeated thanks to Your Excellency for your very kind offices and begging you to accept the expression of my deep respect, I remain

Your humble servant,
Dr. Th. H.

November 2, Jerusalem

This letter to Eulenburg was not sent off. For while Seidener and Schnirer were out, yesterday morning, to get the cover for the pictures, the *kavass* of the German Consulate came with a slip that bore only my name, and he invited me to call on the Consul-General.

I found the Consul-General, von Tischendorf, in the company of a Count Mühling who wore the new red Cross of Jerusalem.

Tischendorf told me that I was being expected at the encampment by Legation Councillor Kemeth who wanted further information from me about the audience I had requested. So there was to be an audience after all.

My friends and I had already been quite disheartened by having had to "stew" for so long. On our way to the Consulate, Schnirer pulled a long face and expressed a pessimistic view, saying that this summons to the Consulate meant snow.

He was all the more overjoyed when I told him in the carriage what was happening. We drove to the Imperial encampment; I had myself announced to the Legation Councillor. The latter, a slightly-built, still young, but already very self-possessed official, received me with some condescension, led me into a reception tent, where he lounged back rather grandly in an armchair, crossed his legs, and then waved my corrected Address in front of me. A number of passages in the draft I had sent Eulenburg were crossed out with a pencil. These I must discard, he said. He could not let me say that to the Kaiser. He! He? Who is he? It reminded me of the servant in *Dr. Klaus* who treats the patients

in the doctor's absence, but I took the young man's presumptuousness with an unperturbed expression. He finally desired me to submit the document to him again, along with the revised manuscript, so that he might compare them and see whether I had done things right. I overlooked the impertinence of it and said calmly, "Certainly!"

He added, with half an apology, that after all he had the responsibility. He? Who?

Then he asked me, not ungraciously:

"What city is your usual place of residence?"

As if he didn't know all this very well. Surely an audience of this sort is not an everyday occurrence. These gentlemen must have talked about it at length and often, as well as grumbled about me. Obviously they are all furious that the Kaiser should pay so much attention to a Jew.

But again I gave a very calm and modest answer: "In Vienna."

I also asked in what way I would be notified about the publication. I would, of course, make public only what I was instructed to publish.

He observed coldly: " 'Instructed' does not seem the right word to me. At most you will be *permitted* to publish something."

This time he was right. I prepared to leave. Might I bring along some pictures of the colonies for the Kaiser? Herr Kemeth or Kehmetz had no objection; but he would welcome it if we did not take too much of the Kaiser's time. He welcomes something.

I learned, too, that Bülow would be present at the audience.

Then I left.

* * *

In the evening I sent Bodenheimer to the mighty *Herr Legationsrat* [Legation Councillor] with a clean copy of the new version as well as the corrected manuscript.

In the light of evening he is said to have been not entirely ungracious. He said to Bodenheimer: "Your representative, Dr. Herzl, spoke about publicity. In any case, we are counting on it

that for the time being nothing of the sort will be undertaken."

Bodenheimer assured His Importance of our discretion.

For a man who knows so well how to correct one's diction it was undoubtedly a deliberate mistake when he spoke of me as the "representative" of Dr. Bodenheimer. *Je déplais à ces Messieurs. Je m'en doutais* [I displease these gentlemen, I suspect].

* * *

In the afternoon we were on the Mount of Olives.

Great moments. What couldn't be made of this countryside! A city like Rome, and the Mount of Olives would furnish a panorama like the Janiculum.

I would isolate the old city with its relics and pull out all the regular traffic; only houses of worship and philanthropic institutions would be allowed to remain inside the old walls. And the wide ring of hillsides all around, which would turn green under our hands, would be the location of a glorious New Jerusalem. The most discriminating from every part of the world would travel the road up to the Mount of Olives. Tender care can turn Jerusalem into a jewel. Include everything sacred within the old walls, spread everything new round about it.

We climbed the Russian Tower—myself only as far as the first level, because I got dizzy, the other gentlemen to the very top. Incomparable view of the Jordan valley with its mountain slopes, the Dead Sea, the mountains of Moab, the eternal city of Jerusalem.

It would require time and a clear head to elaborate all these impressions.

* * *

On our way back we went to the rocky Tombs of the Kings, which were once owned by a French Jew, Péreire, and—presented by him to the French government. This is how impossible people considered it that the Jews would ever own anything themselves.

November 2, Jerusalem

The morning before the great event a bit hectic. While still in my night-shirt I instructed my friends how to behave during the audience. Amusing details. Bodenheimer doesn't have a good silk hat. Then the excitement of procuring a carriage, since we must certainly drive up in state.

Many bothersome callers.

Our good Hechler has just been here. He undertook to deliver the folder with the photographs of the colonies to Count Eulenburg. Then he blessed us in the name of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, put on his white hat with its flowing veil, and left.

Now, at eleven, we are taking a snack, and then we shall dress. Schnirer wants to give each of us a little bromine—which is what people take nowadays before going to fight a duel.

* * *

At 1:08

We are already back from the audience.

This brief reception will be preserved forever in the history of the Jews, and it is not beyond possibility that it will have historic consequences as well.

But how odd were the details of the entire procedure.

At 11:30 we were finished with our abbreviated luncheon. I insisted on keeping my gentlemen on short rations, so that they might be in the proper trim.

By noon we were all dressed. Bodenheimer had a grotesque top-hat and cuffs so wide that his shirt-sleeves kept sliding down into sight. At the last moment we had to dig him up another pair of cuffs.

I put on (for the first time) my shabby Mejidiye decoration.

I wouldn't let anyone take bromine—as Marcou Baruch said at Basel: *je ne le voulais pas pour l'histoire* [I didn't want it, for the sake of history].

Et j'avais raison [And I was right].

In the burning noonday sun and the white dust we drove to the encampment. A few Jews in the streets looked up as we passed. Ducks in the swamp, when the wild ducks are flying overhead.

At the railing enclosing the encampment, the Turkish guards hesitated to admit Schnirer and myself. Then a non-commissioned officer came and let us pass.

Inside the enclosure Count von Kessel, in colonial uniform, met us and directed us to a reception tent. There we stood for about ten minutes and inspected the little salon with its colorful carpets and furniture.

Then we were summoned to the Imperial tent. The Kaiser awaited us there, in grey colonial uniform, a veiled helmet on his head, brown gloves, and—oddly enough—with a riding crop in his right hand. A few paces before the entrance I came to attention and bowed. The Kaiser held out his hand to me very affably when I entered. Somewhat to one side stood Bülow in a dusty, grey lounge-suit, holding my corrected draft in his hand.

My four companions entered the spacious tent behind me. I asked if I might present them; the Kaiser nodded, and I did so. As each name was pronounced, he placed his hand to the visor of his helmet.

Then, after exchanging a glance with Bülow, I took out my script and read it aloud, at first softly and in a somewhat tremulous voice, but gradually *très à mon aise* [quite at ease]. From time to time I glanced up from the paper and looked into the Kaiser's eyes which he kept levelled at me.

When I had finished, he spoke.

He said roughly the following:

"I thank you for this communication which has interested me greatly. The matter, in any case, still requires thorough study and further discussion." He then went into some observations on the colonization up to now. "The land needs, above all, water and shade." He used some technical terms related to agriculture and forestry. For the rest, his observations had told him that the soil was arable. "The settlements I have seen, the German ones

as well as those of your people, may serve as indications of what can be done with the land. The country has room for everyone. Only provide water and trees. The work of the colonists will also serve as a stimulating example to the native population. Your movement, with which I am thoroughly acquainted, contains a sound idea."

He then assured us of his continued interest, and what else he said during the five or six minutes of his reply I can no longer remember.

When he had concluded his formal response, he gave me his hand, but did not dismiss us yet; instead, he drew me into a conversation with Bülow: "You know Herr von Bülow, don't you?"

Did I know him! Bülow, who had followed my whole address running his forefinger along my draft copy, gave a sweet smile. We talked about our trip.

The Kaiser said: "We happened to hit the hottest time of the year. The day when we met was the worst. At Ramleh we took the temperature: 31° in the shade, 41° in the sun."

Bülow said sweetly: "As His Majesty the Kaiser was gracious enough to observe, water is the main thing. Herr Herzl will know better than I what the Greek poet says:

"*Αριστον μὲν ὕδωρ*" [Water is best].*

"We can supply the country with it. It will cost billions, but it will yield billions."

"Well, money is what you have plenty of," the Kaiser exclaimed jovially and slapped his boot with his riding crop. "More money than any of us."

Bülow *abondait dans ce sens* [echoed this]: "Yes, the money which is such a problem for us you have in abundance."

I pointed out what could be done with the water power of the Jordan and drew Seidener, as an engineer, into the conversation. Seidener discussed dams, etc. The Kaiser eagerly took up the subject and developed the idea. This brought him to sanitary conditions, eye diseases, etc., which break out particularly at the time

* Translator's Note: A quotation from Pindar.

of the fig-harvest. At this point I brought in Schnirer, who spoke briefly on the subject.

I managed to get in my idea of turning over the old city to charitable institutions, cleaning it up, and building a New Jerusalem which people would view from the Mount Olives the way Rome is viewed from the Janiculum.

I was not able to bring in Wolffsohn and Bodenheimer, for the Kaiser concluded the audience by shaking hands with me once more.

I went out first, then cast one more sidelong glance behind me. I saw the profile of the Kaiser who had turned to Bülow and was speaking with him; it looked as though he wished to give himself *contenance* [an appearance].

As we went away, Count von Kessel asked: "Already over, the audience?" He was less obliging than at Constantinople, from which I inferred that our stock was lower.

Upon leaving, I said to Schnirer: "*Il n'a dit ni oui ni non* [He said neither yes nor no]."

Again they didn't want to let us pass the barrier. But outside stood the secret-service agent and supposed Zionist Mendel Krämer, who has been accompanying us since Jaffa—by order of the Turkish government, it seems to me—and made them open the gate for us.

• • •

He said neither yes nor no. Evidently a lot has been happening behind the scenes. On the back of the draft copy that I returned there was a pencilled note, "Tewfik Pasha, Grand Hotel." I made an inquiry as to whether this was the Foreign Minister. It was.

Telegram to the Grand Duke:

To His Royal Highness, Friedrich, Grand Duke of Baden.
I feel impelled today to send Your Royal Highness, from the

Holy City, thanks from the bottom of my heart for all His kindness.

Respectfully,
Theodor Herzl.

November 4, Jaffa

Following the audience, the day before yesterday, we drove to the Marx house. A few people who had seen us leave and return pushed their way in, pretending to be visitors. With an effort we managed to clear the drawing-room. At half-past three I drove in company with Wolffsohn, Bodenheimer, and the colonist Broze to the beautifully situated, but still very, very poor colony Mozah, where that stout-hearted young man started four or five years ago to cultivate the unspeakably infertile soil. By now he sees the fruits of his industry, he is already beginning to reap the harvest. The drive along the picturesque mountain road from Jerusalem to Mozah—somewhat reminiscent of the Pyrenees—passed quickly for us while the colonist Broze told us about the hardships of the initial period. Once, when the vines were beginning to sprout, deer came at night and ate off the shoots. Thereafter he camped out with a rifle for three nights, although there often are hyenas there, and didn't sleep a wink so as not to be taken unawares by them.

Was ever a soil more heroically conquered?

At Mozah I planted a young cedar on Broze's holding, on the sheltered slope which faces away from St. Jean. Wolffsohn planted a little date-palm. A few Arabs helped us, besides the colonists Broze and Katz.

We returned to Jerusalem in the dark of night.

So as not to have attention of any sort at our departure, I had asked my friends not to pack until after night-fall. I got up at two in the morning and packed my things.

We took the early train yesterday from Jerusalem to Jaffa. I wanted to leave the city and the country without delay, and hurried to the harbor. I took a small boat and had the boatmen row me out to a Lloyd steamer which was ready to sail. Not for us, unfortunately. The ship was bound for Beirut. I was willing to go along there and then back again by another Lloyd steamer, anything to avoid staying here any longer. But it proved to be impracticable, because the ship already had steam up, our luggage was still at the railroad station, and connections back from Beirut were uncertain, too.

Besides the German battleships, the only other vessels lying at anchor were another Beirut-bound boat belonging to a travel agency, a Russian freighter which still had four days of cargo-loading, a Turkish steamer for Constantinople, and the yacht of Gordon Bennett of the New York *Herald*. I rowed up to all of them, with the exception of the Turkish steamer which I avoided. Nothing doing. A shipping agent told us that an English orange-freighter would be sailing for Alexandria the next day (that is, today). A ship of the Prince Line would not arrive until tomorrow.

So we were unfortunately obliged to spend the night in Jaffa, where I was bothered by curiosity-seekers, friends and foes. In particular, there was a certain Dr. Mazie of Rishon who, I am told, goes about saying that I wish to convert the Jews to Protestantism, that I am a tool of the English Mission among the Jews, etc.

Hechler, who has been here, occasioned these lies by his incautious remarks.

It should also be mentioned that Mr. Niego, the director of Mikveh Israel, expressly requested me not to pay a second visit there, which, at Mme. Niego's urgent invitation, I had promised to do *pro forma* [as a matter of courtesy]; the Turkish authorities, he said, might take it amiss.

This is the effect of the chatter on the part of the Rothschild officials, which I had foreseen right after the encounter at Mikveh.

• • •

My four friends are discontented, because for the time being we must not divulge anything about the audience.

* * *

I am writing to Gordon Bennett:*

Dear Sir,

Perhaps you know my name as that of the leader of the Zionist movement.

I had to speak with the Emperor at Jerusalem and came back yesterday too late to Jaffa, so that there is no ship for me. I wish to go to Alexandria.

Now I understand that your Yacht leaves this evening for Alexandria. If that is so, have you a place for me and only one of my four companions? In that way I could reach Alexandria to-morrow evening, in time for the steamer to Naples, where I am expected.

I should be very thankful to get your answer as soon as possible. If you have no place for me, I must try some other combination, and that is difficult in this place.

Believe me, Sir,

Yours obediently
Dr. Th. H.

* * *

I am also writing to Hechler not to have any more chats with anyone here, on account of the tattling and the informers.

November 5, in the morning

At sea, between Jaffa and Alexandria, aboard the English orange freighter "Dundee."

Only now do I consider our expedition completed, and with fairly good success.

In Palestine things had got too hot for me. If the Turkish government had only a glimmer of political foresight, this time

* In English in the original.

they would have had to put a stop to my game once and for all. Ever since my arrival at Constantinople they have had an opportunity to do this which may never return. All they would have had to do was to expel me. Or they could have made even shorter work of me by simply having me attacked and put out of the way by gendarmes disguised as robbers.

But people's lack of understanding for my idea not only frequently does me harm, but also does me good. My plan is not understood; that is why it is furthered so little—and impeded so little.

The Turkish government allowed me to continue and complete my journey; and unless my suppositions deceive me, I am a political factor by now.

One of the peculiarities about this journey is the fact that since October 19 I have not known what has been happening in the world. Newspapers are non-existent in these parts, telegrams take four to five days, letters are delivered haphazardly—or not at all.

Thus we have no idea whether our expedition was so much as noticed in the political world; and if so, what comment it has evoked.

For a few days we heard talk of war-like entanglements between France and England, but these improbabilities as well as the story about a successful Napoleonic *coup d'état* were soon denied again.

* * *

The last day in Jaffa was most disagreeable. All sorts of beggars and spies turned up. A very bad impression was made by the Rothschild physician Mazie, who intruded upon us and who, we learned, was making me out the tool of the English mission among the Jews.

That is why yesterday morning—*sans crier gare* [without any warning]—I went with Wolffsohn down to the harbor and had ourselves rowed to the little English freighter "Dundee" (of only 350 tons); and when I saw that five persons could be accommodated, though but poorly, I booked the passages and sent

Wolffsohn ashore with instructions to fetch the whole party, bag and baggage, within the hour.

I myself stayed right on the ship, out of reach of the Mendel Krämers, Mazies, and all those people who, with good intentions or bad, might have got me into trouble with the Turkish misgovernment—whether in order to save imperilled Jewry, earn their thirty pieces of silver, or get into the good graces of Rothschild or some pasha.

Only aboard this cockle-shell of a boat, which would presumably be tossed high in a high sea, did I feel safe and regard my renewed ride across Lake Constance as successful.

My companions, however, whom Wolffsohn brought aboard the "Dundee" precisely within the hour, did not see things that way. They considered the little boat too small for the passage to Alexandria. Seidener and Bodenheimer in particular rebelled. Schnirer maintained a sullen silence. Only Wolffsohn stood this test, too, as he always does, and stuck by me through thick and thin.

The gentlemen complained about my arbitrary action, reproaching me for calling no previous discussion of this sudden embarcation. I explained to them that there had been no time. In bad weather it is impossible to get out of Jaffa harbor. One can get neither aboard nor ashore. Since all the reports had predicted an imminent storm and the skies were already overcast, I had produced this *fait accompli*. Incidentally, an immediate restoration of the *status quo* was still possible; why didn't those gentlemen who had no faith in the "Dundee" go ashore again.

Seidener thought that was no longer possible; he would not be permitted to go ashore with his Russian passport. I offered to accompany him and get him through, as at the first landing. Then they hesitated. Finally I categorically insisted on the three of them going ashore again, because I wouldn't want any reproaches *en route* if the weather turned bad. Thereupon—they stayed, intending to spend only the night on the "Dundee" and today transfer to a bigger ship that was expected.

Meanwhile, the captain speeded up the loading of the oranges

because he didn't want to lose these passengers. The sea was smooth at sunset, and when the three mutineers were for the last time faced with the question of whether to go along or stay behind, they—went along.

But we have had a rough passage so far. The "Dundee" rolled and pitched like mad. We couldn't stay in the cabins because of the stifling heat. All five of us had our mattresses put on the deck and once again slept, or lay awake, *à la belle étoile* [under the open sky]. Seidener and Bodenheimer became sea-sick even during the night. Now, in the forenoon, my good Wolffsohn feels sick also.

Schnirer and I are still in good shape.

And in spite of this bad passage I feel fine when I consider that this venture of a Pretender's journey to Palestine has, up to now, come off successfully.

November 8, on the high seas,
bound for Naples

Aboard the "Regina Margherita."

We are heading north, homeward. Wonderful Egypt was full of the most joyful surprises for me. There one can see what industry and energy can make even out of a hot country. Even though we don't have the Nile mud in Palestine, the soil does offer a thousand possibilities which sensible management can bring out.

* * *

The Khedive Ismail had an excellent idea for the creation of new city districts. Whoever pledged himself to build a house in the value of 30,000 francs within a certain time received a piece of land gratis. This could be imitated and even improved. Parts of the city could be constructed according to a master plan. Architectonic collective effects, as on the Place de la Concorde, etc.

* * *

Similarly with the elimination of swamps. Anyone who pledges himself to drain a piece of land, gets it as his property and is exempted from taxes for several years.

* * *

On the "Regina Margherita" there is a Franciscan priest who was also our fellow passenger on the "Dundee."

When we met again in Alexandria yesterday we greeted one another affably. This morning I got to talking with him. He is the prior of the Franciscans of Tiberias. An amiable, intelligent man. He had a cursory acquaintance with the Zionist movement. In my presentation it made perfect sense to him. Particularly my idea of cleaning up all of the old Jerusalem, barring daily traffic from it, and making out of it, so to speak, a sacred jewel in a rich setting. In Rome he will introduce me to the head of the Franciscan order, Lauer.

November 9, at sea

A letter to the Grand Duke, one about which I have been ruminating since Jerusalem, is to give a push to our cause, which is certainly at a standstill and may have been upset. For the past two or three weeks we have been cut off from all news. The French and English newspapers which, much delayed, we were able to get hold of in Egypt did not contain a word about us. Neither did the dispatches of the telegraphic news agencies.

From Alexandria I wired my father, asking whether the Jerusalem audience was already known, and received the cabled response: "Audience known."

Now we are heading for Naples, full of excited anticipation. My companions were afraid that the whole audience would have to remain a secret.

However, I had determined to make the fact, if not the substance, of the audience public. Since they were seasick between Jaffa and Alexandria, I did not tell them about it until Cairo. It suits me better that the audience has become known even without our action. This way my dispatch to the *Welt* gets merely the character of an official confirmation and not of a revelation.

November 9, lying in my cabin
(Dated November 18, '98)

Letter to the Grand Duke:

Your Royal Highness:

Assuming a continued interest in our cause on the part of Your Royal Highness, upon my return I am permitting myself to report to you most respectfully about the events of the Palestine journey.

On the second of November, following the reception by His Majesty the Kaiser of the Zionist delegation, I took the liberty of telegraphing my most humble thanks for all the kindness and encouragement I have received from Your Royal Highness.

A positive result in the sense of his Imperial Majesty formally assuming the protectorate requested by the delegation has not been achieved. When I had my first audience—in Constantinople—I believed, it is true, that such a result might come about on the occasion of the public gesture in Jerusalem. For His Majesty was very favorably inclined toward the Zionist idea—something that we evidently owe to the gracious intercession of Your Royal Highness. It was stipulated that I should submit the draft of my Address prior to the formal reception. This I did, and the draft was approved with a few cuts. I take the liberty of sending Your Royal Highness herewith the Address I made in Jerusalem, and beg most humbly that the manuscript be returned sometime. However, between the private audience in Constantinople and the reception of the deputation in Jerusalem, difficulties seem to have arisen. I don't know anything further about this as yet and only draw this conclusion from the fact that His Majesty did not mention the protectorate over the land-company in his response. The establishment of a land-company after the pattern of the *Chartered Company** or the East India Company seemed at the

* In English in the original.

moment to be the very thing that could be obtained from the Sultan without arousing too much ill feeling among the other Powers.

I am still of the opinion that under the present circumstances no effective objection may be expected particularly from France, the power which claims to have a protectorate over this part of the Orient. The Fashoda incident was confirmation of this view.

The present Republican government must quietly acquiesce in any *fait accompli* that is not a downright insult.

Since His Majesty was gracious enough to remark that "the matter requires even more detailed study and further discussion," I shall probably soon learn the nature of the difficulties that have arisen.

Unless my interpretation of the most recent events is an erroneous one, it was only external difficulties and not a change of mind on the part of His Majesty that have for the time being postponed the declaration of a German protectorate which we expected. I am mindful of the wise words Your Royal Highness spoke at Mainau: that in such world-historic matters each individual step requires great patience. And perhaps I am not wrong in regarding even the undeclared protectorate as one virtually existing; at least until such time as I am expressly informed of the contrary. The fidelity and caution which this imposes upon me I shall observe and maintain.

But even if German policy had to turn away from our cause, I shall owe an everlasting debt of gratitude to Your Royal Highness for the moral support of my endeavors which cannot be unjust if such a high-minded prince approves of them.

I wish the conferences which I was privileged to have with Your Royal Higness and about which I am most dutifully keeping silent were known to the world.

This infinitely noble and simple way of performing a ruler's functions would surely touch most people and make some others deeply ashamed. To me they have been unforgettable moments which have compensated me for many struggles and sorrows in my difficult task. And I shall also remain forever grateful for

being given the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the sunny personality of the Kaiser.

With the most profound respect, I remain

Your Royal Highness' very obedient servant,
Dr. Th. H.
Karl-Ludwigstr. 50, Währing, Vienna.

November 15, on the train
between Conegliano and Udine

Since we left the "Regina Margherita" in Naples there have been days of depression. At Naples we got the first news from Europe. Till then we had been cut off from the world.

The German news-agency has issued a colorless, odorless despatch about our audience: a Jewish deputation had been received by the Kaiser, in Palestine.

"*Received after going to press.*

Jerusalem, November 2. Kaiser Wilhelm has received a Jewish deputation, which presented him an album of pictures of the Jewish colonies established in Palestine. Replying to an address by the leader of the deputation, Kaiser Wilhelm said that all those endeavors were assured of his benevolent interest that aimed at the improvement of agriculture in Palestine, thus furthering the welfare of the Turkish Empire, with complete respect for the sovereignty of the Sultan."

This is apparently from the pen of the ungracious Legation Councillor Klement or Kemeth, unless it is Bülow's handiwork.

My traveling companions were depressed, most of all Bodenheimer. Even the faithful Wolffsohn faltered.

Je leur remontais le moral [I raised their morale again]: I would not fail to arrange for the publication of a version suitable to us.

And I also said to them: You see, this is why I am the leader. Time and again I prove my title to this position. I am neither smarter nor better than any one of you. But I remain undaunted, and that is why I deserve to be the leader. In darker moments

than this one I have not lost courage—in fact, I have made even greater sacrifices.

• • •

The planned trip to Rome also had to be cancelled. In Naples there was news from Newlinski waiting for me: he had fallen seriously ill and could not travel.

I think this is just an excuse. Either he does not have the connections in Rome which he pretended to have, or he quite simply wants to pocket the two thousand guilders which I had paid out to him.

Still, I am not angry at him, even if it should turn out that he has always lied to me. Actually, his lies supplied me hints for action. For the things that I *guessed* as correct I at least had in him a collaborator to whom I could refer. That is why, as a precaution, I never checked on his statements too closely.

Since the main reason I wanted to send him to Rome was to prevent him from possibly intruding on me in Constantinople where he would have been in my way, I wasn't too bothered by the disrupted plans for Rome. There would even have been certain *inconvénients* [inconveniences] on account of the Grand Duke, who might have regarded it as duplicity on my part. It is true that in Palestine Germany did not keep its promises to me; and the lower functionaries even shamefully twisted and distorted the Kaiser's actual words at Jerusalem, which were already greatly toned down. But I always want to be irreproachable in my conduct.

At any rate, now I must send the Grand Duke a letter different from the one drafted earlier. The Kaiser will not be in Berlin before the end of November. So I have time to get information in Vienna, also to speak with Eulenburg, before writing the Grand Duke.

• • •

The fact that the Kaiser did not assume the protectorate in Jerusalem is, of course, an advantage for the future development of our cause.

My companions, it is true, were quite disappointed. For the protectorate would have been a clear immediate benefit. But not so in the long run. We would subsequently have had to pay the most usurious interest for this protectorate. It would only have been much more convenient, and Bodenheimer would have returned to Cologne a made man, which, to be sure, is not now the case. And since he proved to be rather unmanageable on the trip, I shall in future *doucement écarter* [gently sidetrack] him.

• • •

Schnirer and Seidener returned home directly from Naples. I parted from Wolffsohn and the slightly ill Bodenheimer at Rome.

November 18, Vienna

Insert for the revised letter to the Grand Duke, which I have now sent off after all via Cologne-Wolffsohn, omitting certain passages:

I wish the conferences, etc. etc.

November 18, Vienna

Home again.

The Inner Actions Committee gave me a tempestuous welcome. But they haven't done very much during my absence. Colonel Eiss said that after the dispatch from the German news-agency they had all been crushed.

Now they want to put on a monster party in my honor at the Sofiensaal. This I firmly refused.

They tried to get into the elections of the local Jewish Community, but gave it up due to the complete lack of organization and prospects.

• • •

At the *Neue Freie Presse* they only smiled, not laughed any more, when I returned. A few of them even smiled enviously.

Benedikt made a sweet-and-sour face and asked what the Kaiser had said about Austria.

Nothing! I answered. Bacher was very amiable. On his table, to his shame and embarrassment, there was a copy of the *Welt* which he didn't have a chance to hide. He, too, quizzed me; he, too, got only vague answers. I said I would enlighten him only after the *Neue Freie Presse* had published its first Zionist article. But after that we did get into a dispute about Zionism, with a pleasant ending.

* * *

Yesterday I went to see Newlinski, who really is gravely ill and *moriturus* [moribund]. He had reports from Constantinople. The Kaiser is said to have told the Sultan: "The Zionists are not dangerous to Turkey; but everywhere the Jews are a nuisance which we should like to get rid of." To which the Sultan reportedly replied, in his usual manner, that he was quite satisfied with his Jewish subjects. The Empress, for her part, is reported to have said that the journey was going to be very nice; the only disagreeable thing was that she would have to see so many Jews.

More gossip from Constantinople: Nuri Bey is hostile to us because he hasn't received any *baksheesh* yet, but an investigation is pending against him for having taken bribes for assigning consular posts. The ambassador at Berlin, Ahmed Tewfik, is also against us. In Turkey there now is a feeling of disappointment over the Kaiser's journey which ran up 16 millions in expenses and was not able to prevent the loss of Crete.

On the Roman side, Newlinski relates that he has spoken with Tarnassi in Munich and with Nuncio Taliani in Vienna, and has also had letters from Agliardi. The sentiment, he says, is divided. We should, in any case, attempt something in Rome.

Then came Kozmian, Badeni's friend, a bit toned-down and depressed. He spoke about Zionism, saw many difficulties in the question of the Holy Places, and does not quite believe in the implementation.

December 1, Vienna

Since I have had no sign of life from Ambassador Eulenburg, whom I informed of my return, I am today writing to August Eulenburg at Berlin:

Your Excellency:

I have the most humble honor to send a book and a newspaper article for His Majesty the Kaiser.

The book (*The Palais Bourbon*) is being sent under separate cover. His Majesty gave me permission at Constantinople to present it to him. The enclosed article is likewise connected with the audience in that city. In it are reproduced remarks which His Majesty was pleased to make to me. Naturally, in the newspaper I did not permit myself to make the slightest allusion to the exalted origin of these observations.

Thanking Your Excellency in advance for your good offices and begging you to accept the expression of my deepest respect, I remain

Your obedient servant,
Dr. Th. H.

December 6, Vienna

Since the lack of news had become alarming, the day before yesterday I sent my good Hechler, who is back from Palestine, to Karlsruhe to see the Grand Duke. If there was nothing wrong, he was to wire me: "Uncle's condition fine," possibly "splendid."

This evening his telegram came: "Uncle splendid, grandson (probably supposed to be "nephew") very well-behaved. Hechler."

So I hope that nothing has come 'twixt the cup and the lip.*

But why the long silence, especially Eulenburg's? A sort of waiting in ante-rooms.

* * *

*Translator's Note: Herzl's phrase, *Zwischen Lipp' und Kelchesrand*, is from Friedrich Kind's poem *König Ankäos* (1802).

Today the news from Paris, via Marmorek, that Nordau is ready to go to London with Wolffsohn, negotiate with the I. C. A., and call on Salisbury to whom he has access.

I had a wired reply sent, saying that this was welcome, but that for the time being he must not divulge the result of his conference with Salisbury to anyone but us.

* * *

The language of the anti-Zionist Jewish press, especially *Jewish Chronicle* and Bloch's *Wochenschrift,* has recently surpassed everything previous in vileness. I cannot answer, so as not to get into the dirtiest scuffle.

December 9, Vienna

Received a very fine letter from the Grand Duke, dated the 5th of the month.

Hechler's telegraphic bulletin is confirmed, then.

Yesterday I read the Grand Duke's letter to the A. C. Schnirer said half-heartedly: "The letter contains nothing positive." I explained our present situation to the gentlemen as follows:

Everything depends on the results of the Bank Committee which meets in London today. According to a confidential report from our Bank secretary Loewe, a few days ago a meeting took place at Lord Rothschild's which was attended by S. Montagu, F. Moccatta, Dr. Adler, and others. They were supposed to issue a manifesto against our Bank. Rothschild could not make up his mind to sign Adler's draft. If such a manifesto is issued, we must of course fight. Our Bank will be at stake, the whole thing will turn into a press fight, war against the big bankers.

Should Wolffsohn succeed in getting Messieurs Sassoon, Montefiore, and Seligman on our side—and I would unhesitatingly turn the direction of our Bank over to them, because we have no financial ambitions and only need the facility for political purposes—we shall immediately march as power against power.

With the banking facility, everything can be done in Turkey.

I shall send Wolffsohn to Constantinople to grease the palms of the pashas. Then I shall go to the Kaiser and ask him for an introduction to the Czar. This is why the Kaiser's good will is something wholly positive. Actually, the confidence of the two princes of Baden and Prussia is *le plus clair de notre avoir actuel* [the most obvious of our present assets].

* * *

From Paris Wolffsohn reports unsuccessful negotiations with Edmond Rothschild, etc. Narcisse Leven, as president of the I.C.A. and the Alliance, made the statement—in front of witnesses, I hope; Wolffsohn didn't say—that they don't know what to do with their millions, but that these millions will be at our disposal as soon as we achieve something positive.

* * *

Today Wolffsohn wired from London that the work is proceeding well. I am skeptical, however.

December 13, Vienna

Wolffsohn telegraphs that everything has been successfully completed. But I don't believe it, since I miss the names of well-known bankers.

December 14

Hechler was here yesterday. The Grand Duke spoke to him as affably as he had written me. The main difficulty lies in the diverse nationalities of the Jews; too many of them are under the protection of French citizenship.

* * *

Yesterday Benedikt brought Municipal Councilor Stern to my room, introducing him to me as president of the Federation of Communities (of 100 Austrian Jewish communities).

I said: "The organization is all right with me. What are you planning to do?"

Stern (without self-irony): "We shall rent an office."

I said: "A good thing that you created this organization—for us. Your office will be occupied by us Zionists."

December 15, Vienna

Letter to the Grand Duke:

Your Royal Highness:

My most humble thanks for the most gracious holograph letter of the 5th of this month.

That the present condition of the Jews in Jerusalem—unfortunately, elsewhere as well—could not make a favorable impression on His Majesty the Kaiser I had to assume in advance. But precisely these conditions and our ardent desire to change them are the main reasons for the existence of the Zionist movement. Incidentally, if His Imperial Majesty had inspected the agricultural colonies already established in the Holy Land, he would have been able to observe what a beneficial change, in a physical as well as a moral sense, the new way of life to which we wish to introduce our masses has produced among the people. We regard changing the standard of living not as the goal, but only as a means toward the improvement of our people. If we succeed in providing for our unfortunate brethren the opportunity for productive work on the historic soil—for which they have the desire, as has been proved irrefutably by many facts—this will at the same time give us sufficient authority to accomplish other things as well.

It is a great comfort to me to learn from Your Royal Highness that my most humble address in Jerusalem has not met with disfavor, and that we may now as before count on a benevolent interest. It appears that difficulties are seen in the different citizenship of the Jews who are already settled in Palestine or are to be settled there in the future. But may I in all modesty point

out that the assumption of a protectorate on the part of Germany would soon produce a change in this situation. Since at present virtually all the threads converge in my hands, I can assure you that this difficulty can be removed. Even the settlements of the *Alliance Israélite*, which has hitherto been under French influence, would, I definitely know, subordinate themselves without delay to the community as soon as it has come into being. The question is only how the German protectorate may be established without smoke and fire. For I understand full well that Germany cannot and will not enter into incalculable entanglements for the sake of our idea, no matter how universally humanitarian it may be.

However, we are in a position to propose a, so-to-speak, inconspicuous method by which the immigration of the Jews can be carried out under German protection gradually and steadily, and to which no valid objections could be made if things are handled cautiously.

This is the creation of the Jewish Land-Company for Syria and Palestine, which I mentioned in my Jerusalem address, with the provision that it have its seat in Germany. Such a land-company has a civil-law character. Any secret agreements between the German government and the leaders of our movement must not, of course, leak out. All that would be asked of the Turkish government would be to rescind the immigration prohibition. The latter is untenable anyway, because, as Your Royal Highness probably knows, only in recent weeks various representatives in Constantinople, especially the English one, have remonstrated against it.

At any rate, we shall establish the Jewish Land-Company in the near future, because we absolutely need this facility for future development. However, up to now I have intentionally treated the matter dilatorily, because even in its embryonic stages the future protective relationship of the land-company must be determined.

To avoid getting tedious, I shall give at this point the con-

clusion of various trains of thought—the question is: shall we obtain German or English protection? The protectorate of any other power is at present out of the question.

Today our movement is oriented toward the German protectorate. Since I have had the good fortune to be allowed to approach Your Royal Highness, it has been my constant thought—one toward which I naturally was inclined by my education and my capacity as a German man of letters—that we ought to exert every effort to acquire the protection of the German Empire and of German Law. The tendency of German policy, grown recognizable recently, to get a foothold even farther East; the religious and political interest on the part of His Majesty the Kaiser in the land of our fathers; the noteworthy actuality that German influence in Turkey has become the predominant one—all this has lent force, within our movement, to the viewpoint which I represent, in contrast to those which present English protection as desirable. The question presses for a decision in the near future.

Now, I do believe that even in the event that we establish a land-company, under civil law, with its seat in England, this need not exclude the possibility of having the established settlement placed under German protection, under international law, at a later date—perhaps a sort of German-English co-protectorate; but who can foresee what complications and difficulties might then arise. The whole thing would hover between two, and possibly several, powers.

At Jerusalem His Majesty deigned to tell me that our plan required further discussion. I now await commands.

During the Christmas holidays I could get away from here for a few days and go to Karlsruhe as well as Berlin in order to become acquainted with any decision.

I do not venture to ask Your Royal Highness again to take the trouble of a written reply. A brief notification by wire to say that Your Royal Highness has been pleased to transmit my present letter to His Majesty, would please me greatly.

I shall understand what is meant if the wire simply reads:

"Letter sent to Berlin. Come Christmas to Karlsruhe, to Berlin."

And signed merely with Your Royal Highness' Christian name.

With the expression of my most sincere veneration and deepest gratitude, I remain

Your Royal Highness' very obedient servant,
Dr. Th. H.

December 20

The founding of the Bank drags forward, with an effort and under ridiculous difficulties. Wolffsohn informs me that he has completed the formalities.

December 20

Yesterday a long conversation with Eulenburg at the German Embassy. I explained to him the dilemma whether to establish the land-company under German or English auspices, as I had done in my letter to the Grand Duke.

He, for his part, confirmed the ill-humor of the Kaiser—who said very friendly things about me to Eulenburg, too—over the Jews of Jerusalem. So there too, said the Kaiser, the Jews flock to the big city. I pointed to the colonies. Eulenburg said that this made a big difference, and accordingly the Kaiser had made a mistake. He, Eulenburg, said he liked the idea of chartering the land company in Berlin.

He also spoke to me in absolute confidence about the current situation. He called the attitude of the *Neue Freie Presse* excellent. He told me about his conversation with our Emperor in the Thun affair (the threat that Prime Minister Thun had uttered in the Reichsrat, on account of the expulsions from Prussia). Eulenburg told the Emperor that Thun's language was alarming and that Austria's domestic policy could not in the long run be in logical contradiction to its foreign policy. However, our Emperor allayed his fears in the kindliest manner; and this had greatly touched him, because he tenderly venerates the Em-

peror. But Eulenburg was still afraid that the old gentleman's daily surroundings, the continued influence, might sway him in the opposite direction. Thun, he said, has Russian sympathies, and, indeed, the Emperor's recent visit to the Russian Embassy for the birthday celebration of the Czar had been counter to all usage.

Since Eulenburg had given me this information in confidence, but for the benefit of the *Neue Freie Presse,* I told it to Bacher and Benedikt, who pricked up their ears and were obviously pleased about getting this opportunity for information through me. *A quelque chose malheur* (Zionism) *est bon* [A misfortune (Zionism) is good for *something*].

* * *

I had also told Eulenburg how well I had liked the Kaiser. This pleased him greatly. I remarked that many unofficial press errors have been made; otherwise the people and the world would have to have a more correct conception of this amiable and great man. Eulenburg agreed with me about this. He repeatedly expressed his gratification at our having this mutual relationship, and invited me to visit him often.

However, I intend to make only very sparing use of this invitation.

December 22

Received the following wire from the good Grand Duke:

"Your letter sent to Berlin. Until answer from there, can hold out no promise of conference.

Friedrich."

December 23

The question occurs to me whether the "unpleasant impression which the Jerusalem Jews made on the Kaiser" is not merely German statesmanship's way of backing out of the protectorate.

Perhaps influences—today still unknown to me—have come up in opposition to the plan, and in order not to be considered weak or vacillating, the German statesmen give this pretext.

December 24

Nordau sent me an utterly incredible essay, which he wrote for the "Achiasaf" calendar, for publication in the *Welt.* In it he propounds the view that the conversations about Zionism between its leaders and statesmen, etc., had no more significance than discussions about the latest comedy or the last Derby race—as long as the Zionists were not everywhere bound together in tight organizations in whose name the leaders spoke.

This is basically incorrect, because we can proceed only by the method of *negotiorum gestio* and *ratihabitio,* and not by the impractical method of the mandate, which presumably is nowhere sanctioned by law. Added to this is the fact that today this article—which was written last June, to be sure—could almost be taken as being against my conversations with the Kaiser.

I answered him that if I, as president of the Congress and the leader recognized by all Zionists—without bragging—speak with statesmen, I cannot be considered a private person chatting about the subjects of the salons. Also, it cannot be regarded as levity or a crime if I speak in the name of the Jewish people—I can refer to Nordau himself as my chief witness, because after the First Congress he wrote me: Consider yourself as the government!

December 26

No news from Berlin. This means snow—and Bülow!

December 29

In yesterday's *Neue Freie Presse* there was a Berlin dispatch, evidently from an unofficial source. I asked Bacher: from whom?

He told me: "Steinbach is in Berlin and has talked to Bülow."

I am certain that Bülow also spoke about me and that Steinbach made some tepid answer disparaging me. Steinbach is an "anti-Zionist" and probably said I was a charming writer of *feuilletons,* but that no one took me seriously as a politician.—As if I had been present.

This is the curse of weakness. Just one lousy million for a newspaper—and everything would be different.

December 29

The condition of our cause is now a desperate one; I can't deceive myself on that score.

After the great success of the Palestine journey, the insufficiency of our banking people and financial forces is an absolute catastrophe.

Our Bank secretary Loewe is blowing the emergency whistle, saying he will soon be without money to defray the day-to-day expenses.

Wolffsohn arrives here today. I must have a serious talk with him. The others cannot do anything whatever, and I fear he is not the right man either.

• • •

1899

January 2, Vienna

Yesterday I sent the Grand Duke the following telegram: "I have the profound honor to send Your Royal Highness most respectful best wishes for the New Year.

Dr. Th. H."

• • •

To which I received the following reply today:

I am very grateful for your kind wishes and return them most warmly. Friedrich, Grand Duke of Baden.

• • •

I ought to have telegraphed the Kaiser, too.

January 2

Wolffsohn was here for a few days. *Il m'a un peu remis du coeur au ventre* [He put some heart into me] in regard to the Bank.

After all, I subscribed £500. for the guarantee fund, and this may be lost.

January 11, '99

Letter to the Grand Duke:

Your Royal Highness:

I am taking the liberty to draw your attention most humbly to the enclosed editorial from the *Welt.* To the extent of my knowledge of conditions in France, I think I may say that the appointment of M. Constans as ambassador at Constantinople is a direct answer to His Majesty the Kaiser's journey to the Orient and can only have the purpose of undermining German influence in Turkey. What path this man, at the same time the craftiest and the most brutal of French politicians, will take, cannot, of course, even be foreseen. Only one thing can be said with certainty: If the disreputable Constans is pulled out of his well-deserved oblivion, and if this is done by a ministry which includes M. Constans' adversary Freycinet, who has been deeply wounded by the Panama affair, they are planning something that requires a man who is capable of anything. Constans will within a short time be the center of all endeavors directed against German influence in Constantinople.

To be sure, I have reason to fear that my most humble remonstrances in Berlin are not being heeded at the present time, since the letter which Your Royal Highness sent to Berlin has not been attended to. Nevertheless, I should like to draw attention to this new turn of affairs if only because the work that Constans will without any doubt do at the Sultan's court is likely to demon-

strate soon that my modest warnings have not been wholly unjustified.

With the expression of my deepest respect, I remain

Your Royal Highness' grateful servant
Dr. Th. H.

Sent off via Cologne on Jan. 11, '99.

January 16

Everything bogged down. Something has to happen. I have decided to request an audience with the Czar via Bertha von Suttner.

Letter to Bertha von Suttner:

Vienna, Jan. 16, '99

My dear Baroness:

Today I come to you with a request which means a great deal to me.

Here, in a few words, is the story.

It would be of the greatest importance for the Zionist movement if I informed the Czar about the purposes and aims of the movement. I would have to discuss it with him in person in order to win him over to the cause, as I succeeded in doing with the German Kaiser. Therefore I should like to have an audience with him, and my magnanimous and greatly admired friend Bertha von Suttner is to help me toward that end. Count Muraviev is said to have expressed himself favorably about our cause. You have contact with him, and my request is that you write him a fine letter telling him who I am and what I want the requested audience for.

Although I feel that you are benevolently disposed toward me, I would certainly not trouble you for the sake of my humble person; but it is a matter of the cause on which, after all, you yourself have bestowed your interest. *Mettez, de grâce, tout votre esprit et tout votre coeur dans cette lettre* [Please put all your

soul and all your heart into this letter], then success will be assured.

The following points, among others, ought to be stressed. Zionism aims at creating a legally safeguarded home for the Jewish people. For Russia this cause, which I believe to be a humanitarian one, is also politically valuable for several reasons.

In Russia the Jewish Question poses an unsolved and very embarrassing problem. The Czar, whom all of us have recently come to recognize as a great heart, cannot possibly refuse to support a peaceful, humanly benevolent solution. This would end once and for all the persecutions of the Jews, which break out in Russia from time to time and at the same time are in the nature of serious disturbances of the general peace. By no means all Jews would emigrate from Russia—no more than they would from other countries—, but only a *surplus** of proletarians and desperate ones who, supported by their wealthy fellow Jews, would be able to establish a new, permanent home for themselves and at the same time substantially increase the cultural resources of civilization in the Orient. Furthermore, the weakening of the revolutionary parties would go hand in hand with this augmentation of culture and order. Particular emphasis should be given to the fact that we are everywhere engaged in battle with the revolutionaries and are actually turning the young students as well as the Jewish workingmen away from Socialism and Nihilism by unfolding before them a purer national ideal. These effects of our endeavors will be observable in Russia, too. All of the desperate Jews would have to become anarchists if Zionism did not draw them under its influence.

It will certainly be possible to solve the problem of the Holy Places through extraterritorialization by agreement among the powers. In the reorganization of conditions, religious interests can be safeguarded much better than in the present state of affairs, which surely is not satisfactory to the feelings of Christendom.

* In English in the original.

All this I might be able to explain well to the Czar *de vive voix* [by word of mouth]. That I am worthy of an audience, as it were, is certainly borne out by the fact that the German Kaiser has granted me *two major conferences*. By taking an interest in this cause the Czar will add a new leaf to his wreath of glory as one of the greatest princes of peace of all time. Please tell him also that, to the extent that it has lain in my feeble powers as a journalist, I have gladly devoted myself to serving the cause of peace.

In short, *madame et grande amie* [madam and noble friend], say everything that your heart and your mind prompt you to say. For you will bind many human beings, and particularly your obedient servant, to everlasting gratitude if you procure this audience for me. Naturally I am ready to appear before the Czar at any time and at any place, but the sooner the better. Present the matter to Count Muraviev as quite urgent, and assure him that I shall remain grateful to him, too, for his intervention. A pen is not worth much, to be sure; but one that has never been set in motion for anything unclean may under certain circumstances be something not to be entirely dismissed.

Since we would like to use the Peace Conference for a Zionist demonstration as well, it would be of the greatest importance if the audience were granted in advance, immediately if possible.

Gratify me with a prompt reply, and believe in the sincere admiration of

Yours very faithfully,
Th. H.

Postscript:

It might not be without interest to point out that news of the Czar's peace manifesto happened to break during the Basel Congress, and that the Congress responded to the telegraphic news by immediately passing an enthusiastic resolution of concurrence, the first such resolution to come from a representative body.

February 6

Dined yesterday with the Suttners. The Baroness told me that two days ago she was in the company of Kapnist, the ambassador. He told her he had received a letter from Count Muraviev saying that the requested audience was out of the question now, although the motives of our movement were looked upon benevolently.

February 6

From the 24th to the 29th the full Actions Committee met here, and Nordau was here. There are protocols of this. The statutes and prospectuses of the Bank were hauled about in idle talk and finally accepted without major changes.

I said that the decisive battle was over the Bank subscription. Nordau of a different opinion. The thing is this: I am concerned with migration and building, he is satisfied simply with polemics and demonstrations.

Nordau's big Vienna speech—which he also repeated verbatim in Berlin and Cologne—was inept, injudicious, incorrect. Many of the things I have built up by assiduous, patient work he recklessly destroyed. He was interesting as always, but didn't do any good. His success was a personal one; the cause he harmed. He made quite uncalled-for advances to Socialism, exposed all our weaknesses, told about our helplessness, etc. I was very dissatisfied and didn't conceal it from him either.

February 8

Went to see Nuncio Tagliani yesterday.

He gave me a very friendly reception, saying he personally was not unfavorably inclined toward the matter. *Il est très rond et paraît très fort* [He is very plump and seems very vigorous]. One of those fat men who have hair on their chest. He said I ought to send Newlinski to Rome, for he has the best connections there. Incidentally, the Holy See had always been well disposed

toward the Jews. If they were locked up in the ghetto, it was only to protect them from the mob.

"There have also been interruptions in this benevolent tradition," I remarked.

February 11

Days of despondency. The tempo of the movement is slowing down. The catchwords are wearing out. The ideas are becoming subjects for declamation, and the declamation is losing its edge.

I now face the Bank subscription with trepidation. Wolffsohn reports that no serious bank wants to act as the agent of subscription. Kann has the peculiar idea of naming the Cook Travel Bureau as the subscription headquarters. This I veto.

Hechler wants to go to Karlsruhe again. The Grand Duke wired in response to his inquiry that he could come. I am giving him instructions.

February 21

Hechler has been to Karlsruhe. The Grand Duke asked him to invite me to come and sent me a telegram setting the audience for the 27th of the month, at ten in the morning.

On Sunday I presented the question to the A. C.: Should I ask the Grand Duke to assume the protectorate over the land-company? Kokesch is in London, Schnirer was not at the meeting, Marmorek, Kahn, and Kremenetzky were unanimously in favor of my offering the protectorate to the Grand Duke. I said: After all, the Congress can later disavow me if it does not approve of it. I must always reckon with future ingratitude. Right now our situation is so desperate that without German aid we shall be stuck in the mud.

• • •

Hechler says that the idea of collaborating with England in our project struck the Grand Duke favorably.

On Monday I shall exert every effort to get the Grand Duke

to telegraph the Kaiser and secure an audience for me. From the Kaiser I shall request an introduction to the Czar. I am ordering Wolffsohn and Kann to Karlsruhe.

February 28. On the Orient Express, on the way back from Karlsruhe

The evening before yesterday I arrived at Karlsruhe. Almost at the same minute Wolffsohn and Kann arrived on the train from Cologne. We met on the platform. A kind of Rütli meeting* of the Jewish Colonial Bank. We then discussed late into the night what was to be done. They anticipated the subscription as a *désastre* [disaster]. Up to now we have not managed to secure even one proper bank as a subscription agent. A first-class boycott on the part of Jewish high finance.

We agreed that unless help came to us from the Kaiser or the Grand Duke, we would be in hot water. I explained to the gentlemen my intention of asking the Grand Duke to persuade the Kaiser by telegram to receive me. Wolffsohn and Kann had *en route* agreed on what they should demand from me, *scil.* what I should demand of the princes. Their demand: The Deutsche Bank at Berlin should be appointed to act as a subscription agency.

• • •

Yesterday morning, at ten o'clock sharp, I drove up in front of the castle, in a small-town gala coach which is presumably used for weddings.

Once again I passed through the proud entrance hall into the green ante-chamber where, three years ago, the flags of 1870 in their leather casings had so stupefied me. By now I was more used to such sights, nor did I have any more palpitation when an

*Translator's Note: A reference to the Rütli or Grütli, a meadow in the Uri canton, Switzerland, where, according to the Wilhelm Tell legend, representatives of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden met in 1307 to swear the Rütli Oath, on which Swiss freedom was founded.

officer in court dress asked me to step from the green waiting room into the red salon.

Ten minutes later the good Grand Duke opened the door.

March 4, Vienna

The Orient Express had rattling carriages this time, my fountain pen was bad, and so I was not able to jot down the report *en route*. At home, however, I first had to take care of the everyday affairs and revise the letters to the Grand Duke and the Kaiser, which finally went off yesterday after hard work.

This way the first freshness of the notes is lost.

The good Grand Duke, then, opened the door of his study where I had been three years ago. He greeted me in his cordial, gentle manner, and invited me to sit down opposite him, at the desk.

I gave him a report and submitted my new plan involving his undertaking the protectorate over the land company.

The idea seemed to make a favorable impression on him; in fact, he even indicated his inclination in no uncertain terms. However, the Kaiser would have to give his consent. He recommended that I discuss the matter with Finance Minister Miquel in Berlin. After all, it would be indispensable for the project that we enjoy the protection of the Prussian monarchy. In Prussia they would not like the idea of one of the federal states having such major financial undertakings. He could give me many an instance of this—for example, the trouble they were making over the permission for the Baden lottery. So, to sum up, I ought to speak with Miquel. I also divined the feeling of the German government from his words of friendly reserve. They want us to complete the arrangements first, acquire land and settlers' privileges—then we should ask for and obtain the protectorate. One can't be any more cautious and prudent than that. The only thing to be said against it is that once we have got that far, we shall no longer need the onerous German protectorate.

Yet I accept further negotiations on this basis, because I must accept everything and because negotiations, even though they may be hopeless, have value for us. So I said that I intended to wire the Kaiser and request an audience for the following day.

The Grand Duke advised me to address the telegram to Lucanus. I had been with him for an hour, and half an hour previously a Minister had had himself announced. Therefore the good Grand Duke terminated the audience, but told me that, since I was staying until evening, I could call on him again.

I drove to the hotel, told Wolffsohn and Kann what had happened, and sent a long, urgent telegram, the request for the audience, to Lucanus.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon the reply came. The Kaiser could not receive me tomorrow, because he was just about to go away. I should speak with Minister of State von Bülow.

A rejection, then, since Bülow is antagonistic.

Rien n'arrive ni comme on le craint ni comme on l'espère [Nothing happens as one fears, nor as one hopes]. These words buzzed through my head during the whole trip.

Before I left to see the Grand Duke again, Wolffsohn and Kann told me to be sure to ask for a recommendation to the Deutsche Bank in Berlin, for they had not managed so far to get a bank for the subscription to the Jewish Colonial Bank. Everything, everything *I* am supposed to do.

Again I drove to the palace. The Grand Duke admitted me immediately. This time we conversed in the red salon, where there hangs an old portrait showing a sensitive, enthusiastic youth in the dress of the 1840's. I believe it is his portrait.

I gave him Lucanus' telegram and indicated that my hopes had shrunk greatly. He consoled me and expressed the expectation that my energies would not diminish. I reminded him of his words at Potsdam when he had recounted to me the difficulties attendant on the founding of the German Empire.

"Yes," he said, "and when the thing is finished, one has to step back and relinquish everything to others, who were formerly

opponents. But one must be content with the inner satisfaction, and also with the fact that one meets strong characters such as you."

As he said this he gave my hand a long squeeze. I was deeply touched.

As for the recommendation to the Deutsche Bank, he gave it to me most readily after I first mentioned it. He asked how the recommendation should read. I requested it in the form of a letter to me, and he promised this.

Messieurs Wolffsohn and Kann were very much satisfied with this outcome. Then we dined in our hotel drawing-room and afterwards went out to hear some music. When we returned at half-past ten, no letter from the Grand Duke had arrived yet. We went to bed a bit anxiously. But at 11:30 there was a knock on my door; it was a court lackey. The entire hotel staff, respectfully gathered on the stairs, watched him deliver a letter from their sovereign to me. I immediately informed Wolffsohn, who slept better as a result.

At 4 o'clock the next morning we had to get out of the hay. At five I boarded the Orient Express to Vienna; Wolffsohn and Kann took the letter with them to Cologne and were scheduled to go from Cologne to Berlin that evening.

On the trip home I went through the same sensations that I have had so often. The closer I come to the *Neue Freie Presse*, the smaller I become. At the same time, some uneasiness over whether a row was not in store for me on account of my repeated absence. *Mais rien n'arrive ni comme on le craint ni comme on l'espère* [But nothing happens as one fears, nor as one hopes].

I arrived in Vienna in the evening, and went to the office first. My masters were almost gracious and joked affably about my trip, the purpose of which I kept silent about.

On the second day telegrams from Wolffsohn in Berlin arrived, in the agreed-upon code: "Deebee" for "Deutsche Bank."

They had spoken for 1½ hours with Director Siemens; he was going to speak with his administrative board. But Wolffsohn and Kann were under no illusion that this wasn't a refusal. And

it was. He wrote them a rejection. Thereupon they had one more unsuccessfull conference with him and went back to Cologne. There the Schaafhausen Banking Association again rejected the proposal.

Today's telegrams from Wolffsohn sound very resigned: I wired him something like the following, sharpened by a passage which I hope he will not resent, saying that if we two didn't proceed energetically now, we would be incompetents.

D. Wolffsohn, Karolingerring, Cologne.

Conference with Siemens after rejection of Deebee pointless and undignified. Try Dresdener Bank. If refusal, immediately so organize subscription that Broad Street Avenue becomes center. Everything must simply be directed there. If Broad Street not allowed to accept down-payments only registrations should be directed there, but down-payments should be made at same places that served for preliminary subscription. Awaiting wired report on this. Every moment missed now means irreparable loss.

(Wolffsohn had wired me that I should speak with Siemens, who will be in town tomorrow, but I don't feel like it, because we have already been turned down.)

Letter to the Grand Duke:

March 1, '99

Your Royal Highness:

Once again I must express my sincerest and most respectful thanks for the encouragement I received from Your Royal Highness during my visit. The protectorate which I dared to request is already in virtual existence, our enterprise already enjoys the protection of the noblest prince. May it one day become plain for all to see.

Today I will write a report for His Majesty the Kaiser and address to it to Herr von Lucanus. In this report I should like to indicate the proposals I took the liberty of making to Your Royal Highness and to request an audience within the coming week for the purpose of documenting and implementing the

plan which is now ready in its altered form. In this way, through one of its federal rulers, Germany could assure herself of influence in the cause which may assume some importance in the future. And yet, through the circumstance that the initial practical steps are being taken by an enterprise based in England, any premature arousal of jealously would be avoided. A *fait accompli* could be prepared and established in all secrecy, and its proclamation would be reserved for the most opportune moment. The domiciling, according to civil law, of the land company which is to be created later, at Karlsruhe for example, would then depend on the political circumstances.

However, to connect permanently the so highly respected name of Your Royal Highness with this project would be an act of historic justice, provided that what we are attempting to do will receive a place in history.

With the expression of my sincerest gratitude and deepest respect, I remain

Your Royal Highness' most obedient servant,
Dr. Th. H.

* * *

Your Imperial and Royal Majesty,
Most Gracious Kaiser and Lord:

From Karlsruhe, where His Royal Highness the Grand Duke did me the favor of accepting my detailed reports, I took the liberty upon his exalted advice of requesting by telegram an audience with Your Majesty.

The reasons for this are the following.

Having received no word whatever since the Palestine journey about the assumption of the protectorate, which had previously been intended, I had to suppose that political difficulties had arisen. The mistrust of the Sultan and the jealousy of other powers seem to have manifested themselves. Must the implementation of a plan with a future therefore be given up? I fully understand that the Imperial government will not risk an entanglement on our account. But would it not be possible to find

an arrangement through which the goal would be attained inconspicuously and surely?

Such an arrangement I have permitted myself to submit to His Royal Highness. It is this: First we create a corporate body in England which will take the preparatory steps and, *moyennant finances* [for a financial consideration], acquire lands and settlers' rights from the Turkish government. On the basis of such concessions the actual *Chartered Company** will then be formed —and, circumstances permitting, with its legal headquarters at Karlsruhe and under the protection of His Royal Highness Grand Duke Friedrich. There will automatically result from this a political relationship of protection by the Empire, one to which there can be no objection from third parties.

No express declaration on the part of the Imperial government is required for this; in fact, we could be disavowed without further ado, as operating on our own, just as the English government was able to do with Cecil Rhodes at any time. Naturally there are big differences between Sir Cecil Rhodes and my humble self, the personal ones very much in my disfavor, but the objective ones greatly in favor of our movement, which has at its disposal a different kind of capital and, most of all, tremendous human resources in all of Eastern Europe.

Unfortunately Your Imperial Majesty did not see the activity of our colonists already in existence in Palestine. The sight of the Jews jammed together in Jerusalem is not a pleasant one. But even these Jews would like to get out in the country and till the soil, if, strangely enough, the Turkish government did not prohibit it.

To my sorrow I must fear many another incorrect report. I believe that Your Majesty's counsellors occasionally hear disparaging remarks about our movement especially from Jews who do not share my views.

The explanation for this is simple. A good number of rich *West-End** Jews are worried that we might take them with us; this is why they try to make us ridiculous or despicable in their

* In English in the original.

conversation and their newspapers. Methinks, however, that this very kind of opposition must recommend us.

Our endeavor has many aspects. One of them is the absorption of the Jewish elements that will remain in every country. But I believe that the adjustment to the national body should not be attempted through the process of revolution. The way to complete assimilation can probably lead only through the established church.

Only those are to go along who cannot or will not assimilate at their present places of residence—this is our principle. Those who remain behind will of necessity be even better citizens. No more unnatural alliances between iron safes and petroleum barrels.

The value of our movement for social betterment has no more remained concealed from Your Imperial Majesty than has its value for colonial policy. Actually, our movement would be strong enough even if it drew not one man or one penny from Germany. Our resources are in Russia, Rumania, Galicia, England, America, and South Africa. Nevertheless, Germany can, in a way which shall be kept secret for the time being and will even later involve no obligation, assure herself of influence for the future and at the very beginning of our colonization gain an industrial market of the first magnitude. The sole prerequisite is that we be able to organize in Germany.

I understand that written declarations may not be expected on this subject the way it stands today. Therefore I herewith venture once again most respectfully to request an audience after Your Majesty's return. I very badly need encouragement at this particular time. Then I will move on, attempt to win the favor of the Emperor of Russia, and not return again until I can present you the completed matter. On the other hand, failure to grant me an audience would be a *de facto* sign to me that we need not hope for even secret and non-binding participation any longer.

The idea I serve has already touched a great monarch in this

century: Napoleon the First. The Paris Sanhedrin of the Jews in the year 1806 was, to be sure, a last gasp of this idea.

Was the matter not yet ripe at that time, was there no resolute representative of the Jews, was it due to the paucity of means of communication?

Our time, however, is under the sign of communication!—to use a phrase that has become a household word.*

The Jewish Question must be brought under this sign; this is how it can be solved. And what was not possible under Napoleon I is possible under Wilhelm II!

With my deepest respect, I remain

Your Imperial and Royal Majesty's most obedient servant,

Dr. Th. H.

* * *

Covering letter to Lucanus:

Your Excellency:

I permit myself to express my sincere gratitude to you for your kind telegraphic reply to Karlsruhe.

I have written the enclosed letter to His Majesty the Kaiser, containing a request to grant me an audience as soon as possible, at the suggestion of His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Baden. Important things are in the making.

Since I am permitting myself the hope of being ordered to Berlin by His Majesty in the near future, I have postponed my call on Minister of State von Bülow, which you kindly recommended to me, until that time.

Begging Your Excellency to accept the expression of my esteem, I am

Respectfully yours,
Dr. Th. H.

* Translator's Note: Herzl reminds the Kaiser of an inscription the latter wrote on a photograph presented to Dr. von Stephan, the German Postmaster-General, on January 7, 1891: *"Die Welt am Ende des 19. Jahrhunderts steht unter dem Zeichen des Verkehrs. Er durchbricht die Schranken, welche die Völker trennen, und knüpft zwischen den Nationen neue Beziehungen an."* (The world at the end of the 19th century is under the sign of communication. It breaks through the barriers that divide peoples and establishes new connections among the nations.)

March 4

Kokesch came back from London today. The horrible English legal work is now completed. The authorizations of the directors and members of the Council must be sealed; the unsealed ones, which we got together by the skin of our teeth, are not sufficient. Another loss of time; yet the subscription, on which so much depends, draws near. Today I gave orders not to delay any further and simply undertake the subscription at the Jewish Colonial Bank in London itself. *La dernière cartouche* [The last round of ammunition]. I am afraid it will be a failure—*mais rien n'arrive ni comme on le craint ni comme on l'espère* [but nothing happens as one fears, nor as one hopes].

The Bank is the hardest part of the work so far. If it works out, afterwards not a soul will suspect what we have gone through, how much energy it has required. For we actually have a boycott of the big bankers against us. If I ever get my hands on *them,* I'll give them a good going-over.

March 10

Last Monday the *Sonn- und Montagszeitung* carried an item to the effect that the Turkish ambassador, Mahmud Nedim, had been called to Constantinople, because a financial agent had attempted extortion from him and the Sultan.

To learn something about this I went to see Newlinski.

He guessed why I had come, but, since I didn't mention it, he didn't speak about it. I asked him, in order to orient myself, whether he would be able to go to Constantinople. He said he would, but added that it was hard, because once he was there, the Sultan wouldn't let him go—that is, not for four or five months; this is how much of a favorite he is with the Sultan. The matter would require further thought. Meanwhile, he said, he could give me the welcome news that we had gained a new helper in the person of Artin Pasha, the State Secretary in the Foreign Office, who was back in favor again. Proof: letters from Danusso

about conversations with Artin, who is willing to submit a memorandum on Zionism to the Sultan.

March 10

Getting the signatures of the directors, governors, councilors for the prospectus involves enormous difficulties. Some refuse to sign at the last moment—for instance, Ussishkin, the author of the *Lex Ussishkin* at the Second Congress.

Today, 18 days before the subscription, it is still doubtful whether we shall manage the signatures for the prospectus!

Go "parade in state" with this.*

March 10

Yesterday I received a refusal from Lucanus.

The Kaiser, he wrote, regretted being unable to receive me in the near future and left it to my discretion to discuss things with Minister of State Bülow.

The rejection, then, which I said in advance would be something *de facto,* too.

* * *

Letter to Bülow:

Your Excellency:

About two weeks ago His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Baden advised me to direct a request for an audience to His Majesty the Kaiser, in order to stir up the dormant Palestine matter. I did so, and received word from Herr von Lucanus to get in touch with Your Excellency. Accordingly I shall take the liberty during my next stay in Berlin to ask you for a conference —which, however, will probably not get beyond the academic. For I believe, Your Excellency, that you are not in favor of the project. I have been fully aware of this since the moment I first

* Translator's Note: Herzl's pun is based on the phrase *Staat machen,* which ordinarily means "make a show" or "show off"; but he obviously had the Jewish *Staat* (State) in mind as well.

had the honor to converse with you about Zionism. On the one hand, you consider the difficulties in Turkey and the resistance of various interested parties as too great; on the other, you regard the inclination of the Jews to emigrate as too slight. A responsible statesman must view a movement whose lofty character he may not entirely dislike *du point de vue de l'art* [from an artistic point of view] with the greatest coldness and even distrust. This much I understand.

However, Your Excellency, I believe that you have been unfavorably informed by our opponents, particularly our Jewish opponents. Our movement is a great deal stronger than, for a number of reasons, it appears to be.

That the rich Jews do not personally want to go along is well known. It would be worse if they did go—I don't mean just for us, but for the countries concerned.

Popular rage and popular humor, it is true, are directed against *Herr Kommerzienrat** but his departure would be a loss not only to the humorous journals. His amassed wealth should disintegrate right where it is: through marriages, wastrels, and in other natural ways.

A solution of the Jewish Question which promises such an assimilation as well as the draining off of the socially and economically frustrated and nearly despairing elements should perhaps not be rejected out of hand.

But even if *Herr Kommerzienrat* does not want to make a personal sacrifice (later on, during the pleasant season, he will make a little excursion to Palestine, when the hotels have the comforts of the Riviera), he will have no objections to poor devils and fools like me going and staying there. For this he is even ready to make financial "sacrifices"; I have it directly from him.

This attitude is comical, like most human weaknesses, but at any rate it is human. Who is not an opportunist?

* Translator's Note: Literally, "Mr. Commercial Counsellor," an honorific title awarded to businessmen for special services to the government. Its closest American equivalent would be a "Kentucky Colonel."

Similar forces are at work on various newspapers with which I am well acquainted. The fact that they are not on my side in the matter is surprising to Your Excellency, even makes you believe that our movement is insignificant. However, the more numerous the Jews on such a newspaper, the more they have to be afraid that people will reject their criticism of Germany, Austria, etc., with the shout "To Palestine!" And at the present time they still believe they cannot do anything smarter than criticize. Why don't I create a big counter-journal myself? Because that would be another story, as Kipling says. With such a paper one has to be on the job day and night, as with a boiler, and cannot undertake anything else. That is why I have declined offers of this kind, including one made to me three years ago by our government.

Your Excellency, I don't know how funny it may sound when I say that I want to solve the Jewish Question. To me it seems sensible, and I believe that the Zionist idea will make its way. Even soon, in a matter of a few years. All indications point to it.

If our project failed, hundreds of thousands of our adherents would at one swoop change over to the revolutionary parties; this too is a natural thing.

Cet animal est très méchant: il se défend lorsqu'on l'attaque [This animal is very vicious; it defends itself when it is attacked].

But our project must succeed—I am tempted to say, just as two and two make four.* Turkey needs the same Jews that are not wanted elsewhere.

The Turks are incapable of remedying the present wretched condition of their country. Occupation by any Power would not be tolerated by the others. The common crusades against the infidels are past. The cross is now perhaps less turned against the crescent than the Greek cross is against the symbols of other

* Translator's Note: Herzl's phrase, *nach Adam Riese*, is a reference to the author of the first German primers on mathematics. Riese lived from 1492 to 1559 and has been widely cited as a popular authority. His English counterpart was Edward Cocker (1631-1675).

Christian churches. But Palestine has also become a traffic problem, because it constitutes *the shortest way to India**—nay, the shortest southern route to all Asia, since the new northern one is in the exclusive possession of Russia. From the Mediterranean coast to the Persian Gulf a railroad will be, must be, constructed which only the Jews can build. After all, by now one knows what, oddly enough, was not known as recently as thirty years ago in the chancelleries of the states: what a short route like the Suez Canal means. The solution of the Palestinian Question—I no longer say "Jewish Question"—is a complement of the most recent happenings in Asia.

Now, I have had the good fortune to meet with approval of this idea on the part of His Majesty the Kaiser. The prospect of a German protectorate was held out to us. But it did not materialize. In fact, our expedition to Palestine was almost a failure. One little unofficial despatch from the telegraphic news-agency simply reduced our audience in the encampment at Jerusalem to nothing.

I kept silent about this, as was my duty after the confidence I had been shown.

Today, then, the question presents itself differently.

Have we nothing more whatever to hope for from the German Imperial government, or is it simply that open support for us is not intended, for reasons that I do not know but can guess? If the latter is the case, i.e., secret support is regarded as admissible, I would make proposals in Berlin. I quote from my letter to His Majesty my new combination:

"First we create a corporate body. . . ." (p. 793), up to ". . . required for this."

It is an enormous difficulty for us that we have no firm point around which we can organize.

Lacking this, we need some existing organization which would offer us certain technical facilities. We have many letters, but no mail.

* In English in the original.

That is why I was willing to pay the high postage of the protectorate. I don't know whether we shall still apply for a protectorate later, when we have seen things through without any support; it will presumably no longer be up to me to the extent that it is today. Of all conceivable protectorates, I would still prefer the German, if only for the reason that German would then be spoken over there.

But perhaps in the meantime we shall have to commit ourselves elsewhere.

I am not worried about our ability finally to manage things all by ourselves, provided our will remains firm. It is only a matter of lost time. Perhaps this will make our enterprise loom larger in the judgment of future times; for glory increases with difficulties. But we would rather become less famous and get to the real work of colonization sooner.

Since I rarely indulge in illusions, I do not expect Your Excellency to be converted by my remarks of today. Should you have anything to tell me or wish any oral information, your call will find me ready to come to Berlin at any time.

Otherwise I shall postpone this visit until my way takes me there.

Begging Your Excellency to accept the expression of my deepest respect, I am

Your obedient servant,
Dr. Th. H.

After the recall, dated March 18.
To His Excellency, Minister of State von Bülow,
State Secretary in the Foreign Office, Berlin.

* * *

Letter to the Grand Duke of Baden:
After the recall, dated March 17.

Your Royal Highness:

I permit myself to report most respectfully that His Majesty the Kaiser has declined my request for an audience and has re-

ferred me to Minister of State von Bülow. Since, for the sake of greater clarity, I had remarked in my request for an audience that I would regard a failure to grant it as a *de facto* rejection also, I know now where I stand. Herr von Bülow, whom I profoundly admire as an ingenious and skillful statesman, is nevertheless, if my observation does not deceive me, antagonistic to our cause. Nothing, I believe, can be expected from that quarter. This is why I am not going to Berlin.

But unfortunately, the recommendation to the Deutsche Bank in Berlin, which Your Royal Highness gave me with such gracious alacrity, has produced no result either. I sent two of our financial men to Berlin, to negotiate with Herr Siemens, the director. He turned down their proposals.

So I can only assume that a hope which was uncommonly dear to me has vanished, and that we shall not attain our goal under a German protectorate. I regret this more than I can tell you.

Begging Your Royal Highness to accept the expression of my heartfelt respect and continued sincere gratitude, I am

Your very obedient servant
Dr. Th. H.

Insert (cf. p. 801):
"That is why. . . ." to "commit ourselves elsewhere."

March 14, at night

This insert is responsible for my wiring Wolffsohn to hold this letter, which I had sent off via Cologne, and my making a fresh copy from Sheet II on. This evening, while I was listening to Hechler's speech about the Palestine journey, it suddenly occurred to me that the joke about the high postage of the protectorate could be interpreted as a presumption in bad taste.

* * *

Telegrams from the Bank Committee reach me *en masse.* Gaster and Bentwich are said to be making trouble. I simply

can't understand it. What does Gaster, who is only authorized to sign for us, want?

In the evening Heyman reported that Bentwich was asking 150 pounds sterling for putting his name on the prospectus. If this is true, I shall throw Bentwich out with scorn and loathing and kick him out of the party.

* * *

March 16, evening

Disagreeable telegrams from London during the day. Gaster, they said, in whose name all authorizations were made out, is refusing to give the signature needed for the registration.

I sent Gaster a categorical telegram in which I gave him a piece of my mind. I told him that he could only deprive us of 300 guilders and three, albeit precious, days. For if need be, Kokesch would be there on Monday morning and provide the signature, since the authorizations were made out jointly in his name too.

Thereupon Wolffsohn reported in the evening that Gaster had complied.

* * *

Today I went to see Newlinski, who is ready to go to the Grand Turk. I very much desire it, but only if his doctor declares that it could not harm his badly shattered health. Incidentally, I suspect that a trip to the South has been prescribed for him. We shall send along young Dr. Poborski as his medical traveling companion.

March 18

The journalist Ben-Yehuda from Jerusalem came to see me. A short red-haired Jew from the Orient. I am beginning to become acquainted with the various Jewish types. He is long-winded in his narratives and seems to have some ulterior motive.

But I learned from him quite a bit about the sentiment in Turkey toward Zionism.

He said that in the Orient everybody was afraid of everybody else. The people were a wild animal that could be unleashed, but also could be steered in any direction. If the authorities give a signal, the Mohammedans will fall upon the Jews—system of hatchet-men, as with the Armenians. This is my long-felt argument against infiltration.

In the higher *baksheesh* circles there is timid discussion of Zionism. Everything depends on the Sultan. Even the Grand Vizier is only a lackey.

The American Ambassador, Straus, is said to be secretly well-disposed toward Zionism, Ben-Yehuda assures me.

The Mutessarif of Jerusalem, he said, was an affable gentleman and had asked him why he didn't edit an Arabic newspaper. I asked Ben-Yehuda how much he would need for that. An annual subvention of 2000 francs. I told him to write me about it in the middle of May, perhaps I would get him that amount. (I feel that if the Bank comes into being it will be worth that much to it to have an Arabic voice which finds favor with the Mutessarif and influences the people in the proper way.)

* * *

Wrote Kellner about a matter which has been in my mind for a good long time. I want to start a press bureau here with news from the Orient for Western newspapers, especially English ones. Kellner is to lay the groundwork in London, and the thing is to be launched in the autumn. It will be an instrument of power either for or against Turkey.

Le sabre pour ou contre la sécurité publique [The sword for or against public safety].

The Bank! "Yes, everyone clings to, everyone rushes after, gold." * Actually, the entire further course of the movement depends on the success of the subscription which I have promoted in every way.

They all demanded the postponement of the subscription,

* Translator's Note: *"Am Golde hängt, nach Golde drängt doch alles"*—a slight misquotation from Goethe's *Faust, Part I.*

which was not ripe yet and had been dragged out by the difficulties of registration. Last week I had been softened up for a moment and was about to agree to the postponement. My father expressed himself against it—this reminded me of the days before the publication of *The Jewish State,* another occasion when at the decisive moment I found in him the support to stand firm. This strengthened me this time, too. We shall stick to March 28th. But the subscription will extend over 30 days.

According to the telegrams, pandemonium seems to have reigned in London the last few days. Wolffsohn traveled back and forth. Today he is in London again. This is the day on which the whole thing is to be registered, and under the name "The Jewish Colonial Trust (*Jüdische Kolonialbank*) Limited."

The name *Trust* was forced through by Bentwich and Gaster, by the latter under serious violation of the instructions he had accepted from the out-of-town members of the Council. What they [want] with the name *Trust. . . .**

March 24

Alex Marmorek reports that Bernard Lazare wants to resign from the Vienna Committee, because he foresees a bust of the subscription and with it the collapse of the movement. Lazare has heard from Poznanski that the latter does not intend to keep up his subscription.

I immediately wrote Nordau an indignant letter about Lazare's cautelous policy. Lazare is said to have declared that he wanted to "keep leaders in reserve for the Jewish people in case the present leaders fail."

I asked Nordau to remonstrate with Lazare, so as to avoid a scandal.

* * *

Meanwhile rumors have spread here that the Hovevei Zion were planning a major action against me and political Zionism at their meeting in Paris.

* Translator's Note: Sentence unfinished in the original.

Bloch's *Wochenschrift* publishes the following Paris news from Landau's venal pen:

[Editorial:] [v.VI, p. 246.]

The Delegate Conference of the Zionist Federation at Paris.

Before the Meeting.

(By Our Special Correspondent)

Paris, March 17

The conference of delegates called by the Central Committee of the Zionist Federations has definitely been set for the 19th of this month. Delegates have already arrived from England, Germany, and Austria, and those of other countries are being expected. Brain, brawn, and bankbooks will be represented at the meeting. The promotion of large-scale colonization in Palestine is now to go forward.

This very city of Paris is the residence of those personalities who are willing to carry through the colonization of Palestine on a large scale, and one need look no farther for the resources required for it.

Now we mention first of all that great friend of Zion

Baron Edmond Rothschild. His great services to colonization in Palestine and his immense sacrifices are well known. However, it would not be correct to present him as a mere benefactor. Baron Rothschild's actions are motivated by a great idea, the idea of bringing ever greater masses of Jews into the land of their forefathers, in order there to create for them opportunities for earning a living and to regenerate them morally and economically, as was proved by his address to the colonists during his most recent stay in Palestine. However, Baron Rothschild, who is intimately acquainted with conditions in Turkey, does not consider it necessary to make a stir and cause a sensation; he simply is not concerned with publicity, but with action. For instance, for a considerable period of time he has been making efforts to purchase the antiquated harbor of Caesarea, in order to renovate it

and make it the base for Jewish immigration and Jewish export —a deed whose importance to the realization of the Zionist idea can only be called immense. The deal was almost completed when the journey of the German Kaiser interfered and the latter requested Caesarea from the Sultan as a German coaling-station. In this connection certain people will of course insist on asserting that the German Kaiser is the most zealous protector of Zionism. Let us hope, however, that the Baron who, unconcerned about the sniping from certain "Zionist" quarters, is proceeding with the execution of the great work, will also succeed in acquiring Caesarea in addition to other concessions he has been promised during his last stay in Constantinople.

Baron Rothschild is also doing his best to encourage the Galician colony "Mahanayim," and he has instructed his newly-appointed inspector, M. Barbier, who is leaving for Palestine in a few weeks, to transform the Kaba soil of this colony into an olive grove.

A second eminently important personality is

M. Narcisse Leven. During the time that he has been president both of the Jewish Colonization Association and of the Central Committee of the Zionist Federations he has placed the multiple millions of the society at the service of Palestine colonization. Apart from the numerous subventions to colonies already in existence, we owe it to him that the Jewish Colonisation Association has recently purchased 40,000 *dunams* in Palestine (Sejerah), in order to settle Palestine Jews as farmers there. This enclave has room for 400 families. The *kushans* (land-register transfers) have just arrived. The Jewish Colonisation Association has granted four million francs for the establishment of the Sejerah colony.

I will mention but a few others: *Zadoc Kahn,* the Grand Rabbi of France, who is a member of both executive committees and supports the cause of colonization; *Prof. Josef Halévy,* and so on.

These men will be joined at the meeting by others who have demonstrated through years of self-sacrificing devotion in the most diverse countries how very sacred the colonization project in

Palestine is to them. And it is precisely the purpose of the conference of delegates to safeguard it, expand it, and protect it against rash interference on the part of *va banque* [all-or-nothing]—gamblers.

* * *

After the Meeting.

(By Our Special Correspondent).

Paris, March 20

The hopes and expectations which true friends of Zion everywhere attached to the conference of delegates may be regarded as entirely fulfilled. What has for years been striven for by practical-minded Zionists, who prefer practical deeds to mere talk—namely, winning the support of the "Jewish Colonisation Association" for the colonization of Palestine—has now been achieved. Only if one considers that the "Jewish Colonisation Association" has over 200 million francs at its disposal, about four times as much as the "Colonial Trust" has yet to raise, will one appreciate the full import of the fact that the "Jewish Colonisation Association" now regards Palestine as the main scene of its colonizing activity and is making the funds available for it.

This is the significant success of yesterday's conference of delegates. It will certainly be learned with joy in Austria and particularly in Galicia that the conference has decided to allot 40,000 francs to the Galician colony "Mahanayim," thus fulfilling the condition on which the "Jewish Colonisation Association" made its subvention of 80,000 francs dependent. This fully gurantees the "Mahanayim" colony and shows up the ridiculousness of those prophets who predicted that this colony would collapse. The sympathy and the support which the Galician society "Ahavas Zion" and its endeavors have encountered among the local powers are also a personal triumph for Dr. Salz and ample compensation for many an insult that Dr. Herzl has recently inflicted on him in his mean and petty jealousy.

As regards the relationship between the "Jewish Colonisation Association" and the Central Committee on one hand and the Herzl party and the "Colonial Trust" on the other, this is best shown by the following fact:

Some time ago Mr. Wolffsohn, who is virtually assured of being the first director of the Bank and is moving to London, was in Paris in order to win over Narcisse Leven for the "Trust." The latter declared, however, that it was not necessary to found a bank, for there was plenty of money on hand that was available for all serious colonizing and industrial enterprises in Palestine. However, they should submit concrete proposals and plans to him. But this was not done. Instead, the "Jewish Colonisation Association" is now sending a secretary to Palestine for several months in order to study conditions there.

One of the most important matters on the agenda was the question of the reorganization of the Central Committee and of propaganda. On this point, however, most of the decisions have for the present not been made public. But this much can be said even now, the Central Committee has been expanded through new personalities from various countries. Among those who have been added to the old members like Narcisse Leven, Zadoc Kahn, Dr. Hildesheimer, Bambus, Colonel Goldsmid, etc., are the well-known gynecologist Professor Landau, the wholesale merchant Israel of Berlin, Sir Josef Sebag Montefiore of London, and Bernard Lazare, who has already resigned from the Vienna Actions Committee. Another new member from Austria is Dr. Salz, one of two additional members from Vienna whose appointment has been decided on.

It was further decided to set up an Executive Committee in Berlin, to take charge of propaganda and implement the decisions of the Central Committee.

A report was also presented about the favorable development of the Kastinie colony, which was founded by the Central Committee, and it was observed that the grain harvest alone netted the colonists 40,000 francs last year. For this colony a credit of up to 300,000 francs was granted.

This much in haste about the work of the conference which was guided by love and self-sacrificing devotion to the Jewish people, but also by real manly seriousness. And the fruits of such labors will surely not fail to appear either.

L.

• • •

In the next number of the *Welt* I plan to write a reply in which this turn of events will be flatly described as what it is: a victory of my ideas.

March 26

Alex Marmorek arrived here yesterday and gave a rather excited report on the happenings in Paris. B. Lazare did not keep his word to him, for he had promised not to announce his resignation from the Vienna Committee before the end of the subscription; and now that scoundrel Landau has already announced it in Bloch's smear sheet.

(Incidentally, I have had an advertisement of the prospectus of the Colonial Trust given to Bloch. For one hundred guilders that man of honor accepted it.)

• • •

Overnight a new plan of action occurred to me. I am having Alex Marmorek write Nordau to tell Leven the following.

I did not have sufficient confidence in the willingness of the Paris gentlemen and the I.C.A., and that is why I did not give them any details about my negotiations with the German government. Now that I have learned of their decision to go to Palestine, I am ready to come to Paris and submit the secret documents to them—under the following conditions:

The conference is to be attended by Narcisse Leven, Edmond Rothschild, and Zadoc Kahn from the other side, and from our side, in addition to myself, by Nordau and Alex Marmorek. The

conference is to remain absolutely confidential. Secrecy as to its substance will be stipulated in a sworn protocol.

March 29

Alex Marmorek tells me about a remark made by Bülow which Nordau heard from Huhn, the Berlin correspondent of the *Kölnische Zeitung*.

Huhn asked Bülow what he, and also his "gracious lord and master," thought of the Zionist movement. To which Bülow is said to have replied:

"Our gracious lord and master, as you know, quickly becomes ablaze for a cause. So it was in the present instance, too, and to such a degree that there was no arguing with him. But you also know that our gracious lord and master cools off again just as quickly. This time, too. Dr. Herzl made a very good impression on me, it is true, but I don't believe in the project. Those people have no money. The rich Jews won't have any part of it. And with the crummy Polish Jews nothing can be done." *

That was how I had construed Bülow's attitude long before I heard this story.

I had guessed this view, as is proved by my last letter to Bülow.

March 29, evening

This morning there arrived a telegram from the Colonial Trust in London which depressed me quite a bit:

The result of the first day of the subscription was—eight thousand shares.

In the evening there came a second wire which sounds fine but may be only hokum after all. It reads:

"Despite hostile press, tremendous local demand, particularly from provinces, for subscription blanks."

"Tremendous" certainly sounds wonderful! But demand for what?

* Translator's Note: Toward the end of his speech Bülow lapsed into the Berlin dialect.

At present only for subscription blanks, not shares. It this a trick of little Heymann or really the beginning of a great success?

I am now in one of those moods in which Faust is ready to make any deal with the devil. If anyone promised me the success of the subscription today, I would immediately sell him ten years of my life for it.

It is true, I wrote Wolffsohn yesterday that I had a presentiment the subscription would be a success—a sort of *flaire de l'artilleur* [artilleryman's instinct]—and if I was mistaken in this, it would be the first, and a most serious, mistake I have made in the Zionist movement. But those infinitesimally measly 8000 shares of this morning have made my expectations quite small.

* * *

This evening's telegram again produced a small boom in my expectations. But I don't quite trust that telegram.

Newlinski is leaving for Constantinople tomorrow. Since N.'s heart condition is quite serious, I am sending with him, as his attendant physician, Dr. Poborski of the Ivria. Naturally I had an inquiry made of his family doctor first as to whether the journey could harm him. Reply: He can have a fatal attack any moment, whether home in bed or on a train. I discussed the matter quite frankly with N's wife. N. himself feels like going and doing something decisive for us, in the expectation, which truly shall not be deceptive, that we in turn will do something for him.

But I *am* conscious of a grave responsibility in letting him depart. At present he is the only person who may be able to arrange an audience for me with the Sultan. I can't help but want him to go.

I only hope that the journey will not harm him.

Both of us were greatly moved when I went to see him today. He is afraid of the journey, but nevertheless has a fine, brave sense of duty toward what he has already received from us and what he still hopes for. Because of this I have begged his forgiveness for many a thought I once had about him.

He told me today, among other things, that the Vienna ambassador, Mahmud Nedim Bey, was now at Constantinople and would probably not return, because he has fallen from favor. *Quel sale pays* [What a foul country].

Mahmud Nedim has literally been starving here. He received no salary and lived on "scarlet runners and beans" which he cooked himself. The Caliph's ambassador! If all this were in a novel, people wouldn't believe it.

April 2

On awakening this morning, I received the following wire from Poborski:

"Newlinski died suddenly. At wife's request send the necessary, if possible. Conveying remains to Vienna tomorrow evening. Dr. Poborski. Hotel Bristol."

It was a great, unpleasant surprise with a whole vista of further troubles.

I wired back:

"Marie de Newlinski, Hotel Bristol, Pera, Constantinople.

"Deeply shaken. Mourning with you with all my heart. I remain to you and your children a faithful friend, ready to help. All the rest when we meet. Sending thousand francs to Poborski. Herzl."

Then I had to leave for the synagogue on Leopoldgasse where the head of the congregation had invited me for today. They honored * me by calling me up to the Torah.

But when I stood before the Holy of Holies and the cantor was fairly blasting out the beautiful chants, I could only think of poor Newlinski who is now stretched out in the Hotel Bristol "with a view over the Golden Horn."

I had previously instructed Oscar Marmorek to wire the thousand francs to Poborski.

In the afternoon the A.C. met at my house. We had to come to terms with the quite difficult situation. Apart from the emo-

* Translator's Note: Herzl uses the Hebrew term *mechabed*.

tional shock, we also had to solve the financial problem we were now faced with. The A.C. has to meet the heaviest demands, and the inflow of *shekels* at present equals zero. Three thousand guilders had already been expended on Newlinski's journey. Now the additional expense of conveying the remains back, the presumable claims of the widow, etc. Great worries, especially now when the Bank campaign is exhausting all our resources and imposing enormous sacrifices on each of us. As it is, a begging-circular was sent out during the last few days. Again I had to "set a good example" and part with 500 guilders.

The gentlemen this afternoon believed the transportation of the body would cost several thousand francs. To meet this outlay it was decided, after much having it back and forth, to raise a loan of 5000 guilders. I declared that I could not give any more money, because I do not ask for repayment and do not get it either.

So Marmorek is to try to borrow this money on the basis of the *shekels* offered as security by the A.C., from my brother-in-law Naschauer; and Dr. Kahn, from one of his relatives.

• • •

Newlinski's death is a terribly hard blow to me. Although he had one foot in the grave his widow will hold me responsible for the journey, despite all the precautions I took. I had made an inquiry of his family doctor, through Poborski, as to whether he might go without harm to his health. The answer was that he could die at any moment in his own room. And yet—and yet!

But Newlinski's death is a great loss to our movement as well. He had the best connections at Constantinople as well as at Rome. At this time, something virtually irreplaceable.

With him there disappears from the novel of the Zionist movement one of its most remarkable characters. He was a *grand seigneur déchu* [fallen aristocrat], likeable despite many a questionable quality, and truly charming in manner.

April 3.

A miserable night. Couldn't get Newlinski out of my mind. I racked my brain how much it had been my fault. Should I have kept him from taking the trip? He wanted to go somewhere south. The reason he preferred going to Constantinople was that this trip didn't cost him anything, provided him with a medical attendant gratis, and promised the possibility of greater results. For 14 years, since his first attack, he had been a doomed man. Did the journey cost him months, weeks, days, or hours of his life?

I told him often enough that he needn't go if he didn't want to. I let him keep the 2000 guilders for the Rome journey without ever reminding him of it with so much as a look.

Should I have held him back?

April 3

The Bank is also a great worry.

Heymann, the only director who lives in London, holds meetings of the Board of Directors with Gaster and Bentwich, who are only deputies of deputies of the Council, and makes basic decisions.

I will wait until the subscription is over and then put things in order.

But while the gentlemen are in command, they push the problems of fund raising for the preliminary work onto my shoulders. The guarantee fund is exhausted; I think it has been mismanaged. Now Heymann needs, as he writes me, £600-1000 more.

The envelopes having been switched by mistake, today I received a letter from Wolffsohn to Kann.

In it Wolffsohn writes that the subscription payments should be used to defray expenses. I am protesting against this today in a letter to Wolffsohn and in another to Heymann, Gaster, and Bentwich.

I don't like Wolffsohn's proposal. In any event, I shall keep a sharp eye out in the future.

April 4

This morning's mail brought me poor Newlinski's last letter:

April 1, 1899

Hotel Bristol, Pera.

My very dear Friend:

We arrived here safely. I stood the journey well and am pleased about it. I have just returned from my first visit to Yildiz Kiosk; I was very agreeably received and told to come again on *Tuesday* afternoon.

Dr. Poborski is a nice fellow. My best thanks for everything, and many regards from

Yours sincerely,
M. de Newlinski.

The weather is cool.

* * *

To the Turkish *chargé d'affaires,* Resmy Bey:

Your Excellency:*

Day before yesterday I received the sad news of the sudden death, at Constantinople, of M. de Newlinski. Your Excellency will probably have been informed of it by yesterday's papers.

By this morning's mail I have just received the last letter of this sincerely mourned friend. He writes me that immediately upon his arrival he went to Yildiz Kiosk where he was given the best imaginable reception, and His Majesty set Tuesday—today, alas—for receiving him.

One of the best and most devoted friends of Turkey has just gone. He was also an outstanding friend to our cause. I should like to have the honor to discuss with you one of these days the situation caused by this grievous death of a mutual friend.

I remain, Your Excellency,

Respectfully yours,
Dr. Th. H.

* The letter is in French in the original.

April 7

The Newlinski case is singularly distressing and dramatic. The man was never presentable, and those who made use of him—princes and governments—always took care to conceal their relations with him. He was every inch the classic example of the "secret agent." Now his corpse lies across our path, and some people seem quite inclined to charge all of his dubious undertakings to our account. Fortunately, our account, even though we are not producing it, is clear, and my own conscience especially is at ease.

I never had any other relation to him but the acceptance of his intervention with the Sultan when it was offered to me.

He cost me a good deal of money, also drew a subvention from the Committee. I don't know to this day whether he did anything for us with the Sultan, or if he was even in a position to do anything. He never furnished any proof of it, if I except the fact that he introduced me to various Turkish dignitaries. Perhaps he merely played me up to them as an editor of the *Neue Freie Presse.* It is a secret he has taken with him to the grave.

Still, even as regards my *shekel*-payers my conscience is clear for having recommended that the A.C. pay him a subsidy. Even though he may not have been able to be of use, he could have done us a frightful amount of harm. Once or twice he had hinted as much, and I hastened to make him into a friend before he could become an extortioner. With a single paragraph in his *Correspondance de l'Est* he could have made us out to be dangerous enemies of Turkey, or, at best, as *blagueurs sans importance* [inconsequential wind-bags].

* * *

For the past few days, his death which "occurred in the service of Zionism" has been the talk of the town here in Vienna. A few people have asked me reproachfully why I made him take the journey. I gruffly sent them about their business. In truth I have no cause to reproach myself with carelessness, because I had con-

sulted his family doctor as to whether he might go, and he had said yes.

Despite my formal blamelessness and although his doomed life would hardly have lasted even a matter of weeks longer, the case is quite agonizing to me. Did I do enough to dissuade him from the trip? This is how I search my soul.

I never dunned him for the traveling money which he had had since October; I never pressed him to go; I reassured him when he lamented that he would not be able to use it; I told him that he should go to Constantinople only if he wanted to go somewhere south anyway. I am delivering quite tragic monologues to myself.

This evening his wife comes back.

The body is on the same train. I must go and meet her at the station, which is quite a hard task. Perhaps she will reproach me. If so, what shall I, what can I, reply? Another bitter occasion will be the funeral. It will require a great deal of fortitude, under the eyes of the mourners. *Il faut passer par là* [It is necessary to go there].

* * *

The day before yesterday Newlinski's family doctor published the following declaration in the *Neue Freie Presse:*

M. de Newlinski.

To the Editors.

In one of yesterday's Monday papers, the death of M. de Newlinski was presented as one that had taken place under mysterious circumstances. As the long-time physician of the deceased, may I be permitted to point out that he had for a number of years been suffering from a severe heart condition (aneurysm of the aorta). Last winter he had repeated attacks of extreme cardiac weakness, and consequently his sudden death was apparently caused by a similar attack which brought about cardiac paralysis.

With the respectful request to publish this letter in your esteemed journal, I remain

Yours,
Dr. Ludwig Frey

Vienna, April 4, 1899.

April 7

Yesterday Alex Marmorek told me, among other things, about a discovery of his which is still a strict secret; I am the only one he has told about it besides his family. He believes he has found a remedy for tuberculosis. If this is true, it is something colossal —this much is clear. He says that his experiments on animals have been successful. Now he intends to experiment on human beings. But first he will, and must, disclose it to Duclaux, the head of the Pasteur Institute. For his streptococcus serum he has received no financial remuneration whatever. Before he turns over the T.B. medicine, he wants to make sure of getting 50% of the profit the Pasteur Institute will make. He thinks this will amount to millions each year; and he wants to be rich so that he can do something for Zionism.

Now, it is possible that the Pasteur Institute will refuse him the 50%. In that event he intends to leave and offer the whole thing to Lord Lister for the Jenner Institute in London. I, however, advised him to submit it to the German Kaiser. As soon as Duclaux has refused, Alex will call me to a meeting *on half way** at which we shall discuss the further details, for naturally I want to utilize the moral effect of this achievement for the benefit of Zionism.

Since there is the possibility that the French, whether they reject him or accept him, can later reproach him with having acted not as a disinterested scientist but as a *commerçant juif* [Jewish tradesman], I advised him to accompany his verbal disclosure to Duclaux with a written one as well, saying that the reason he wants to participate in the profits is that the rich Jews are not

* In English in the original.

doing anything for our people and that he wants funds he can use for the good cause.

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April 8

Rien n'arrive ni comme on le craint, ni comme on l'espère [Nothing happens as one fears, nor as one hopes].

This time, *ni comme on le craint* [the former].

A bit uneasy I drove to the station yesterday evening, to meet Mme. de Newlinski and the coffin.

An odd assortment of people at the station. Oscar Marmorek had come with me. Some poor relations were already there. Then came Resmy Bey, the Turkish *chargé d'affaires;* further, a few friends of the family and the family lawyer, the latter in a sparkling mood and with many anecdotes to tell.

A *communis opinio* [consensus of opinion] crystallized: it was all the fault of the family doctor who had attended Newlinski and had consented to the journey. (As a matter of fact, this is my real opinion, too.) But who knows? If I had not been diligently doing my duty, perhaps my absence would have caused them to call *me* the guilty party.

The lawyer expressed his confidence to me that the Zionists would do something for the children, since N. had made the trip on our behalf.

The train was late. All sorts of stories were told, including the one about an attempt to blackmail the Sultan, which had been falsely hung on Newlinski, whereas the blackmailers—according to Resmy Bey—were a certain Graf and his *bailleur du fonds* [silent partner] Eisner.

The lawyer told how he had introduced Eisner to Nuri Bey. It was at a stag supper-party with *dames nues* [nude women] that the Turkish State Secretary made the acquaintance of Herr Eisner von Eisenhof.

During the hang-over they are supposed to have got together

on a plot which was directed against Ambassador Mahmud Nedim and, it seems, netted the latter the Sultan's disfavor.

The train came in. Mme. de Newlinski got off, tottering and sobbing, and fell around everybody's neck, including mine. She begged me to come to the house, after the hearse had been driven to the Karlskirche.

So I drove from the station to her apartment. Several friends of the family were assembled there, among them the family doctor who was not at all depressed. There was also a big stock-gambler who had made many hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, out of Newlinski's tips.

I told the woman that she could always count on me as a good friend.

The children were in quite good spirits and laughed a lot.

I soon took my leave. The big speculator left with me and told me he hoped that "the powerful Zionist group in whose service N. died" would "do something for the children." This is passing the emotional buck. Each shifts it on to the next man. Luckily for the children, I at least shall not leave them in the lurch.

Poborski told me about Newlinski's last hours. He had been at Yildiz, to be sure, but had not spoken with the Sultan, as his last letter suggested. Poborski also told me about the shameful goings-on after N's death: how the doctors and the clergyman tried to squeeze every penny they could out of the embalming and the consecration rites. But also that Artin Pasha had told fat Danusso that I would soon be called to Constantinople. *Vedremo* [Wait and see]?

April 8

This morning the first extortioner called on me.

At ten o'clock a gentleman sent his card in to me. "Josef Graf, editor of *Information Wien,*" it said on it.

The blackmailer, of whom Resmy Bey had spoken yesterday.

I admitted him. A shabby, elderly man entered. He had a pronounced nervous blink and spoke in a breathlessly tremulous

voice. Everybody in Vienna, he said, was talking about how Newlinski had gone to see the Sultan, on instructions from us, "with an entourage like an ambassador's." If this was correct, he had some interesting news for me. I gave him an evasive answer, but he made me his "disclosures" anyway.

A certain Bernhard Stern, former Constantinople correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse,* had received from an opponent of the Zionist movement, Herr Richard Rappaport (of the group "Korah," which was mentioned on an earlier occasion) instructions and funds to go to Constantinople and work against the Zionists. He, Graf, had taken Stern in some time ago, when the latter was hard up. Recently Stern had come to him and shown him four thousand guilders which he had received to work against us at Yildiz as an "emissary." It was true, Graf said, that he himself was an opponent of Zionism, but it would be a shame if Jews did not stick together. Stern was scheduled to leave for Constantinople on the Orient Express on Monday, but on Sunday (tomorrow) he would come to see him once more. Why didn't I use this information in any way I thought appropriate. It was Rappaport's aim, he said, to demonstrate, by frustrating the Zionist movement, that only his Jewish People's Party was on the right track.

I replied that one opponent more or less did not matter to us. Our position was simply to reward the people who served us and brought us proof of the services rendered. We couldn't do anything else. My personal point of view, however, was not that of a politician. I would never join the Jewish People's Party, because I was not interested in political posts or the like. I have expressed my views on the Jewish Question; they seem to have found the approval of many. If these people turned away from me again, my activity would simply be at an end. But what our aims are we say out loud at the Congress and in our newspapers. We do not travel by secret paths.

Then I brought the conversation onto general things and dismissed the scoundrel.

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In the afternoon I called on Mme. de Newlinski and discussed money matters with her. The widow is composed, very clear-headed and covetous. I promised her that, to begin with, we would continue to pay her the subsidy drawn by her husband (200 guilders a month) until the next Congress, with the proviso that she carry on the *Correspondance de l'Est.*

Then I will try at the Congress to bring about an arrangement favorable to her.

For it is to our interest that the *Correspondance* does not fall into the hands of blackmailers.

• • •

In the evening I convened the A.C. at my place, told the gentlemen everything, and they exonerated me. It was also decided that I should call Rappaport on the carpet tomorrow to find out whether Graf's tale was true.

Either extortion has been attempted on us, or Rappaport is being swindled. Perhaps both.

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An additional detail. Newl.'s widow informed me, among other things, that the big-time speculator Zierer had told her before her departure that should her husband die in Constantinople, she ought to have him buried there, because the transportation back to Vienna would be too expensive.

And upon that note she departed.

They all—even including, in this case, the doomed man, the finest of the lot—calculated that his death on the journey would place us, the Zionists, under perpetual obligation to his survivors. He sold us his corpse, as it were.

Surely nothing remotely as strange as this occurs in novels.

Actually, the only dupe in this sad affair is myself, who failed to see through this scheme.

However, Newlinski himself showed courage and a father's tenderness. In my eyes, after his death, he looms head and shoul-

ders above the whole riff-raff; to get mixed up with this rotten bunch was the tragic blunder of his life.

April 10

Newlinski's funeral yesterday. First class. But many were absent from the Karlskirche who, while he lived, had caroused and gone on the town and been involved in all sorts of secret intrigues with him.

Jews were in the majority. Wonder what most of them thought of all this pageantry?

At the church-door most of the people who had stayed till then drifted away.

I spoke to Resmy Bey and made an appointment for today.

I drove to the cemetery in company with the journalist Konried. On the way out his conversation was a funeral march. We were driving slowly, for the undertaker's staff was walking alongside the hearse with torches. One of them, at the rear, bore the departed's decorations on a red cushion. Outriders, etc.

Out at the cemetery, the ceremony was brief.

Poborski took me aside: the widow counted on our defraying the funeral expenses, at least half of them.

Kozmian said to me: "The poor fellow had only another month at the most to live, anyway."

On the way back, Konried lit a cigarette and said with an air of consolation: "One more who's got it over with." And he blew the lively tunes of a military band returning home.

* * *

Then I went to see Rappaport about the Graf-Stern blackmail affair. Following my custom, I took the bull by the horns. Rappaport gave me his word of honor that Stern had been assigned no "political mission." He was only supposed to go to Constantinople as a representative of the *Extrapost,* in order to make connections with the aid of which the *Extrapost*—a little-read Monday paper—would obtain influence in Balkan circles.

I explained to him that the whole business amounted to blackmail and that he was being duped. This poor rich young man, however, trusts the pack of parasites surrounding him more than he does an honest adviser. I think that right afterwards he went to those scoundrels, in order to have them tell him fresh lies and to believe in them.

I placed myself at his disposal in case he wanted to unmask Stern.

April 11

Yesterday I went to see Resmy Bey, the Turkish *chargé d'affaires.* He spoke frankly about conditions in Constantinople. When I told him that I was able to catch the blackmailers Graf and Stern and show them up publicly, he told me with typically Turkish shoulder-shrugging and equanimity: "That won't do these two any harm in Constantinople."

He said further that I should win over either Nuri Bey or, preferably, Tahsim Bey. The reigning favorite now is Tahsim Bey. Lutfy Bey, the interpreter of dreams, was no good for our purposes. Lutfy's specialty was decorations and concessions. For political matters Tahsim was the best.

I also told Resmy that I was having the *Correspondance de l'Est* continue through a subvention I was giving to Mme. Newlinski and was keeping it at the disposal of the Turkish government—of course, quite free of charge *et sans arrière-pensée* [and without any ulterior motive]. It was to become a serious and decent paper.

He thanked me.

We finally spoke about Nuri and Tahsim. I said that perhaps both of them ought to be won over—*il y aurait pour tout le monde* [there would be something for everybody]. He gave a friendly smile, but said Tahsim would not like the idea of Nuri's getting something too.

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Then I called on Mme. de Newlinski and went over her husband's books with her. The assets even less than I had anticipated. The whole *Correspondance* seems to have been a swindle. A dozen subscribers, *et tout finissait par du chantage* [and it all ended in blackmail]. Roughly the same sort of impression as when one uncovers a counterfeiters' press in a cellar.

And yet the man was useful to us. His greatest service was to teach me not to have any respect for pashas.

April 11, evening

I have just received a telegram from London giving the subscriptions up to now as 228,000 shares. I could not believe my eyes and wired back whether it was really two hundred and twenty-eight thousand with down-payments. If so, the subscription is a success, for in the remaining 18 days we are sure to raise an equal amount.

It would be a success such as I myself did not dare to hope for.

April 13

Those 228,000 turned out to be a *bubble.** In reply to my inquiry there came a correction with different figures. I sent a sharp telegram criticizing this way of doing things. (Heymann's?) Fortunately I didn't fall for it and didn't put it in the *Welt*.

So the question of the subscription's success remains open.

Yesterday afternoon Resmy Bey came to see me. After a few words of mourning Newlinski he came out with his true view: "*Notre pauvre ami avait ses defauts* [Our poor friend had his faults]. He was a dubious individual." The dead ride fast.**

He very much likes the idea of my supervising and running the *Correspondance*. We parted friends.

* In English in the original.

** Translator's Note: *Die Toten reiten schnell*, a line from G. A. Bürger's celebrated ballad *Lenore*.

April 13

The Graf-Stern blackmail affair has now been cleared up. I informed Bergmann and Stern. The latter went to see Graf with Dr. Werner. Graf declared after the greeting that he didn't know Dr. Herzl at all. He claims never to have seen me!

With this the case is settled.

April 14

We are now undoubtedly in a state of being boycotted by the big bankers, a state that Seligmann predicted to me last October in London. If the subscription is a success, *we* shall later boycott *them*.

April 17

The following joke is making the rounds in Vienna now. The German Kaiser is supposed to have said to me: "Zionism is a splendid idea; the only thing is, it can't be carried out with Jews."

April 21

The incompetence of the London Bank Office exceeds all bounds. Or is it disinclination, laziness? Today, during the last week of the subscription, they give me the subscription agencies for Russia, to put in the issue of the *Welt* that appeared yesterday—which means, too late. The Rumanian ones are still missing!

Tomorrow I go to Cologne for discussions about the Bank. I would have wanted to enter in this Book Six as an important chapter heading whether or not the subscription has been a success.

This way the Book ends with a big

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